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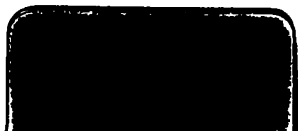
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37.

127.



SKETCHES
IN
PROSE AND POETRY;

BY
K. H.

THUS VARIED IS LIFE'S CHANGING SCENE,
JOY, GRIEF AND PAIN, ALTERNATE SWAY !
THEN MAY THESE TRIFLES INTERVENE
TO CHASE ONE CLOUD OF CARE AWAY.

LONDON :
SMITH, ELDER AND CO. CORNHILL.
MDCCCXXXVII.

127.



PRINTED BY GEORGE SMITH, LIVERPOOL.

TO
MRS. MUSPRATT,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED,
AS A
TRIFLING MARK OF
RESPECT AND AFFECTION,
BY HER
OBLIGED AND ATTACHED FRIEND,
KATHARINE HEAD.

KIRKDALE, LIVERPOOL, 1837.

P R E F A C E.

IN launching her little bark on the tide of public opinion, the Author naturally, as a Sailor's Wife, feels anxious for its protection and prosperity, hoping it may not be exposed too severely to the gales of disapprobation, the whirlwind of criticism, or the wreck of oblivion, but proceed calmly on its voyage, wafted by the breeze of public favour.

In one of many resources to divert the mind in hours of loneliness, these Sketches were composed, from memory and observation, on the impulse of the moment, grave or gay, as whim, caprice, or reflection dictated, without any idea of their ever assuming the present form; therefore, for all inaccuracies or imperfections, the Author solicits the indulgence of her readers. Disclaiming all pretension to literature, there is a satisfaction in knowing, that the time expended on this Little Work has not

interfered with any domestic comfort, the occupations of home, or the respective observances of friendship; nor will that time be considered misapplied, if these pages convey in reading, only half the pleasure there has been in the writing.

The present opportunity must not be omitted of returning thanks to the distinguished nobility, gentry, and numerous literary friends who have, by the honour of their names, given such very liberal encouragement to the Author, in this endeavour to contribute to their amusement, and should not these sketches of Prose and Poetry find favour with strangers, there is still reserved the gratifying assurance, that they will be retained as a memento of affection and respect by those who induced their publication, when the hand which traced them may be no more.

KIRKDALE, LIVERPOOL, 1837.

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SKETCHES
IN
PROSE AND POETRY.

Seamen's Wives.

She looked, and saw the heaving of the main,
The white sail set—she dar'd not look again
But turn'd, with sickening soul, within the gate,
It is no dream—and I am desolate.

BYRON.

FROM reading a beautiful little sketch, entitled "Soldiers' Wives," I am induced to give some account of that class whose trials and forbearance have, hitherto, escaped observation,—the pale, pensive, anxious, and desponding *Seaman's Wife*,—whose desolate situation alone, in comparison with any other, must be one of more intense interest. From the commencement of her marriage, her life is a tissue of grief, doubt, suspense, and uncertainty: the very hope that buoys up her existence in absence

is counterbalanced by the dread of hurricane and shipwreck, by the ever-changing and terrific elements.

"Her dreaming fears with storms hath winged wind,
And deemed the breath that faintly fann'd his sail,
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
Though soft, it seemed the low, prophetic dirge
That mourned him floating on the savage surge."

The roar of the ocean is echoed in her sigh, and every blast of wind withers the bloom on her cheek. In the subsiding storm, though to her, by its fury, "thick coming events cast their shadows before," is heard her prayer; it is breathed in the existing calm, to the Great Disposer of all, for the health, welfare, and protection of him, who is all the world to her, through the tempest's rage, the adverse gale, and the billow's war. The quick perception of a woman's mind calls up a thousand dangers. She prays for his safety in poisonous clime, o'er desert sands, beneath the tropic sun, from treacherous rocks, from fierce tornados, piracy and murder on the high seas, and the inhuman plunder of the shipwreck on the boundary of his own native shore; these, and a host of chimerical conjectures, are ever the fixed occupants in the sensitive mind of the seaman's wife. When she even smiles, if ever, it is in fear, lest she may have cause to weep; and her mirth, if excited, leaves her but the more melancholy. Alone and unprotected, the lynx-eye of the cold and cruel world is ever on the alert to remind

her, by its frowns, of the singleness of her situation. For this, some "kind good natured friend" bids her check the natural vivacity of disposition, the animation of her youthful spirit, probably the only charm which formed her attachment. She is schooled to repress all hilarity, curb every vein of humour, and become, as now befits her situation in society, the silent, reserved, and sedate matron. Her manner is subdued, and her dress is changed to the same sober gravity. She must not breathe aloud her sorrow, lest it tire her hearers. The cold and calculating say, "It was her own choice, and we do not feel for her." She has no one to sympathise or participate in her joy or sorrow. She pines in secret, she mourns with the nightingale; her spirits sink, she becomes nervous, and, finally, her health is undermined. She is a changed creature, and no more the cheerful, blooming wife left by the wandering sailor. When the advent of his arrival approaches, she finds she cannot recall the animation that once delighted him: her energy is subdued, her spirits are broken; and thus, too often, she sinks into a premature grave.

No selfish woman ever married a sailor, for, if she considered *self* at all, she would not sacrifice her whole life to her affections, by building her perspective happiness on those gleams of sunshine, those "happy returns," which, like angels' visits, "are few and far between." But Cupid is a blind, little, mischievous midshipman, in these cases; and, in

pointing out the sincerity of affection, benevolence, and generosity which ever characterizes and ennobles these lords of the deep, and of our affections, he binds the fillet over our eyes to the heart-rending separations and suspense we are doomed to endure.

"Existence may be borne :

The camel labours, with the heaviest load :
And the wolf dies in silence. Not bestowed
In vain should such examples be : if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not ; we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day."

The only *ignoble* comparison, and which is, decidedly, the best to the life of a seaman's wife, is that state of endurance felt by the eels, during the unseemly operation of skinning. Like them, we become, as the operator said, "*used to it*," though we die in the torture of trying to endure, and the wife and the eels bear the same state of unflinching existence, writhing in untold agony.

"None but the brave" go to sea, and, according to Dryden, "none but the brave deserve the fair,"—for instance, Hero and Leander. The greater the risk, the greater the love. It is often the very relating of those most "disastrous chances of moving accidents by flood and field," Othello used, by which the sons of Neptune make proselytes to Cupid's cause : which hint may be taken, as a more successful way of wooing than the common currency of adulation and fulsome compliment.

I have frequently seen a very particular friend of mine, a sailor's wife, who considers herself, occasionally, the happiest woman in the world, watching the wind, from "sou' sou' east—nor' nor' east—east and by no'th," and, with a pair of compasses, leaning over a large chart, endeavouring to trace her husband, by counting the days, and allotting so many degrees of longitude and latitude to each day, to the extent of the voyage; and have whispered to her, in her calculations, "wind and weather permitting." I have seen this *very happy woman* pace the room at midnight, if the wind ever attempted to blow from an adverse quarter, and have reasoned with her about

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack "

I have even seen her turn *tide-waiter*, and count the poles on Bidston Hill, on which a flag on the top announced from the Lighthouse that the expected vessel was in the offing. In another state of her happiness, I have heard her heart beat, when, in looking through the telescope, she dreaded lest, among a sickly and reduced crew, *he* should not be there; and have been present in another felicitous moment, when the report came, that *all was lost*, yet was she, occasionally, *very happy!*

The romance of real life is often passed over and unheeded, yet are there instances of courage in extreme danger, fortitude in adversity, suffering with

humility, forbearance under afflictions, and affection through all, to be recorded of the wives of British seaman, bearing cold and hunger—"the oppressors' wrong, and the proud world's contumely"—nay, recently, and in Liverpool, of their having disguised their sex, making this sacrifice purposely to share the toil, occupation, and danger of the being they loved, when "hope deferred hath made the heart sick," in weary watching for those upon the sea.

A soldier's wife, in barracks, is at home, and an encampment is, to her, a holiday of pleasure: if sent to other countries, she is with her husband, to share his protection and affection,—this is her advantage; but the sailor's wife has the double disadvantage of being without her husband, estranged from his affection, and deprived of his protection. Thanks to the march of science, steam navigation has, by uniting kingdoms, also lessened the suspense of seamen's wives; yet has the soldier's wife another advantage, in knowing that, come what may, she is, by a pension, always provided for. Far, very far different is the fate of the chief mates of the poor blue-jackets! The monthly allowance paid by the merchant is, if the vessel is supposed to be past her time, immediately stopped, and the poor wife is left in the horrible suspense of life and death, starving! and if she have no strength of mind to bear up against the conflicting trial, and no means of obtaining a livelihood,—if the appalling news come in

the deplorable form of sad reality, that ocean has received its own, the ship gone down, and all hands perished,

“ Where, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown ; ”

then is she left, by this overwhelming affliction, a destitute widow on the world, bereft of all, and, worse than all, bankrupt in what only, to her, made life desirable,—the treasure of her heart's affection.



To the Sea.

TELL me, thou dark, unfathomable sea !

Art thou to be my enemy ?

Art thou selecting ocean, cave, and cell

For those now breathing, there to coldly dwell ?

Art thou preparing floods of grief to flow

From these poor eyes, where hope is beaming now ?

Thy storms terrific dwell upon mine ear :

I question thee, in doubt and anxious fear,—

Art thou my enemy ?

Tell me, thou dread, imperishable sea !

Art thou to be my enemy ?

Are those prophetic sounds—thy moaning wave—

A warning voice from an untimely grave—

From one just taken to his long, last sleep,

Beneath thy currents' bound, thou tideless deep ?

Speak ! 'ere my bursting heart with anguish break

With sad foreboding—I implore thee, speak !

Art thou my enemy ?

Tell me, mysterious and overwhelming sea !

Art thou to be my enemy ?

Among the brave thy billows long have borne

From home, ties, kindred, fond affections torn,

Wilt thou flow o'er that fair and manly brow,

Whose fate and fortune guide him o'er thee now ?

Wilt thou engulph the heart that beats for me ?

I question thee again, thou stormy sea !

Art thou my enemy ?

The Mysterious Vocalist.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather.

MUSIC has an indescribable charm when heard in the open air and in the still hour of night. The fatigue of daily occupation being over, the mind sinks, in the domestic quiet of our own fire-side, into a dead calm. It is the hour of musing and reflection. How few there are conscious of the comforts they enjoy! and how many are oppressed with trifling grievances not worth the repetition, while the blessings, the happiness that shine around them are comparatively forgotten!

Indulging in one of these reveries, with one of Swift's luxuries—"a new book, with the leaves uncut," and preparing for the "feast of reason" within its pages,—the sofa drawn to the fire,—the candles nearer,—the curtains closed,—and all the "appliances and means to boot, which constitute the words *snug* and *comfortable*, being settled, I was just commencing to read aloud one of Sir Walter's last beautiful works, when a female voice broke on my ear in the well-known melody of "*Oft, in the still night.*" It was not the Scottish air, though beautiful in itself, nor the admirably adapted words of the Irish bard, which then made so great an impression. It was the similitude which awakened the remem-

brance of a voice which, to have heard once, could never have been forgotten ;—one who, from report, and the ever-varying changes of this world, I had long numbered with the dead ; yet here it was again, only mellowed by time. I could not be mistaken, and so perfectly convinced was I in the recollection of that voice, which awakened the memory of by-gone days, that, while my heart thrilled at the idea of a female enduring the cold night air for a paltry pittance, I arose and went to the door. There were two females ; one had the appearance of a servant woman, on whose arm leaned a tall, thin figure, enveloped in a dark cloak, black bonnet, and veil. The latter evidently shunned observation, by avoiding the light from the door.

There is a delicacy to be observed in the distribution of charity even to the lowest mendicant, and the retreating manner of conscious poverty, while it excites our pity, still has a claim on our respect, which an obtrusive petitioner never could exact.

An intuitive feeling of commiseration,—one of those sudden impulses which frequently govern our actions, we know not why or wherefore,—induced me to pass the attendant, who was prepared to receive the donation and give it into the hand of the poor vocalist, who drew her veil closely about her face, and turned her head aside from me ; but, in receiving the money, she pressed my hand with the affection of former friendship. “Is it, indeed ?” I said, and her name was upon my lips, when the wind extin-

guished the light. She rushed by me, and in a moment they were both lost in the darkness of night. Good heavens! I thought, what can be the meaning of this unaccountable conduct; to excite compassion and yet shun every hope of relief! How strange are the vicissitudes of this life! The circumstance would admit of none other conclusion. It must be a school companion—the playmate of childhood, and the friend of later years—once living in affluence, the only and cherished treasure of the most indulgent parents, who lavished on her all the blessings wealth can bring,—now an outcast, a poor, wandering mendicant. Wealth, the *antidote* to many, had been her *bane*. She became the wife of a needy speculator, and on her marriage, which had not been the most fortunate in the world, (mercenary marriages seldom are,) had gone out to India, and with her departure all further intelligence ceased, save the report above mentioned of her death.

A desire to confirm my suspicions as to her identity, and a wish to relieve her distress, impelled me, as there was no time to be lost, to send a boy immediately after her, to overtake and trace her to her present residence. How anxiously I awaited his return it is unnecessary to say. It was near midnight ere he came home, and reported that she did not, as we surmised she would, stay to sing at some other door. She did stay, but not to sing. It appeared she had made an attempt to sing "The last Rose of Summer," but could not finish it; and,

when he overtook her, she was leaning over some rails, while her companion begged a draught of water to revive her, as she appeared fainting. She walked slowly on, and now and then rested herself by sitting down on some steps. He followed them a long way beyond the town, to the environs of Kirkdale village. They had called at a shop. He observed she waited outside while the servant purchased a small loaf. They entered a little street, and up a narrow court he lost them, concluding it to be their residence, as they did not return. Making a memorandum of this, I resolved to go the next morning and immediately propose some means for bettering her situation, and relieve my mind of doubt and uncertainty.

Tears would flow when I saw myself in possession of every comfort, and surrounded by those endearing ties which alone make life desirable. I threw aside my book,—there was no more reading that night. I tried the instrument, but could not finish the air she had so sweetly sung, and which, in happier days, had been her favourite. So, drawing a miserable comparison between us, I looked forward with restless uneasiness to the morrow.

The day broke in dark and heavy clouds. It rained in torrents, and to take a carriage would have looked like ostentation, foreign to my feelings at all times. I, however, hoped the next day would be favourable. As usual, it still rained. Domestic affairs demanded my attention at home this day in particular. Sunday came in all its gloom of fog and

smoke. I set out in the afternoon, and, after a long walk, found myself, in the dusk of the evening, at the entrance of the court, where there was, as there usually is in such places, a group of women discussing every body's business but their own. I did not like to ask for my friend by name, but merely if they had a stranger residing there. They directed me to the house at the upper end of the court, where a stranger lodged. I knocked at the door, which was partly open. No answer. I knocked louder. No reply. I opened the door, and upon a chair beside a table was a small India straw box open, apparently containing a few clothes and books; one lay on the table, elegantly bound, and well I knew that little book. It was her prayer-book. I had received a similar present, and at the same time, from her father. I ascended the narrow stairs: there was no one in either room. I proceeded higher, and, seated on a chair, asleep, with her head on her arms on a small table, was the attendant of the being I was in search of. My entering disturbed her. She held up her head, and I saw she had been weeping. She arose and pointed to a mattress in a corner on the floor, on which lay a figure, covered with a sheet.—“How is she, nurse?” I said: “Is she asleep?” and, drawing the covering off her face, what was my horror on beholding the lifeless form of my once beautiful friend in the cold sleep of death!

Every spring of my heart was paralyzed by the shock: I was even deprived of the relief of tears. I know not what passed. Some time elapsed ere I was

composed enough to look on her ; but, when I did, beyond all doubt it was she indeed ; for here was the palpable and mortal proof ; but so changed !—The hand of Time had swept away every trace of beauty, save the outline of the most expressive features.

The lines of care depicted on that pale countenance told her complaint in few words,—a broken heart. All efforts now were futile ; all schemes of promised good were now destroyed by the blank record before me. These are not every-day scenes, and, thank Heaven, neither age or misfortune had steeled my heart to the sufferings of humanity. The spirit had fled from the communings of renewed friendship—from the tear of sympathy. Therefore, it was useless lingering in the chamber of death. It was farther desirable to escape the contact of the living *earth-worms* with which penury had made her acquainted. A coach was procured, and, to make arrangements for the interment of her late mistress, I withdrew the solitary attendant from this scene of misery, and besought her, on my arrival at home, to explain the melancholy mystery.

Her husband, it appeared, had dissipated her fortune, and, after an unhappy course of life, had died in Calcutta. Being much involved, she had only sufficient to pay the passage of her servant, self, and child to London. The child died on the voyage, and temporary insanity had affected her on seeing the body of her infant girl committed to the deep. She

arrived in London pennyless. Her relatives were dead, or scattered about the country. She had begged her way, she said, with her mistress down to Liverpool, in the hope of finding some remaining friends. Marrying against their consent, and the pitiful plight she was in, prevented her making herself known to them, until, by her needle in the day, and her singing in the evening, she had recruited her wardrobe, and regained her strength.

The tears ran down the cheeks of the faithful girl, as she recounted the particulars of my friend's first adventure beneath my window. "I cannot sing," she said, "my heart fails me; and, perhaps I am forgotten, with all our favourite songs; yet I will try;—some one is coming;—she must not know me;—I wish much to see her." "She did see, and knew you," continued the girl. "With difficulty I got her home; she complained of a palpitation of the heart, and refused all food; she had sobbed herself, when I laid myself down beside her. In the morning I felt her hand very chilly, and, turning to ask her if she was better, what was my astonishment to find my poor mistress a corpse by my side!" The affection and fidelity of the narrator proved her attachment and sincerity in copious floods of grief for one whose trials and afflictions she had shared in the extreme of adversity, in unheard-of woes, and a thousand nameless mortifications.

The woman of the house had consented, for the contents of the box, to get her buried by the parish.

It will be useless to observe, the relics were removed, and the remains of the once lovely Adela were respectfully interred in the Necropolis, at Everton.

Such is the melancholy conclusion of the life of an unfortunate friend ;—such the termination of a marriage of interest and ambition on one side, and misplaced confidence on the other, the usual result of an union which has not *mutual love and respect for its basis*. And, while I blame myself for not insisting on our mutual recognition in the first instance, ere the universal leveller had prevented my sharing the comforts I now enjoy with one who deserved a better fate,—ere the “eyes that shone” were “dimmed and gone,” and her “cheerful heart was broken,” the tear of friendship drops a silent tribute to her memory, while

“ Oft in the stillly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.”



To Kantje.

NAY, have I drawn sad tears from thee,
 By this one plaintive strain ?
 Thy look entreating asks of me
 " Repeat it o'er again."

And shall a pensive song of love,
 To wile a passing hour,
 Thy young heart with emotion move,
 Subdued by music's power ?

In listening to the mournful air,
 Is there a joy in grief ?
 Or does thy heart find solace there,
 And tears bring sweet relief ?

Have I recalled the silent dead,
 In some remembered tone ?
 Or have I truant memory led
 To happier spirits flown ?

Or has it brought thee from afar
 Some long-lost being near,
 Whose music, 'neath the evening star,
 Once charm'd thy list'ning ear ?

Forgive me if I've touch'd a string
 That vibrates in thy breast,
 In sighs that from remembrance spring
 Of woes but ill repressed.

I would not for the world awake
The anguish of thy mind,
For one who could thy worth forsake,
Whom honour could not bind.

With woman's pride on Lethe's stream,
Let dark oblivion cast
The brightest flowers of Love's sunbeam,
Sad records of the past.

From sorrow's cup there is a store
For mortals here below ;
We need not music's aid implore
So taste it ere it flow.

Reproach me not in tears that fall,
Give me thy smiles again,
While I some brighter hours recall
By one more cheerful strain.



On hearing a Favourite Air.

Oh ! tell me not I should be glad
When harps are sounding, voices singing ;
Alas ! I cannot but be sad,
When every note despair is bringing.

I knew that song in childhood's day:
And stay'd my playmates oft to listen ;
I felt the music's magic sway,
And tears would on my eyelids glisten.

I heard it, too, when first love's power
With Hope's bright hues my youth adorning ;
'Tis sacred—blessed from that hour,—
The day-dream of my life's young morning.

'Tis blended with the dearest name,
With accents that have falt'ring trembled ;
From lips those sounds more sweetly came,
Lips that have lov'd and ne'er dissembled.

That song is link'd, and can recall
The by-gone days of youthful pleasure ;
Each cadence on my ear must fall
In deep regrets to mournful measure.

I hear it now, though older grown.—
But where's that voice, once sweetly speaking?
Go, ask the awful realms unknown,
Then question why my heart is breaking !

Then tell me not I should be glad
While harps are sounding, voices singing ;
Mine own—I cannot but be sad,
When memory all the past is bringing.

Town and Country—Army and Navy.

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

"THERE'S nothing like rural felicity. *When I was on the Continent*, the extent of my ambition was this,—Give me English comforts, English fare, English friends, and an English cottage home," observed a general of the last century, (for in these enlightened days, no one is permitted to be called old,) composing his gouty foot and taking up the *New Monthly*. "You may rely upon my word, sir, there is more happiness in a country than a town life." "Yes, yes, all very well in its way," answered his friend and neighbour, the admiral, another gentleman of the last century, "So I thought, when a youngster, on board the *Endymion*, before we were draughted into the *La Hogue*; but I tell you what, general, when a man has been tossed about like a cork upon the ocean all his life, and thinks he will settle, for the remainder of his days, in an obscure village, of about a cable's length, and sees the same half-dozen faces daily, such as the parson, the doctor, the attorney, and the squire, why, it will not do; there is a monotony; it becomes irksome, a wearying similitude of the same routine, over and over again, like a ship in a dead calm—provokingly calm! enough

to create the horrors, and bring death by the dismals."

"I never thought so when *I was on the Continent*; but it all depends upon the mind, and the resources each individual possesses within himself; and although I am prevented from partaking of all the amusements the country affords, by this provoking foe at my feet, yet, give me my wife, my cottage, my books, violin, pure air, the sight of green fields, and the sound of singing birds, and I desire no more."

"For you disabled soldiers, who have brought peace to all—why, you should endeavour to keep it—this may do; but as for me, I like to fight my battles o'er and o'er again; and, *when I was in the Endymion, before we were draughted into the La Hogue*, I had so many skirmishes with the French enemy, that I could give a history as long as the *Life of Napoleon*; but who is there in this nutshell of a place to listen to me? Not one, even with common patience. None of them ever were at sea. If I begin my story to the parson, and talk to him of firing a broadside into the enemy, he shakes his head, and, with a dead-calm visage, observes, 'We should live together in peace and unanimity,' and concludes with the commandment, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' If I turn to the doctor, and tell him of two-and-thirty pounders whizzing over our heads, he puts on a sagacious look, raises his gold-headed cane to his mouth, stares me full in the face, and asks me if I have ever killed a man, or attended a dissection or resurrection! I flatter myself I have some hope left in the attorney,

concluding naturally that he must, from his profession, know more of the ways of the world. I begin to speak of boarding the enemy, privateering, and Spanish dollars. He twirls his thumbs, and, with a look of suspicion, asks me if I was ever *sued* for having *pursued*, taken up for robbery, or prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences, all being actionable. But what can you expect from those who have never been at sea?" These, my good admiral, are but the circumscribed ideas of country residents. Living amicably in peace and quietness, they know nothing of war, its justice or its benefits." "Then I'll tell you what it is, general,—a man that has not served in the army or navy had better have been brought up in a book-case. Away with theory! Practice for me! No, no! give me my better half and something more than half-pay; the society of a sea-port, sea breezes, old messmates, old wine, and old Dibden, and all in Old England. You are the only companionable messmate I can find here, and I half suspect you serve me *when I get on board the Endymion, before I was draughted into the La Hogue*, as I do you when you are beginning to marshal your troops, forming solid squares, when *you were on the Continent*." "I believe you are right, admiral, and we have heard each others battles so often over and over again, that now they have lost all interest for each other. We had better, therefore, both seek amusements congenial to our different tastes,—you, Liverpool sea breezes, society, and what you call

long yarns : I, the peaceful retirement of the village of Lyndhurst, my wife, cottage, books, and Hampshire home-brewed, and that calm, domestic quiet which is requisite in the downhill of life, after a youthful campaign of war, riot, and bloodshed, when, like the trees in the grand system of vegetation, we have had our spring and summer bloom, so like them we may fall into the 'sear and yellow leaf' of autumn, and, in the universal decay of nature, see the last emblematical signal to all mortality."

My English Home.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
"This is my own—my native land?"

SCOTT.

ERIN ! thy verdant fields are green,
And sweet thy daughters smile ;
No "land of promise" brighter seen
Than thine, dear Emerald Isle :
Thy air is mild, thy skies are clear,
Yet wheresoe'er I roam
One spot to me is still more dear—
My happy ENGLISH HOME !

Scotia ! the fam'd Athenian land
Of mountain, flood and fell ;
Where genius, with her chosen band,
Delighted, loves to dwell ;
Your heath-clad hills my fear awakes,
Yet dear your white waves' foam,
That bear me from the " Land of Cakes "
To my own ENGLISH HOME !

Ye vine-clad plains of happy France,
Luxuriant, wild and sweet ;
The land of mirth, of song and dance,
Of health the blest retreat ;
Your brightest eyes, your sparkling wines,
Are dear to those who roam ;
But blessed is the light that shines
On thee, my ENGLISH HOME !

My English Home ! my English Home !
I hail with extacy ;
Ah ! when from foreign lands I come
Thou'rt doubly dear to me :
Contentment, comfort, blessed peace
Now gild my humble dome ;
United, may they never cease
To bless my ENGLISH HOME !

British Merchants.

IF an Englishman wishes to give a stranger an idea of the wealth and industry of his country, he could not do better than take him along the banks of the river Mersey, or a tour along both sides of the river Thames. Every inch of ground is occupied in docks, dock-yards, wharfs, warehouses, and manufactories, teeming with an immense population, all eagerly intent on business, in exporting their own produce and manufactures, or importing those of other countries. Like bees in a hive, or ants on a hill, men have their own particular objects, and do not interfere with each other. The perseverance, the downright application of mind and body devoted exclusively to their different occupations, show the indefatigable zeal and activity of the people; while, above the bridges, or from the Tower of Richmond, a foreigner may see the reward of industry, its purposes and effect, in the tradesmen's neat villas,—the cottage ornee,—and the splendid mansions of taste and elegance of the opulent. Men of England! well may ye be proud of your shores, when your “ships, colonies, and commerce” are the pride and glory of the world!

There can be no doubt that, at this very moment, there are, leaning over their desks, in the confines of an office, many highly-gifted, noble-minded, aspiring young men, whose intellectual endowments and

course of reading, exciting their prowess, may induce them to regret that the days of chivalry are fled, and that the "tilt and tournament" no longer afford an opportunity for displaying deeds of valour, strength, and courage in "field or foray;"—many who are indulging in day-dreams above *day-books*, thoughts about *ledgers*, and, in their youthful ardour, would rather "follow to the field some warlike lord" than make out a *bill of lading* for a ship outward-bound;—many who would rather share the daring exploits of the borderers, in exacting "*black mail*," or revive the pranks of Robin Hood and Little John, in the "merry greenwood," than make out a *bill of entry*, or calculate pounds, shillings, and pence in the honest and profitable speculation arising from sugar, coffee, and cotton;—who would prefer *rising* by their own good sword and *felling a foe*;—who have neither heart nor interest in mercantile transactions, and consider themselves but the means of other men's gain. Ignoble as they may deem the pursuit of useful traffic,—compound slavery, as they may unjustly term it,—no one, possessing the accomplishments this age affords, and who has read the deeds of the *fiefs and chiefs* of the feudal times,

"When this, the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will
And they should keep—who can,"

would, if he compared the ages, and reflected seriously, for all the fame of the crusaders, red-cross

knights, or the *arch* doings of the *archers* "’ith the olden time," sacrifice the attainments he is now acquiring for the life of a marauding brigand or lawless bandit, or forego the knowledge he is gaining, comprising and forming the character which attention and time might ensure him, in the most desirable and honourable of all titles—that of an *independent British merchant*. The very name itself combines honour, probity, enterprise, and information : it is a passport through every nation, and none more respected.

An English merchant can now command the produce of every country,—can exchange the superfluous fruits of one kingdom for those of another,—can export the superabundance of the land of plenty to the land of famine,—import the luxuries of the East for the gratification of those whose wealth can command or industry merit them. The Eastern gem, the gold of Afric, the tea of China, furs of Russia, and woods of America are all at his disposal, for the comfort and convenience of the Europeans. He is the useful distributor and mediator between the necessities and luxuries of the whole human race ;—he gives employment to men of every grade and of every trade ; and, in his enthusiasm to do the best for all, such is his undaunted spirit that he will even risk his last sovereign in the cause of an eventful speculation, and, after dispersing his fleet through every clime, (the present facilities giving him unbounded power,) he can, in the bosom of his family

enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, surrounded with a portion of the very luxuries he has, by his own means, brought about him. Hospitable and liberal, without ostentation, his "house is his castle," and where distress never applied in vain, for he has a heart to lend and the means to give.

A British merchant (revered be the name !) is also a scholar and a gentleman. His intercourse and communication with other countries give him the advantage of acquiring information on every subject, while his domestic associations award him all the courtesies and blessings of refined life. He is not only a tactician, a politician, but a metaphysician ;—he is an economist, a physiologist, and a philosopher ;—he is an able dispenser of charity, a merciful arbiter of justice ; and a firm and equitable legislator. Let no one suppose it is a *tame* existence—a passive post of honour, when it is known that, as authors, merchants have enriched the world with volumes on agricultural produce, colonial treasures, and just and correct views on maritime laws and interest.

It is vain for me to enumerate all the distinguishing features and importance attached to the numerous body who compose this high and intelligent community in a town where they are so well-known and appreciated, and where, like the radiant beams of the sun, dispensing good and good-will to all, they shine in refulgent glory round the Exchange of London and Town-hall of Liverpool, enlightening the whole world.

I should not have been led to make these remarks, but for the circumstance of having two young friends, the delight of their mother's eyes, and the hope of their father's heart,—high-spirited, handsome and well-educated,—who were articed to a merchant, indulging the romantic idea that they ought to inherit the warlike propensities of their forefathers, and determining that, in their own persons, the days of chivalry *ought* and *should* come again. They resolved to rebel, in these days of civil and religious liberty, against all restraint or domestic controul. Long had they, according to the custom of the cavaliers of the last century, serenaded their lady-loves, one on a brazen bugle, the other on an old cracked flute; but, like all Quixotic efforts of this description, their Dulcinas still remained inexorable to the inharmonious sound, and, being tired of the still life of “penning sonnets to their mistress' eyebrows,” they came to the desperate resolution of spurning “ships, colonies, and commerce,” and, rushing on the world as heroes, pant for battle, bivouac, and bloodshed.

“ Their souls in arms and eager for the fray ;”

nor could the whole army of martyrs persuade them from their purpose,—on life and death intent. So, in the vain hope of winning laurels for their “victorious brows,” and rivalling Agamemnon, Alexander, or Wellington, they insisted, as there was no other channel of warfare open, upon going to “join Don

Pedro." "They would rush, sword in hand, upon Miguel!" "They would assert their rights, and cut their way to fame and fortune!" "To conquer or die!" "Death or victory!"

Without expatiating upon parental anxiety, the regret of their employers, or the fool-hardiness of these would-be heroes, I shall simply relate, that they *did* go to join Don Pedro, and they *returned* from joining Don Pedro, not with triumphal cars, "laurel wreaths," or "blushing honours," but in the first ship they could get, most heartily sick of the expedition, where, after having expended their all amidst the dirt, treachery, and bigotry of the country, they came home crest-fallen, penniless, and almost in a state of starvation. Their flame of valour was quenched,—their occupation, like Othello's, gone, and most sincerely did they bid farewell to

———"the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!"

Wellington himself would have pitied their lamentable condition, had he seen the pitiful plight of these heroes of his inspiring when they landed at Plymouth,—their meagre faces, shrunk persons, and clothes "a world too wide," gave evidence in favour

of their being restored to the land of the living. But they had a long journey by land before they could regain their homes, or be restored to their former employment. They sought forgiveness at home, and were again reinstated at their desk, with many a vow and resolution never to leave it again. Dreadful as the hardships were they had endured abroad, they admitted that it was still worse to be laughed at at home. They banished chivalry to the dark ages, execrated it in every shape, and tilts and tournaments were no more thought of. They left off serenading, and wooed and won in a respectable way; so, as "experience makes folk wise," let us hope that, having seen the folly of their "vain glory," they are becoming useful members of society, and will meet a better reward for the dangers they have past, in a flourishing commercial prosperity, and, as husbands, sons, and brothers, add to their fame the most honourable of all appellations—that of an *independent British merchant*.

Pic-Nic Parties on the Sod.

It is now the delightful season when every true lover of Nature endeavours, if he can, to see her in the greatest perfection; and for this purpose, the citizens form pleasant and rational parties, to enjoy the luxuriance of vegetation, flowers in full bloom, trees in full foliage, and valleys in full verdure, to the suburban districts of Dublin and the beautiful districts around. For woodland scenery there is the Dargle, on the Powerscourt domain, the Waterfall, Leixlep, and a Lucan, through which runs a fine trout stream; and for marine prospects there are Howth, Bray, Killiney-hill, and the vale of Shanganah.

After a long confinement from sickness, care, business, or sorrow, there is something irresistibly cheering when once you get out of the noise, bustle, and turmoil of a city, out of sight of bricks and mortar, stones, palings and railings; when you are fairly in the country, and where nothing is visible but the "blue above and the green below;" where the very weeds by the way side are luxuriant, and there is nothing to denote the handicraft of man but the highroad you are upon; it is then you are tempted to exclaim, "God made the country, and man made the town!"

The jaunting cars used in these excursions are too well known to require description; but to those

who do not know, a pair of panniers, holding six persons, going like a crab, sideways, may give some idea of the vehicle. An Englishman is always known on one of these anti-sociables by holding firmly on, lest he should fall off, and calling out for others to keep off in passing. The centre, or well, is the *depôt* for provisions, and is usually well stored with them: chicken, biscuits, and sherry, in baskets—cloaks, umbrellas, &c. ought to make up the stowage; as forethought respecting the weather is advisable in these precarious climates.

It is possible you may forget a Liverpool coachman, a London cabman, or the driver of a French diligence, but you never can forget an Irish carman; no, no, poor Paddy is not so easily forgotten—by the same rule we do not forget our most pleasant acquaintances: his wit, humour, and general information are always claims on your memory; and he will take good care, if ever he has had the honour of “driving your honour,” that he will remind your honour the very next time he meets “your honour” his elevated situation as leader and chairman, as well as carman, gives him the privilege of embodying himself with his company; he is the first to reply or laugh at a joke, and the last to be disrespectful. A character of this description, with his vehicle in the best order, was engaged for a trip to the Dargle; and, while the provisions were packing, one of the company held a survey on the turnout.

"I fear your horse is not in very good condition, Paddy," said he.

"Ah, no matter for that, sir," replied Paddy; "I can tell you there's a great rogue in his coat, for sometimes I can hardly hould him; he bears a good name on him, any way."

"What's that?"

"Lively, sir."

This poor, spare-ribbed animal might have leaped a five-barred gate in his time; nay, it might have won the St. Leger, or a gold cup; but certainly its present outward and visible sign was anything but lively. It had a sort of wire-drawn look which indicated much endurance, much use and abuse; on nearer examination he was found minus an eye, on which his owner remarked, "What matter? I'll engage he'll see his way out and home entirely for all that." Now Lively, with all its faults, was a horse after my own heart; for being no admirer of the neck-or-nothing club, and an enemy to spirited horses and furious driving, having suffered thereby more than once, his jog-trot pace accorded well with my enjoyment of the country; for it gave us time to examine minutely every tree and shrub we passed; and, as there were no sweepstakes or cup to be won, and we in no particular hurry, I saw no use in making a toil of a pleasure.

A nice observer might have found fault with the habiliments, the livery of our driver; for my own

part I care little on these occasions for the decoration of the outward man, or whether the clothing be good, provided there is good-humour and a good heart underneath it. I have heard many an Englishman grumble at his coat not being cut to his liking, or having discovered a hole in his stocking, which is enough to put him out of humour the whole day; but give Paddy his two grey frieze coats, the one with three large capes, which he wears over the other, even in the hottest weather; give him these, his brogues, his *caubeen*, his *dhudeen*, and his *cruiskeen* of *scaltheen* or *potheen*, and there is not a happier being in existence; and if you could only listen to him in the evening when he gives his *colleen* a *vourneen* on account "of the quality he took out that day," you would find that it would require the pencil of a Hogarth, much less a Cruickshank, to do it justice, replete with wit, humour, sarcastic sallies, and importance.

About half way a shower of rain came on—and no umbrellas! In consequence, the white hats, gauze ribbons, and gigôt sleeves made a rather lamentable appearance. Paddy, unasked, stripped off his *pair* of surtouts for the ladies, one of which was accepted; the other he was requested to keep on, for the variety of vacuums in the apparent tender state of his body-linen told it was as great a stranger in *Threadneedle-street* as it was in the wash-tub; he was indifferent to all this, so that the "darling craturs did not get wet." The shower

over, we had proceeded within two miles of our destination, when, as usual, we had a break-down. This is such a general occurrence that it has ceased to alarm, or be a novelty with me. On commencing a journey, I make up my mind to it; but those who did not, were performing the Flying Dutchman's leap, and other extraordinary feats, terminating in the hedges and ditches. The horses are so safe in these drawbacks, that ladies, generally, are more frightened than hurt.

The gentlemen, whom hunger and *slow speed* had made impatient, were angry at the detention, and wondered how the damage was to be repaired, or the broken traces joined. Now, if Lively had been extravagant enough to have taken fright, and ran away with us, or had taken flight from that *Ailsa Craig* of a *break-neck place* called the "Lover's Leap," at the Dargle, there might have been some excuse for their vexation; but as no one was hurt, not a bone broke, and the poor beast standing stock-still, musing, no doubt, with all the philosophy of a quadruped, on the useless folly of the bipeds about him, I thought good humour might have passed it off as a slight, harmless, adventure—a break-down to break the monotony of a quiet journey. I proposed to poor Paddy, who was enduring more than his full complement of blame about his horse and gear, by way of comforting him under his misfortune, that we should walk the remainder of the distance,—
"Deed ma'am, and you'll not walk one step of it,"

said he ; “ shure its only a small mishap—except the bottle that’s broke in the basket, I’ll soon settle the rest asy enough.” A leather thong out of one of his brogues, the rope that tied his bag of oats, and a bit of whipcord out of his pocket, soon set all to rights again in his own fashion, and which really deserved a patent, as well as Varty’s patent axletrees, for its ingenuity. I cheered him by praising his invention, to which he replied, “ Oh, faith ma’am, there’s nothing so ingenious as man, *barring the bees* ! the rock of Gibralta’ itself was never firmer than that is now. Sit up if you plase.” We got safely to the entrance of the Powerscourt domain, and dismounted. Paddy now took a cushion under each arm, and ran before, as he said, “ to make an ilegant sky parlour fornent the strame, where you see the trout crying—come, ate me.” The tablecloth spread, and viands liberated, gave to our view one ham, four chickens, which, with six tarts, were all deluged in sherry by the breakage, a tongue, two full bottles, a gentleman’s flute, three corkscrews, and a fishing rod, which was put into play while the potatoes were boiling at the lodge at the gate. The ladies busied themselves in the arrangement, and, beneath the shade of a large oak tree, embosomed, as it were, in this beautiful and fertile spot, with the songsters of heaven about us, breaking nature’s still solitude, we enjoyed the exquisite and delicious treat—a dinner on the sod.

Home every where.

To ———,

This is not the home of my childhood,
This is not the land of my birth ;
 I know not the trees of the wild wood,
This is not my own verdant earth :
 Yet I cling to them all as I view them,
 Though an alien, an exile I roam :
 I love them as though I long knew them,
 For wherever thou art—is my home.

Through the storm, on the tempest's high wave,
 To the limits of Ocean's dark bound ;
 Through the tropics with thee I will brave,
 Where enterprise never yet found :
 Though danger and peril there be,
 Overwhelmed by the hurricane's foam,
 I fear not—undaunted with thee,
 While thy bark on the sea—is my home.

My country ! for ever my pride ;
 My home ! ever sacred thy name ;
 Proud England—the world has defied,
 And is first in the annals of fame,
 Though never again I may see,
 In darkness, I'll think, like the gnome,
 Of localities now lost to me,
 For, with thee, the wide world is—my home !

The Greenwich Pensioners.

Much to these fearless souls you owe,
In peace would you neglect them?
What say you, patriot souls? Oh no,
Admire, preserve, protect them.

RUSHTON.

OF all the sights about London worth seeing, there are few excel Greenwich Hospital. The building itself is a magnificent pile, its structure almost rivalling in grandeur the great St. Paul's. This edifice brings to our memory the historical records of the glorious days of Good Queen Bess, and the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh. Its situation is picturesque and beautiful; but the blessings of locomotion will soon supersede any description I can give to those who have not already seen it, and who choose to patronize modern improvements. It is gratifying to see the old veterans, and the remains of veterans (for there are few who are not minus a leg, arm, or an eye,) who have fought with Howe and Jervis, "*and sailed the world around,*" seeking this quiet retreat for the sunset of their glory, and in their remnant of existence, "fighting their battles o'er again," in the companionship of their old messmates. To those connected any way with the deep blue sea, or the dear blue jackets, this sight is particularly interesting: and so it was to me. Poor old fellows, with all their apparent ease and contentment, when I thought of our foes

in arms, I turned to look upon their *armless* bodies, and, in "England's wooden walls," I thought of the many *wooden legs* before me, although they had fought and conquered. I looked with compassion on the *left* eye of the seaman whose *right* had been lost in gazing on Victory's flag, and regretted the necessity of war, or that it should ever spread desolation on the earth, and such mutilations among brave men.

From among the groups of pensioners, whose single-breasted blue coat and cocked hat suited, in regard to costume, the age of the wearer, was one who had seated himself on a bench overlooking the river Thames, his hands crossed upon his stick, and his chin resting upon them: his flowing silver locks and furrowed cheek told he was long past the age allotted to man. His juvenile days had been passed in the last century. I took my seat quietly beside him, and could not help remarking the contemptuous look with which he viewed the succession of *steamers*, of all sizes, which were plying up and down the river. In order to elicit a reply, I ventured an observation on the wonderful power of steam and machinery. "Teapots and teakettles," said he, "*blacksmiths* and *blazemakers*."

"You must perceive a grand improvement in navigation here, since your services were in request," said I, speaking rather loudly in his ear. "Improvement, do you call it? Did you ever see a first-rate of 120 guns under sail?" I replied I had

steamed through the whole fleet, at the rate of ten knots an hour, while they were tacking and beating about in the English Channel, not gaining ten miles in twenty-four hours.

"*We* had no trouble in tacking. No, no!" said he; "but if the *Caledonia* had fired a two-and-forty pounder among the smoking machinery, who would be beating about then? A pretty kettle of fish she would make of you, all your troubles would have been at rest; and to look at *you*," he added, "I do not think you have many troubles." "Ah," said another quaint-looking old square-toes, who had seated himself on the other side of me, and who had gather'd up his *left* leg to rest on his *right* knee, "Ah," said he, "when I was on board the *Sceptre*, there were none of them 'ere things afloat: I would as soon expect to see Mount *Vesuvius*, from the land of fire and brimstone, smoking up, as them 'ere crazy craft." Both of my neighbours appeared to think these smoking innovations a degradation instead of an improvement in navigation. "As for beauty in appearance," I added, "a ship in full-sail still bears the palm, and, in case of war, his Majesty will find in them most efficient aid." "His Majesty," said he late of the *Sceptre*, flourishing his stick, shall never want help while I live." A grave-looking pensioner, with a pipe in his mouth, now joined the group. Getting to windward of him, "Here is one," said I, "from the smoke he makes, who ought to admit the supremacy of steam;" but,

"Phoo, phoo!" and another puff from the pipe was all to be obtained from him,—*hatred* it was, but whether from envy or jealousy of the present age of invention, it was difficult to say; one conclusion was certain,—no time can eradicate old prejudices grafted upon ignorance. I question whether it was wise to presume to remove the veneration these old warriors entertained for the "olden time," when their "*three-decker*" would be six weeks beating about the channel; their "*seventy-four*" on a lee shore; and their "*first-rate ship of war*" riding out the gale "all in the Downs," which ought (and might have been by steam) storming the enemy's garrison a month before; and where was the use now of disturbing prejudices formed in their early days,—days of their prowess and chivalry—days of their youth, honour, and glory, never more to return? A tap on the shoulder, a bow and a scrape, such as none other than a *real Tar* can give, was followed by this message, from one of the *rough knots* of the navy: "I ax pardon, ma'an, the gemmen and ladies abaft sent me to say as how they waits for you to go through the wards." I followed this marine Mercury, who had been wounded, like Achilles, in the heel, at the battle of Navarino.

There are a privileged few who take it in turns to show visitors the hospital. It fell to our lot to have Tom Pearson as our guide. which was rather fortunate, for he knew the history, good and bad, of almost all the pensioners, and was rather a wit in

his way: he had a profusion of black hair, which was plaited, and hung down his back like a bell-rope; he wore a cork shoe, and was, in his own opinion, an important person; yet Tom was a cunning rogue, for he took every opportunity to extol his own valour, "in as how he lost his heel, and was forced to limp upon cork ever since;" he also wished it to be understood that there were *other heroes* living who had fought at Navarino besides the gallant Sir Edward Codrington, and why should we dispute the truth? or even doubt him as being one?

The berths in the wards are all separate, containing each pensioner's bed, table, chair, drawers, and shelf, on which are arranged his cups, saucers, glass, (we will not say anything about *plate*;) but there are plates, dishes, and all that is requisite for the comfort and convenience of one person. There is great rivalry in adorning their places, which are usually decorated with ballads, prints, drawings, and flaming paintings of their own "*ships all in full sail, on the main ocean,*" generally those in which they have served; sometimes a carved and well-rigged little model hangs o'er their head; but nothing can exceed their cleanliness and order. Money is not allowed to be given, so we had provided ourselves with what was quite as acceptable, *Oronooko*, in all its disguises, from Prince's Mixture to Lundy Foot, High Toast to humble knots of Pigtail. Wishing to know, for the sake of a very particular friend, who had been in

the La Hogue, 74, during the war, if there were any of the seamen belonging to that vessel in the Hospital, I asked Tom Pearson if there were to point them out. "O yes," said he, "there's a lot on 'em here. Jackson, tell Ned Nimble to come down and be smart." In a short time, the nimble gentleman made his appearance, in the tall, robust form of as heavy a piece of humanity as ever encumbered the earth; his two legs were wrapped up in flannel, and he moved as though he had a ton weight to each. Tom took him aside, and one of our party heard him say, "Say you were on board the La Hogue, and you will get a yard or two of Pigtail." Knowing this, I was prepared for my conversation with master Ned. "You were on board the La Hogue?" "I was, ma'am, and a finer craft never swam on salt water." "Did the Hon. Captain Capel command her then?" "He did, and a better captain never trod quarter deck." "Do you remember any of the junior officers?" "Every one of them." "Do you recollect Mr. H——?" "Aye, I do; and a merrier little fellow never sat at mess." "This is a mistake, for he was neither *little* nor particularly *merry*." "Lord bless you, ma'am, that's what we say, when a man is tall and steady," observed Ned, with a look of wickedness to his friend Tom, with whom, it appeared, he was in partnership, as regards *visiting fees*, Tom doing Ned's duty, when incapable from rheumatism, or inebriation, which sometimes does occur. "I can

show you a drawing I made of the La Hogue, if you would step up to the ward." said Ned. We followed him, and he brought out a most desperate attempt at marine painting. To the eye of a sailor, as regards masts, sails, or rigging, all was correct, from the end of the jibboom to the taffrail, every rope in its berth, every sail set, as it should be; but to the eye of taste, never was there a more glaring combination of Prussian blue, gamboge, and vermillion! Ned knew naught of shades; these and perspective were unknown in the "olden time."—He never dreamt of lights and shades, and scorned them most methodically. It looked, as though it would have done quite as well for any other of his Majesty's vessels, so caricatured; but, on his *veracity*, *this* was a fair representation of the La Hogue. I must own my idea of its magnitude was sinking below par, had not my brother observed, "*that this was a portrait of a fifty gun ship, instead of 74.*"

Upon this discovery, Nimble Ned seemed "taken aback," as the sailors say, and excused himself, by saying his memory was not so good as it had been. Being quite certain, from his answers and equivocations, that he knew nothing at all about and never had been in the vessel, we left him, after replenishing his snuff-box, to visit the adjoining berth, whose tenant was called "the Bachelor." This was a pensive looking little old man, remarkably neat and clean: he was seated at his table at work;

but what *sort* of work will my readers guess? "I have brought some ladies to see you, Mr. Fleming," said Tom. "The ladies always likes to see the bachelors," added Tom. "Heaven bless them, I am always happy to see *them*," answered the Bachelor, rising, laying down his work, and taking off his glasses. A sabre gash was visible on his forehead; he had lost one leg, and the two fingers of his left hand; here was a man who had been in numerous engagements, endured shipwreck, slavery, and imprisonment, who had braved the "*battle and the breeze*," and "sought the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth," now filling up the fragment of his life, in the simple and novel employment of *hemming a blue cotton pocket handkerchief*!—"What," asked my brother, "are there none of the fair daughters of Eve who would take this trouble off your hands?" "No, sir," said he, "I have neither kith nor kin!" "Then tell me how you were left without," said I, "and I will finish your work for you." I took up the work, and he commenced by saying, "I once loved! we were plighted to each other, were both poor; I went to sea, was impressed, and when I returned home she had died! I am now sixty years of age, and could never bring my mind to put in comparison any one with *her* who was the idol of my youth. My parents died, and I was an only son, I never heard I had any relative. This! this!" said he, and his poor hand trembled as he unclapsed a black pocket-book, "I have kept

about me : it is the only relic of the only being that ever loved me." It was a long ringlet of hair, tied with a blue ribbon. "There," said my brother, "what think you of that man's affection?" "Why, that it passeth all human understanding."

"Then, oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit,
And when again you're plunged in war,
He'll shew his daring spirit."

Among so many brave men who fell in the ever-memorable battles of the Nile and the Baltic, it was a hundred chances to one that inquiries were fruitless after any old shipmates in the maimed multitude at Greenwich. The general answers to our questions were, "Dead!" "Gone!" "Killed!" "Wrecked!" "Drowned!" or "Unknown!" Egypt, Copenhagen, Algiers, and Navarino had swept away all the youth of the navy,—few had been permitted to attain the climax of human nature, many, at an early age, had met the fate of war,—some in their prime, lingered for awhile of gunshot wounds,—others had been swallowed up in the vortex of the turbulent and overwhelming element they had chosen—in the "deep, deep sea."

"Few, few shall part where many meet!
The *foamy wave* their winding sheet,
And every cave beneath their feet
Was there—a *sailor's* sepulchre!"

Having given up all idea of finding any seamen who had been in the *La Hogue*, 74, it occurred to me that, among some of the remaining *ancients* present, laden with honour, glory, *wounds*, and *pension*, in this retreat, we might find some who had been with the Hon. Captain Capell, in the *Endymion* frigate, *before* they were draughted into the *La Hogue*, so we began questioning the little man, late of the *Sceptre*, who had now joined us. "Endymion,—Endymion, did you say, ma'am? Why, let me see," said he, commencing, as usual, "*When I was on board the Sceptre*, I remember that 'ere frigate cruising about the Sound,—we were in convoy with her. There is one of her men here, who lost his arm in the peppering from *Elsineur Castle*, in the war with the Danes." The *armless* man was now brought up to answer further questions as to his recollection of any of the junior officers. "There was first Lieut. Thompson, he was a worthy, and so was Lieut. Power; but there was another Luff *as* stammered." "You're right, there was," said I, mentioning his name; "what is your name?" "My name is William Bowman; but all I get here is Bill Bo." "Whatever they call you, my good man, it appears you are the only *true Bill* we have found," for the officers he named were in the frigate, and the stammering Luff, as he called Lieut. Price, used to excite the mirth of the mess, for Captain Capell, in endeavouring to correct this failing, always asked him at table for whatever was next him, saying, "Mr. Price, what

sauce have you there?" to which Price replied, "P-p-p-parsley and b-butter, sir." "Will thank you for the castor next you." "The p-p-pepper castor, sir?" "Yes: thank you. Wine with you." "With p-p-pleasure, sir."

Bill Bo. now told us of a man in the Nelson ward who was older than he, who might know something more about the young gentleman,—“Old Peter Blewett,—Blue Peter we call him,—he has been here many years, and has, many a time and oft, told us of the youngsters playing their tricks upon him, more nor any other of the ship’s company.” “Let us see him,—a second Peter Simple I suppose.” “Well, you may say that, ma’am, for he has been but a half-witted fellow all his life.” And so it appeared on seeing this aged veteran, now in almost second childhood, for he gave one of those idiotic laughs on our approach which fall on the ear with a certainty that reason either has left, or is about to leave her throne. His head was bleached, and body bowed with the burden of eighty summers. We found him wrapped up in an arm-chair, amusing himself with the delightful harmony arising from the collision of a pewter spoon in a tin can. “Taking your soft tack, Mr. Blewett,” said our escort: “you see he does not forget the *Sound*.” “No; but let us try his sense.” “Hope we are not intruding at meal-time;”—another vacant laugh showed that he did not understand what was said to him. In turning round to request Mr. Bill Bo. to question him,

we saw written under the full-length portrait of a large vessel "The Endymion," and, as we were given to understand, by our guide, another full-length portrait of the aforesaid "Blue Peter" on the bowsprit; for, with the usual contempt of these amateurs of the fine arts, there was a total want of proportion and foreshortening:—the representative of Peter shone out here about half as tall as the foremast, while the *old original* before us might be about four feet ten in altitude. When I remarked the difference, "Aye, but," said our first escort, "when I was on board the Sceptre, and his present Majesty went on board the La Hogue, then lying in Hoseley Bay, when Duke of Clarence, I've *heard* Blewett's messmates say, that he was a smart man, and the Blue Peter *as is* is nothing to the Blue Peter *as was*." With another laugh and imbecile manner Peter put down his play-things, and, taking up the crooked handle of his stick, reached across the table in endeavouring to hook a feather in the bonnet of a lady of our party. He was particularly taken either with the feather or the lady, we did not know which. When Bill Bo. interrupted him by saying, "Come, don't be hauling the feather out of the lady's bonnet, but tell the visitors the names of your old ship-mates?" "Don't know,—can't tell,—quite forgot," was all he said, and some incoherent expressions excited the look of pity in all about him.

A few years back, and this man might have afforded us all the information we required, in relating

early and pleasant reminiscences, and in remembering the junior officer, Mr. H——. But now, with the exception of the passing day, the whole events of his long life could only be expressed in "*non mi ricordo*." Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans memory, all gone! Why should we linger to witness the infirmities of age, the warnings of time wisely given to temper down the pride, vain-glory, and ambition of this world? It was fitting we *should* linger, reflect, and compare ourselves to the wreck of human nature before us, to prepare for those warnings and infirmities from which none are exempt. It was advisable, too, that we should indulge in reciprocal feelings, and with gratitude remember that these men, existing under their many wounds, who had fought for their country, and protected us from the horrors of war, were now in peace, requiring our protection for a bare maintenance, for succour, health, and comfort. It was a lesson to show, that, in every state and station, comparisons and conclusions may be drawn, for "to this complexion we may come at last." It served to show the great charm there is in reflection at all times, and they who do not possess this calm source of happiness have our pity, if they can go from "Dan to Beersheba" in vain.

In passing through the wards, we were not a little pleased to find "*Tom Cringle's Log*" in the hands of one of the pensioners. One who could *not read* was mending his stocking on a bottle! We saw the "*Naval Sketch Book*," and other amusing nautical

works lying about, the modern and clever productions of various naval officers. One old man, whom we excused rising on our entrance, having just *unshipped* his *two* wooden legs, was grumbling most bitterly over "*James's History of the Naval and Military Wars*,"—for reasons why, the very many inaccuracies, but principally for omitting to name the ship he was in, in a severe engagement, and which left him but *half the man he was*. This omission was a sore place to him. I consoled him by observing, it might not have been a wilful one; but, whether or not, and although he had not a leg to stand upon, his two *wooden supporters* held him up to the world as an example of undaunted courage and bravery, and, in spite of the half-and-half praise of historians, every one would admit that he *half* proved his claim to their notice, and well deserved what he never got—their honourable mention of him.

We now paid off, in pig-tail, our two escorts, Mr. Bill Bo. and he late of the Sceptre whose prosings amounted in meaning to something like the reflections above,—on the mutability of human affairs,—only with this difference, that he had a particular dictionary and grammar of his own, out of which he composed a language of his own,—it might be one of the dead ones,—but he, as a living man, certainly was the founder, the inventor, the "*fecit*" of some of the strangest and most out-of-the-way words that ever were coined in the human brain. In prosody he was completely out of his

latitude. What he meant we knew very well; but how he expressed himself would puzzle a Chaldee to report. In pocketing our donation of the obnoxious weed, he said, "It was the most foolish thing as is, in their laws and *statuary* of the Hospital—the most ridiculousest *high deer* as hever was, not to allow them to take money instead of pigtail."

A new guide took us through the splendid Painted Hall, and was most anxious, first, to show us the particular picture which represented the ship in which *he* fought, conquered, and lost an eye. We saw his drift, and gave him due praise, for his bravery and suffering well excused the vanity. "Are you a married man?" "Why, yes, ma'am, and was then." "Your wife must have been in great suspense about you." "One would think so," said he. "I was among the wounded, and reported dead; but when I came home she had—married again!" He now led us to the glass-case containing the coat Nelson wore when killed. Amidst all the spirited paintings of engagements, and portraits of the weather-beaten admirals, (the withered flowers of the British navy,) or even the beautifully painted ceiling, this old tattered garment was to me the most interesting. The sleeve was fastened to the breast: it was threadbare and rusty-looking, from the smoke of the Victory; but the very anchor on the button awakened feelings of veneration which the heart of a

sailor's wife could best understand, although unable to express, in seeing this last relic of the glory of the immortal Nelson.

“ Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride,
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou.
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condole,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !”

Time's Changes.

But where, oh ! where's the spirit's glow
That shone through all ten years ago?

A. WATTS.

To some legend of old Miranda flew,
Impressed with grief which to her was new ;
Like the dew on flowers in the woodland vale.
She wept when she read an old fairy tale.

And often she pondered on Fiction's art,
Until Love's true passion had touched her heart.
Realities o'er romance prevail—
She smiled when she read an old fairy tale.

When her youth declined, and her lot was cast,
She took up the book, but its charm had past ;
She wondered how youth could in tears bewail,
Or how she e'er read the old fairy tale.

The Irish Emigrants.

Oh, land of my fathers and mine !
 The noblest, the best, and the bravest ;
 Heart-broken, an 'lorn I resign
 The joys and the hopes which thou gavest.

BYRON

THERE cannot be a more melancholy acknowledgment of the poverty of a country than to see the daily increase of the spirit of emigration, in its redundant and depressed population. The Irish shores are lined in every direction with whole families about to seek refuge from starvation in the uncultivated wilds of North America. Hundreds are pouring into the city of Dublin, lining her quays, and making every possible preparation for their departure. Clusters of men in gray frieze coats, and groups of unbonneted and barefooted women and children, were collecting round a vessel bound to Quebec, some carrying their small stock,—small enough, no doubt, —others purchasing tin cans and provisions for their voyage. In watching these apparently happy, but really miserable, creatures embark, our attention was particularly attracted to one person, a young woman about five-and-twenty, who seemed so truly affected at the separation from her native land, that she withdrew from the crowd up an adjoining street, followed by three little children almost in a state of nudity, to give relief to her feelings in one of those *howls* so

peculiar in the Irish lamentation. She was tall and handsome, and had an expression of more reflection than is general with the lower order of the peasantry from the interior. Sitting down on a stone, she drew the hood of her gray cloak over her face, and, covering her children, who are cowering beneath it, appeared overwhelmed in grief. "Are you parting from your friends?" asked a bystander. "Werastru ! werastru !" was all her reply, with some other words which seemed to have a musical expression, though perfectly unintelligible to those about her.

"Is it *spaking* to Norah you ar, my leedy?" asked a broad-faced lad, about sixteen, with a mouth from ear to ear, and a babe, about two months old, rolled up in a lump, like a bundle, under his arm. "What would you have her say to ye'es ; for she's no call to the English *spaach* at all, at all?" continued he. "I would know the cause of her sorrow," replied the questioner, who afterwards seemed surprised at the beautiful simplicity of the poor woman's answers, when interpreted by her brother, whom the open countenanced youth proved to be.

To the question of "Why are you so distressed?" she replied, while the tears ran down her cheeks, "I am leaving the home of my childhood!" "And why do you leave it?" "To go to the father of my children. He is gone to gather bread for them in the new country; and I follow with them to share it with him. He is tilling the foreign ground of the stranger, and has no interest in the soil of his own

land, for his exertions were unavailing; and we are leaving the home of our forefathers for ever!" Here she bowed her head over her crossed arms in excessive emotion, which was interrupted by her brother in the following manner:—"Hould your sister, the *beeby*, sur," said he, "while I shake the sorrow out of your mother, and git her out of this," dropping the small lump of infancy into the naked arms of a little urchin of three years old. "I must git her out of that intirely, or the ship will be laving us," said the lad, lifting up the heart-broken mother. "Werastiu, Barney, Barney!" she cried. A few shillings collected from the bystanders, and put into her hand, excited Master Barney's gratitude in a most extravagant manner. "Och, may the witches wave troublesome nightcaps for those who would frown on yer lord and ladyships' beautiful faces!" cried he. "No blarney, Barney," said one of the donors. "It's no blarney, sur," said he. "Whist till I *incinse* you of what Norah's bidding me tell you. 'Thanks for your timely assistance; and may the cloud of sorrow never shade the smile of benevolence,'" "And are you going too, Barney,?" asked the gentleman. "Faith I am that same, sur," said he, with a shrug of his round shoulder; "for if I lived here I'd *die* or be *kilt* intirely, and I'm better out the way, at all ivints, than wait for the likes o' that, anyhow," answered he, leading his sister and children to the vessel. He then accosted one of the seamen at the gangway with the following

words :—"Plase to show your humanity, sur, by taking care of that small trifle of mortality, while I git thim other craters into the vessel," pitching the little screaming bundle into the arms of the sailor, while he assisted the weeping mother and children on board. Upwards of two hundred persons now crowded the deck, and their farewell howlings were echoed by the remaining relations and friends on the shore. So various are the opinions and the disputations on the *causes* which thus induce them to desert their native land, that it would be impossible, without infringing on the political state of the country, or calling in question the want of local system, to give the true reason ; and, whether it be famine, faction, ignorance, or industry which impels them, there is one feeling the heart of every emigrant *must* inherit,—the *heart-yearning to the scenes of their childhood!* and wherever we may roam, we find there is no place like the land of our birth. "There is no place like home," in *leaving* which I will conclude in the words of the noble bard's *Farewell to England* :

"I seek what no tribes can bestow,
I ask what no clime can impart ;
A charm which can neutralize woe
And dry up the tears of the heart."

Adieu.

I am leaving thee, old England,
My dear, my native home,
To other shores, and newer friends,
A stranger now I roam.
New scenes, new pleasures, wait on me.
And may be friends sincere ;
But my heart, firm as it e'er will be,
With you will linger here.

The old familiar voices loved,
I may not hear no more,
Their kindest words and happy smiles
In absence I'll deplore.
The air shall waft my saddest sigh,
The ocean wave, my tear ;
But my heart, firm as it e'er will be,
It still will linger here.

Farewell to thee, my native home,
My fireside friends, farewell ;
Though far away, o'er days to come,
You hold a magic spell.
Linked with my blessings and my prayers
Your names I will revere,
While my heart, firm as it e'er will be,
With you is lingering here.

To the Irish Absentee.

THERE is a fair and fertile Isle,
 By Nature's hand 'tis bless'd,
 Where forests grow and rivers flow,
 Where warm hearts are oppress'd,
 Erin ! thou gem upon the sea,
 Thy ruin is the absentee.

There is a castle on the hill ;
 Its lordly owner reigns
 'Neath other towers, 'mid stranger bowers,
 On distant hills and plains.
 Untenanted that castle see,
 Deserted by the absentee.

There was a forest, waving high,
 Which summer suns repell'd ;
 Now, fallen low, the sun may glow—
 The forest oaks are fell'd :
 The wealth drawn from each stately tree
 Is treasured by the absentee.

There is a cottage in the vale
 Where little children smil'd ;
 But from this home the children roam,
 And weeds grow rude and wild.
 To foreign lands the exiles flee,
 Deploring low the absentee.

There is a mountain mine of wealth,
And crystals on the shore :
The pearl's unsought, the gold unwrought ;
The miner's task is o'er.
Hands that would set the rich ore free
Are fetter'd by the absentee.

Oh ! Faction, Faction, still thy voice !
Thy foul contention cease !
That men may live and kindly give
Their souls to love and peace ;
In concord so may hearts agree,
And thus recall the absentee.

Return, return, Hibernia's sons !
Look on your homes as men ;
Your suffering Isle entreats your smile,
That she may rise again.
Return, while each the ruin sees,
Nor live in vain as absentees.

The lost Keepsake.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part,

PHILOSOPHERS say, "it is great folly to attach
much importance to trifles," to invest baubles with

worth not intrinsically their own, and in our imagination, to make treasures of little gifts of remembrance, which, though they feed the fancy in absence by cherishing the phantom hope, are too often the means of recalling more painful than pleasurable recollections. Therefore it is unwise to make our own misery, which is the case by hoarding such treasures, when they are either lost, broken, or destroyed. And yet how many there are who have in their possession trifles which wealth could not purchase, the intrinsic value of which is inconsiderable, but enhanced beyond all calculation by the hand which presented them! A lock of hair, a ring, locket, book, or even a faded flower have cemented and united friendships which the world could not destroy; and so it was with my keepsake.

It was the commencement of a happy year that Cupid, Hymen, and the Rev. W. B—— assisted, at the altar of St. Anne's Church, in forming

"The silver link, the silver tie,
Which bound me to my destiny."

As is usual on such occasions, there was a happy confusion of smiles and tears; and, however indifferent persons may pretend to appear in tying the "Gordian knot," it is an eventful period in their lives, an important step in their career, and must be to all an awful moment. After the ceremony, while thus reflecting, I found my grief of longer duration than that of the group around me,—but

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from what cause? Not from any disparity, or the interference of friends, for they were aware that *we* were the best judges of our own happiness, and for once, "the course of true love *did* run smooth;" but from one cause, which was inevitable, our separation on the following day, and, perhaps, for ever!

It so happens, with the less fortunate part of mankind, that they are doomed to toil for a subsistence; and he who then held my hand, and called me his, was obliged to brave the bounding billows, to seek a disturbed and distant part of the globe, and for many months to be taken from me, from my sight; and, from just being made the most happy of women, I was, in four and twenty hours, to become the most miserable and desponding. I portionless, he not worth a ducat. He was bound to endure the toil in the amphibious profession he had chosen, as commander in the merchant service, for the future and mutual support of us both, and for this he was obliged to leave me;

"For lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not e'en love can live on flowers."

My wish to accompany was overruled by many objections, for I had not then endured the horrors of sea, sea-sickness, and all its attendant anxieties, as I have done since; yet we hoped the wind might not prove favourable; but here the Fates were against me, for the wind was provokingly fair and the sea invitingly calm. The vessel cleared out, passengers

on board, and all ready for sea ; the coach waited at the door, trunks, clothes, books, writing-desk, all packed within, when the dreaded hour of separation arrived. " Mine own " clasped me to his heart in an agony of grief, and, endeavouring to look collected in the face of his mourning bride, said, " Be comforted ; let hope cheer you in my absence, and wear this," he added, placing a ribbon round my neck, " in remembrance of me." Attached to the ribbon was a small gold locket, in the form of a heart, which he unclasped, and placed therein one of the many curls which clustered on his handsome head. I kissed the little treasure, and, when able to speak, vowed to wear it for his sake, and for ever : and every pearl which encircled the keepsake, had they been above all price, were not one-hundredth part of the value to me of one single hair which it contained, and which, too soon, was to become my last remembrance. I cannot now dwell on the delirium of the parting moment ; I heard the blessing of my husband, the coach drive away, and no more.

The meridian sun was shining full on my face the day following, when I was awakened by the voice of my mother. It was my own home, and all as it had been for years ; my books, my clothes, all in their respective places ; and, as usual, my mother, in attempting to take my hand, found it grasped his last gift. I looked on it, pressed it to my lips, and fell weeping on her neck ; and in those tears and her consolation, I found a temporary relief.

Time, the soother of grief, and a firm reliance on the great Disposer of all for the protection of my beloved husband, composed me. But few can imagine the consolation, the comfort, and the pleasure I had in gazing for hours on that little keepsake. I held it to my heart in my clasped hands, and wept and prayed over it alternately. Upon the happy return of the bridegroom, eight months after, it was where he first had placed it; and for near fourteen years afterwards had been my constant companion, always wearing it about me, and, through all the vicissitudes which must have taken place in that time, was always a source of happiness even to look upon.

We had been united many years when our fortunes led us to exchange happy England for the disturbed sister kingdom; and Dublin became, in his occasional absence, my strange and solitary home. Upon one eventful morning I took my departure from the city for Kingstown, a distance of eight miles, in order to await the expected arrival of the vessel my husband then commanded. The voyage from London had been prolonged two days beyond the usual time by the late equinoctial gales. I walked on a few miles further, up a hill, to obtain a better view of the Irish Channel, but in what frame of mind I leave to my readers who have ever had a valued life in jeopardy. It was a cold, raw day, when, drawing my cloak around me, I took my station on the rocks overhanging the sea. I had ap-

pended my keepsake to my watch. I looked at it—the hour, and found the day rapidly declining, and no trace of any distant sail. I had sat there about four hours, when, to my relief, in the horizon there appeared smoke; how my heart beat! then sails and masts, and finally the hull became visible. I drew out my little telescope, and found it was, from the letters on the side, the long-looked-for vessel. “Thank Heaven!” I exclaimed, “there it is; but is he safe?” I took another peep, and, invoking a blessing on the head of the inventor of telescopes, I saw the well known form. No time was lost in returning to Kingstown harbour, where I knew they must anchor to await the evening tide. I took a boat, and was the first alongside. She anchored, and, after the look of recognition which proclaimed “all’s well,” the ladder was let down by the vessel’s side. In making my ascent, so many were eager in assistance, that, before I had gained the deck, I found my watch had escaped; it hung safely by the black ribbon, but the clasp, seals, and my keepsake were gone! The clasp, in the hurry, had become unfastened, and the gift, I had treasured for near fourteen years, the value of which was enhanced by the circumstance on which it was given, was at that moment gone down to the deep, deep sea, without any hope of its recovery.

My joy to see the donor arrived safe, after the tremendous gale, was too great to permit me to grieve *then* and *there* for my loss. He was well and

out of danger, and my heart was too grateful to be disturbed by any minor consideration of sorrow ; but afterwards, when I apprised him, and expressed my regret, although it was mutual, he endeavoured to divert my mind from dwelling on the subject, by saying " I still possessed the original ; and the only consolation there was," he added, " was what Paddy had when his tea kettle went overboard, which could not be said to be lost when he knew where it was."

I forgot to mention, that I had lately enriched the contents of the locket by the *first gray hair* ; it was only a stray one, one of those which intrude untimely on the head of the most youthful ; but it was the first, and I had a veneration for it, as I hoped to have for the many which were to follow it, should years be permitted us to see them, so that this could easily be replaced, when the words of Burns would apply :

" But now you're growing auld, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo."

All this may appear very trifling to those who do not set any value on trifles, or estimate the gifts of friends properly, but it is, nevertheless, true ; and like many others persons, I have suffered from petty larcenies and have had my losses ; but, with the exception of death's deprivations, I do not remember

any which have given me a greater pang than this ;
and now again, in the absence of all that is dear to
me, once more alone, in suspense and anxiety,
which the wife of a sailor must ever endure, I feel
deeply and sincerely the loss of my silent companion,
my long-cherished bridal gift, my little, lost keep-
sake.

On a Present of a Ring.

YEs ! I will keep the golden ring
Respect and friendship sends ;
While in remembrance it will bring
Before me—absent friends.

Each ray that from the emerald gem
Sparkles while on my hand,
Shall shine a beam of love from them,
Though in a distant land.

Oft shall the spring of memory's green
Their absent worth deplore,
Who gave a charm to life's dull scene,—
Friends—I may see no more.

The talisman I'll look upon,
While life this hand retains,
With joy to think, though they are gone,
Their friendship still remains.

To the Wind.

O, dread and mighty wind!
Why art thou so unkind?
Why, in the silent midnight hour,
Use thy terrific awful power,
O'er the fond, anxious mind?

Why o'er the billows roam,
And rouse the blue wave's foam,
Which bears the bark and valued life
Of one contending with the strife,
Once more to gain his home?

Why, with thine adverse gale,
Dismay and doubts prevail,
Fearing thine howl and treacherous breath
May steal o'er them in moans of death
Beneath the riven sail?

On me thy bitter blast
Has sad forebodings cast,
Of cherished love enthralled by thee,
Bound in thy magic mystery,
The dangers of the past.

Away! thou fearless foe!
And onward as ye blow,
Waft o'er the casket on the deep,
When waves mine earthly treasure keep,
On them breathe soft and low.

Thy storms in pity spare,
For them responds my prayer ;
Protect with thine own sovereign sway,
Guide in the dark and cheerless way,
Nor breathe on me despair.

The Anniversary.

Twice seven years their course have run
Their ceaseless round ; of time behind us,
Behold the present morning's sun
Of this day rises to remind us.

And fourteen years together tied
An age in Cupid's day-book seemeth ;
We've shared the "good the gods provide,"
Their frowns and cares how well few dreameth.

And thus, possessing youth and health,
Each year affection, still unceasing ;
With these we will not covet wealth,—
Too often worldly woes increasing.

Then let us welcome fourteen more,
And let their changes all assemble ;
They shall be loved for evermore,
If like the past they aught resemble.

Thus, hand in hand, we'll journey on,
With firmness meet the fate before us,
Ere youth, and health, and love are gone,—
We bow to Him whose will is o'er us.

And, guided on "to that great bourne,"
The light of Hymen's torch still beaming,
Together rest no more to mourn,
To worldly cares no more returning!

The Narrow Escape.

TERRENCE was a stout, broad-faced, good humoured *boy* about fifty, who would rather talk than work, and rather sing than do either. He was a sort of agricultural dependant upon Father Mullins: he was his hedger, his ditcher, reaper, mower, gardener, and *factotum*; and the farmer, won by his humour and good-nature, kept him as a hanger-on about the farm, more than for any particular industry, of which he was seldom found guilty.

An elderly gentleman, who lodged in the farm house, had been repeatedly amused with the vocal powers of Terrence, particularly at day-break, when he had much rather "his morning's winged dreams" had not been broken, as he heard him pass to the stable, where he was to perform the *augéan* process. Terrence had just rested himself on his pitchfork,

to give more effect to the last cadence of "*Sheala na Guira*," when the gentleman complimented him by saying, "You've a fine voice of your own Terrence."

"Faith, sir," replied he, "you may say that, and thank God for it; although it had like to have been the ruin of me, so it had."

"The ruin of you, my good fellow, how so?"

"I can soon *incense* you how, sir," said he; "but you should hear the songs first, and by them you will see what they had nearly done for me."

"Well, Terrence," said the gentleman, "if you will come in, in the evening, and sing me the songs, I'll hear your story, and give you half-a-crown."

"Oh, by dad, that I'll do! and thank your honour," said Terrence. So accordingly, he brushed his brogues, washed his shining face, put on his long-tailed grey frieze, and made himself "clean and decent," to go into the presence, and made his bow among the family party, and commenced "The Groves of Blarney," "The Cruiskeen," "The Boys of Kilkenny," "Donnybrook Fair," and many others, when he came to a full stop.

"Now, sir, says he, "I'll give you the one that was near the ruin of me." This was none other than "The Wake of Teddy Roe," a song as well known as the writer, S. W. Ryley, the author of the "Itinerant," which, when Terrence had finished, he said, "There, sir, that's the one; and I never sing it, but I think of the *narrow escape* I had. And now I'll tell you how that was. I was loading the

cart with manure, God help me ! one morning and singing that song, when a gentleman came by, and stood to listen to me. ' You've an excellent voice,' says he, ' my man, and that's a good song you're singing.' ' Faith, I have sir,' for I have been told it often before ; ' and for the song, shure it bates *Bannagher*, and that *bates* all the world entirely.' ' Well,' says he, ' have you any more of them songs?' Shure I have, sir,' says I ; ' one for every day in the week.' ' Well, then, come up to my house in Dublin, and sing all you know, and I will see what I can do for you : but would you be afraid to sing them before a large company?' ' Not in the least, sir ; the larger the better, and then they'll all hear at once.'"

" He told me where he lived ; and accordingly I wint, and was shown up to a most beautiful drawing-room, where sat one beautiful crater at the *piania*, and another at the harp. ' Terrence O'Farrell,' says I to myself, ' hould yourself up, you're among *quality* intirely ;' and sure enough there was a great company. One of the beautiful craters handed me, with her own hands, a glass of wine, saying, ' Take this, Mr. O'Farrell, before you begin.' ' Och,' thought I, ' *Mister O'Farrell!* —but I wish my mother heard *that*.' So I plucked up a spirit, and says I, ' I'm obleeged to you ma'am, for the compliment, but barrin its all the same to you, I'll sing better afther the smallest taste in life of whisky.' So wid that, the gentleman got up

and filled a cruiskeen for me, and that made all the differ wid me. 'Will I sit down, or stand up, sur?' says I. 'As you please,' said the gentleman.—'Well, then, as you're all sated, shure I'd be but one like yourselves, so I'll stand up, then I can give ye the thrue maning.' Well, to be sure, I sang to their intire satisfaction, and grate divarsion they had wid me.

"When I finished, 'Now,' says the gentleman, 'Terrence, I'll give you thirty shillings a week to sing me three of them songs three times a week.' I soon agreed to the bargain; and, putting the card he gave me with a trifle of writing on into my pocket, which I did not stop to make out, I made the best of my way home, to tell my mother how my fortune was made all at once.

"Well, as luck would have it, who should be sitting wid my mother but Tim Dooley. Now Tim had been brought up at the Sunday School, and had the gift, more nor any other man, and mighty proud he was—for there was no speaking to him since he larned to read and write—but he'd no notion of *singing*. Well, 'May be,' thought I, 'Mister Tim, you won't be so consequence, when you see who the rich man is before you.' So I up and tould them all I'd done, and sung, and said. May be my mother's eyes did not shine, the ould cratur! and may be she did not bless her son Terry.—Faiks she did; but it was left for Tim Dooley to spoil all.

“ ‘Where is this you are to go to?’ says he. ‘Och! wait awhile till I show you,’ says I. ‘Show me the ticket,’ says he; and taking it out of my pocket, he set up such a howl! ‘What’s come over you, sir?’ says I. ‘Och hone! och hone! is it come to this you are?—is it going to disgrace your family you are?—and the mother that’s sitting before you? Shure I thought there was some ill wind in the mighty good fortune all of a suddint. But for you to bring your ould mother with sorrow to the grave, by goings on of the like, is what she neither desarves from you, or the likes of you.’ ‘Let’s be knowing my sin,’ says I, ‘and I’ll thank you.’ ‘Faith here’s your sin and your shame before you; and if you go to the place of this present writing,’ says Tim, ‘why, you’re a lost man, that’s all!’ ‘Will you please to give us the benefit of your larning now, and no more words from you,’ says I, not very well pleased at the sarmon he was beginning, ‘and let’s see the way I am going to my ruin?’ ‘Shure it’s straightforward forenint you here.’ And he read the direction—‘Mr. Ryder, manager of the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, Dublin!!!’ ‘Och, save my poor boy!’ says my mother. ‘And has your mighty fine pipe brought you to this disgrace?’ says Tim. ‘Och, the spalpeen!’ says I, ‘to go to make a *tayatrical* of a dacent woman’s child! Och, is that the game you’re after, Mr. Ryder? And if I’d known that, may be but I would have seen you, and all your iligant friends,

hanging by the fifth wheel of Pharo's chariot in the Red Sea, before I'd call up my lungs for your diversion ?'

"Well, I burned the card before their faces, and blessed the star that lit Tim to the cabin that night, to save me from the *narrow escape* I had of being a ruined man by my beautiful voice, bad luck to it ! and from becoming a divorting vagabond by Act of Parliament."

Spring.

WHERE is the spring, the verdant Spring ?
Why these retarding hours ?
The gales which blow no promise bring
To gem the vale with meadow flowers.

Where the laburnum's drooping gold ?
The lilac's spiral bloom ?
Why ling'ring to its buds unfold
The purple violet's perfume ?

Auriculas and heart's-ease too,
The sycamore's broad leaf ;
Why still imprisoned from our view
The hedge-row's fragrant, green relief ?

The mountain daisy opened forth
Its beauties to the sky,—
Chilled by the wind, the blighting north,
Just reared its head to droop and die.

But shall presumptuous man arraign
Or question Spring's delay ?
Some latent good he may obtain,
Short-sighted mortal of to-day.

Some bitter, bleak November blast
Had withered flower and tree ;
Averted by the gale now pass'd,
Or chang'd might be man's destiny.

The River Mersey.

THE Rhine inspir'd a Byron's muse,
The Avon Shakspeare's sweetest lays ;
Nor did the Twickenham bard refuse
The winding Thames his meed of praise.

Though nobler bards, whose suns are set,
Have grac'd each ancient varied theme,
Though lost to us, shall we forget
In them thy praise—Old Mersey's stream ?

No !—Dear shall be thy white wave's foam,
And lov'd the beach o'er which it flows :
Thy billows break before my home,—
From childhood hallowed thy repose.

I love to see, at early morn,
Thy rippling surface gaily speck'd,
With laden barks so proudly borne,
In colours, sails, and pendants deck'd.

I love thy cheering first salute—
Thy spring-tide—to the moonlight true ;
I love, when human tongues are mute,
To hear thy murmuring adieu.

For on thy banks and on thy tide
Are all that Fate to me hath left ;
And when from earth and thee they glide,
I am alone, of all bereft.

But, if thy dark and treach'rous wave
Should steal one absent friend from me,
One tie which Nature kindly gave,
I never more could smile on thee.

Or, if beneath thy dread abyss
The one belov'd thou should'st betray,
Then bear me to the realms of bliss,
From Mersey's stream, from life away.

No more mine eyes could gaze upon
Thy rolling surge, or glassy calm ;
Should'st thou engulph the only one
Who gave to life and love a charm.

Roll on !—while hopes my heart elate,
While storms may blow and tempests lower,
The will Supreme we must await,
And hope for mercy from His power.



To the Moon.

SHINE on, shine on ! thou beautiful Moon !
With an undiminished ray,
As a beacon light, through the stormy night,
For the mariner on his way !

Shine on, shine on ! in thy midnight course
Thy beams on the waters play,
Hear a whispering prayer, " O, tarry there !"
For the mariner on his way !

Shine on, shine on ! thou majestic orb,
Lest gathering clouds betray,
With the light God gave illumine the wave
For the mariner on his way !

Shine on, shine on ! till the morning breaks
In the golden light of day,
As a heavenly guide, o'er the ocean wide,
For the mariner on his way !

Shine on, shine on ! for he looks on thee
Wherever his bark may stray ;
For those afar, who are watching each star,
For the mariner on his way !

Shine on, shine on ! in careering high,
While lonely I trace thy way,
With a beating heart, lest thy light depart
From the mariner on his way !

Irish Hospitality.

As a stranger and a sojourner, it would be an ungenerous omission, a poor and unkind requital in these hasty sketches, not to prove, by some few anecdotes, the true and proverbial spirit of Irish hospitality. England, celebrated as it was "i'th' olden time" for its hearty welcome and good cheer,

"When they killed the fatted calf,
And chased the fallow deer,
For the stranger that was coming
With the merrie new year;"

however renowned by historians in those days, when the salt at table made the only distinction between

the baron and his retainers; however liberal the distribution might be in the Rhenish flask, the knighted loin, the "beeves and beer" of better days, yet have the descendants of the past a great example in the present unbounded kindness of Irish hospitality.

With the citizens of Dublin, "welcome" is the pass-word. They do not call a domestic council to take into consideration what day week they shall invite you to "take tea," or what day fortnight they shall invite you to dinner. There is no debating upon the subject; no consultation on their ultimate views of what they may gain by sending you an invitation; no insincere, ceremonious form in *their* solicitations; they have no motive to calculate upon more than they really do expect, and that is, most veritably, "the pleasure of your company," which, in the solidity and reserve of the English, I fear, very frequently disappoints them; for the sole delight of the Hibernians is mirth, music, vivacity, and good fellowship. They are less studious, but more musical than the Scottish people,—more lively than the English,—less volatile than the French,—a happy combination of all. I allude to the educated portion of society, which must exclude the "fine pisantry," until the blessings of education shall have dawned upon their reasoning faculties, and awakened their ideas from a state of blind superstition and brutal ferocity to one of more enlightened comfort and civilization.

Such is the attention of the Irish to the English stranger that we found the results of only two letters of introduction, delivered out of twenty, almost too much to attend to, for they served, like match-paper, to ignite a whole army of acquaintance, who came to us in battalions with invitations, which we found it would neither be prudent in circumstances to return, considerate in health to keep up, nor agreeable to our domestic pursuits to accept; and, although all this is politely and confidentially explained to them, yet these warm-hearted people will not listen to reason or a refusal, and the first greeting usually is, "You'll dine with us to-day?" "Sorry I cannot." "Well, to-morrow?" "Engaged." "Then, 'pon my honour, you must the day after, and stay a week with us?" And, though your residences may be six miles apart, yet go you must, no matter how inconvenient. Turning night into day is nothing in this country;—the sunrising is only seen on returning home. They dine at seven, assemble in the drawing-room at ten, and commence the evening about twelve o'clock, to the total destruction of health, youth, and beauty.

What little mercantile business is done here commences at ten, and is concluded by five o'clock; after which the inhabitants generally devote themselves to amusements, or revel in all the joys of home and hospitality.

Some few friends and many pleasant acquaintance are formed as fellow-travellers in a week's voyage,

by steam, to and from London, where living together as one family, you have an opportunity of studying the manners of each other, (wind and weather permitting,) and making your own selections in companionship, which depends upon yourself to cultivate or discontinue. Shipboard is the best place for seeing the disposition and taste,—whether congenial in mind or pursuits,—better than any letters of introduction, which too frequently mislead by kindness and partiality operating to the disappointment of the referred and the referree, from a direct dissimilarity in every respect, all not seeing, fortunately, with the same eyes, or judging with the same feelings.

Having concluded all engagements, I was rejoicing at the idea of having a day to myself to devote to absent friends, and had just commenced inditing one of those luminous epistles which, I fear, I have inflicted too frequently on my numerous fair correspondents, when I was interrupted in the description of some “splendid, umbrageous scenery,” by my hand-maiden opening the door and asking, “Are you at home to-day, ma’am?” Why, if I am not, where am I?” answered I. “Because there’s a power of gentry coming up stairs,—one Mrs. M’Mahon and the young Leedies?” “M’Mahon,” said I, “there are so many M’Mahons. I am a stranger here,—it is not to me.” “Pon my honour it is,” said a charming woman, entering the room, introducing her two daughters. “Hearing you

were alone, and must, of course, be very dull, I was determined to come and take you prisoner to Briansfield during the absence of your husband on his voyage." I was, as a sailor's wife ought to say, "taken aback" most completely. I recollected meeting this lady only once before, and sitting next to her at dinner. I remembered her most particularly from a question she asked me, rather a strange one, "Was I a Protestant?" I answered, "Yes." "Then," added she, "I shall have the pleasure of calling upon you:" mere words, of course, as I then thought, nor expected the promise so soon, if ever performed. I thanked her for her politeness and consideration, and begged to be excused, assuring her that, while I had my books, music, writing, and work-table, I never was dull. It was in vain I said, "No." She overruled every argument by saying, her family were literary, musical, and all botanists. It was useless contending against so much kindness, and, as novelties in books, music, and flowers were too much for my philosophy to withstand, and not wishing to offend a stranger, a lady who could have no possible motive or interest in showing me more than mere respect for an English stranger and alone, I consented to go, after putting up a few requisites in apparel, to Briansfield, so called from that immortal "hero," as the "pisantry" term Brian Borome, having once bivouacked on the spot previous to his defeating the Danes, at the memorable battle of Clontarf.

It was a large and ancient mansion, shaded at the back by a most noisy and rebellious rookery, and a lawn sloping gradually in front down to the edge of the beautiful bay of Dublin, and, as the handsome equipage rolled up the avenue, the noble and patriarchal trees, which met over our heads, seemed bending in age and reverence to exclude the noon-day sun.

The owner of Briansfield mansion was a tall, fine looking man, in the prime of life,—a true Milesian, and a lineal descendant of one of the provincial kings of Ireland. Our reception was graced with that urbanity and politeness which so eminently distinguishes the true Irish gentleman: no reserve, no coldness or arrogant pride, or any indication that he *was* the Lord of the Manor—the “monarch of all he surveyed.” He possessed an ample fortune, had ten children, a long retinue of servants, and the usual complement of “hangers on” and idlers, which, like the tail of a kite, are attached to all Irish establishments; nor was it surprising such should gather round a mansion whose owner was idolized by his family, loved by his tenantry, and respected by every one who knew him.

To his question of “How I liked the country and people?” I answered, “It is a favoured isle: fertile without cultivation, the second ‘flower of the earth, and an emerald gem of the sea.’” “You are right,” said he, “England, in the scale of nations, from its position, refinement, and education, ranks as

the first flower." His candour in admitting this, obliged me to say, in regard to the people, that, "if all showed the attention I now received from his family, I could not but admire them." "Do not be too sanguine. We Irish are very pleasant acquaintances, but you English are more sincere friends when we can enlist you, which, from a natural reserve, is sometimes a difficulty."

Fortunately happy in those circumstances which wealth could not purchase, not overburthened with age, and naturally lively in disposition, I resolved to do my utmost to remove any existing prejudice to the disadvantage of my beloved countrywomen, whose reserve is not more than becoming the high claim they possess to the admiration, respect, and imitation of every other country.

Before dinner we explored the greenhouse and garden. The arbutus, acacia, and gumcistus were in high perfection, and the pendant flower of the scarlet fuchia seemed drooping in luxuriant beauty beside the fair wax plant and the orange blossom; for this nursery of nature was the storehouse of all that was sweet in perfume, rich in colour, or rare in botany, and the young ladies seemed to vie with each other in the cultivation of all.

The library promised a thousand treats, not only in its numberless volumes, but its paintings, busts, casts, and other works of art, which ought to comprise the treasures of every gentleman of wealth and taste.

The delight of exploring further was prevented by the dinner-bell, which assembled the juniors from the play-ground and the seniors from the drawing-room. With one or two neighbouring friends, the clergyman of the village, the English tutor and governess, about twenty in number, in health, spirits, and good humour, we sat down to all that a substantial farm, a well-stored cellar, and a prolific garden, could produce, as one happy and united family, without formality, or more than consistent ceremony.

One of the most interesting persons attached to the establishment, was, a rarity in these days, an old woman! Fourscore years had bowed her drooping form, in the duties of a foster-mother in the family. She was supported by a gold-headed cane in one hand, and leaned on the arm of the eldest son, who led her to her accustomed seat at dinner, on the right hand of the host. Her silver hairs were turned back under a close cap, and her black dress, mittens, and embroidered muslin apron gave her the respectable appearance of one of the old school in the last century. I was admiring her natural cheerfulness amidst the furrowed lines of age, when "her son," as she termed the worthy host, informed me, that in circumstances she was independent, having an annuity left her by his father, but, such was her attachment, that she would never leave his family; and, continued he, "While she lives, as she has nursed me and my ten

children, she shall 'eat of my bread and drink of my cup.'" It was gratifying to see this respect, and must have been particularly so to her; for no company, however high, were permitted to usurp her chair or exclude her from table. The last dying spark of allowed vanity emitted its rays after dinner. With much dignity she drew from her pocket a massive gold snuff box, bearing the family arms and this inscription:—"To Mable M'Donagh, this gift is presented as a proof of the respect of a foster-son, Gerald M'Mahon." It seemed generally understood, that every one was to take a pinch, or smell at the box, as it went round the table, on pain of offending the ancient dame, who watched its circuitous route.

On adjourning to the drawing-room, the young ladies displayed great taste in playing some of their own national airs and melodies; and in the blended harmony of voice, flute, and piano, in songs, duets, and glees, did this delightful family wile away three happy hours. The concert was interrupted by a hue and cry from the younger boys, that "Rowan was come!" "Now you will hear the harp of Erin to perfection," said Mrs. M'Mahon, "for Rowan is the oldest and only musician in this part of the country, and regularly visits the resident gentry. I am glad for your sake: it is our turn to have his visit to-night."

An old blind man was led in by the children, his harp carried by a young son of the sod, about ten years of age, a grandson of the minstrel's, who

uncovered the instrument while Rowan was answering the questions of the young ladies respecting his late tour. "Pay de wind dat bows the barley," said the youngest boy. "Play the Donnybrook jig," cried a second. "Now, ma, must I not have Geary Owen and Patrick's Day?" said a third. "Do not tease Rowan," answered ma'ma, endeavouring to still their noisy demands. "If you are not all quiet, I will send you to bed immediately." This threat had the desired effect, and they became mute as mice. The privilege of asking being given to me, I requested some ancient minstrelsy, exclusively Irish,—“Some of your oldest and wildest strains,” said I. “Faith, my darlint, an ye shall have a hunthered of them, any how, an’ God’s blessing on the tongue of the Sassenach!” For this benediction I was indebted to an incident in the life of the harper, he having charmed with his music an English domestic in the family. They were married, and she died, leaving her daughter, the mother of the boy who accompanied him.

There is a peculiarity about Irish music more than any other; the allegro is energetic and soul-stirring, while the penseroso is plaintive and pathetic in the extreme. The age, situation, and deprivation of sight called forth deep compassion for the venerable man. He was a picture to look at, and a legend to listen to. The touching simplicity of some airs he played lingered on the ear, penetrating the deep recesses of the heart, until the eyes overflowed with

that pathos and feeling which true music alone is capable of exciting: it was "the soul of music shed;" and, unfashionable as it may be to admit, yet nevertheless true, in these strains of other days I felt more pleasure than in listening to all the bravuras from the constellations at the opera-house, either in England or France.

"Refresh yourself with a cruiskeen, Rowan," said the hospitable host, handing it to him, "and then strike up some of those airs you won Nannie with, and wiled her away from us. You know that you have some that would have charmed Granaville herself." Rowan quaffed off the contents of the cruiskeen, and, sitting erect, proudly shook his long gray locks, which hung over his shoulders, and commenced some exquisite ancient minstrelsy, which seemed to revive in him old and dear recollections. In the silence that prevailed, as his shrivelled hand trembled on the strings, unobserved, as he thought, I perceived a tear stealing down his withered cheek, while his sightless eyeballs were cast up to Heaven, as if seeking the sympathy of the departed being who had preceded him. He ceased for a time, and then concluded happily with the Evening Hymn, in which all joined, gave his blessing, and departed. Thus terminated the domestic concert. At a late hour I paid my respects to these new kind friends in wishing them good night, and left the room with the young ladies for a visit to the nursery, to take a quiet peep at that

ever-pleasing picture of still life, sleeping innocence ; but, as a strange incident occurred of some moment ere we retired to rest, I will relate the particulars, as they materially affected the probability of my ever participating in the evening's entertainments again at Briansfield, or of partaking of its respected inmates' disinterested, kind, and generous Irish hospitalities.

Song of the Blind Harper.

There was a time—there was a name—
That cheered my humble strain ;
Although she lives no more for me,
I breathe it not in vain.

I could not see the rose that bloomed
Upon her youthful cheek,
Yet heard the accents of her tongue
Whene'er she deigned to speak.

I heard her footstep trip along
To listen to my lay,
And paused to hear her softly sigh
When she was called away.

I sang to her the battle song
That deluged Clontarf's plains,
When the invaders sought our shores,
And Brian slew the Danes.

I sang to her the wife's lament
When mothers mourned their chief ;
For those who in the combat fell,
The maidens' early grief.

I sang the vows of ardent youth,
The loneliness of life ;
I breathed devotion in my lay,
And she became my wife.

It was His will who made her mine
That here she must not stay ;
She left me for a better world,
There to prepare my way.

And I am left to earn my bread,
In darkness sad I moan ;
No home has the poor minstrel now—
A wanderer and alone.



The Sequel to Irish Hospitality.

THE simple story and song of the poor, blind harper still lingered on my ear in ascending to the nursery at Briansfield, which, like most Irish nurseries, seemed akin to a rabbit-warren. It was well furnished with the pretty pictures of young humanity, of all ages and sizes, all fast asleep,—animation of rest,—rudy health in repose. If there be any truth

in the legend, that "when children smile in sleep the angels are whispering to them," one little urchin about three years old must have had a very merry communication, for he was laughing very heartily. His brother, a year older, beside him, clasped in his arms the decapitated head of a rocking horse; and, when I stooped to kiss the little rosy-cheeked rogue, and tie on his nightcap, which had come off, and displayed his clustering curls, he grasped closer the mane of his wooden prize. "Ah, lady jewel, don't waken the bochaleen," cried the nurse; "for if you do we'll have no pace, for that boy was born to keep the world awake." She then, with a rich brogue, stated that a "ruction" had taken place in the nursery that evening about the wooden quadruped. The two elder boys wishing to unhorse the younger, might gained over right, and this boy in the struggle broke off the head of Pegasus, and, after a glorious battle with the pillows, retained it as the only proof of his victory. Two little girls reposed on a couch by themselves, next the cot of the infant,—the living pictures of Chantrey's admirable monument. After taking a silent farewell of the lovely group, the young ladies conducted me into a large chamber, the one appropriated for visitors, and, wishing me good night, retired to their own apartment.

There were some very formal portraits of respectable antiquity hung about the room, the floor and wainscoting of which were of dark, polished oak;

the bed and hangings deep crimson ; and the rest of the furniture of the fashion of the feudal times. I saw nothing modern but a large watchman's rattle on the chimney-piece, a taper, a lucifer-box, and a few books. I took up one of these, and became so interested in the mysterious production, "Vathek," that I had forgotten the hour, when the stable-clock tolled one, which roused me from the magnificent description of the Hall of Eblis to think of "tired nature's sweet restorer." The small portmanteau I had brought with me was on the chair, but the key which opened it was in a black silk reticule which I had forgotten in the amusements of the evening, and had left on the back of a chair in the drawing room, and without which I could not get to my dressing-box, or what was requisite. Fearful of disturbing the family, as it was past midnight, I took the candle, and, stepping as cautiously as possible, descended to the drawing room. On opening the door I found a chair placed against it: gently raising this, I observed other chairs and tables piled up against a large Indian cabinet, and on the chair next the door I found my reticule.

On returning, as the light gleamed on the table in the centre of the room, to my surprise I saw it was covered with fire-arms, guns, blunderbusses, swords, and a case of double-barrelled pistols. I flew like lightning up the stairs, and on my way heard footsteps cross the kitchen. Frantic with fear, thinking

the house was in possession of some of those turbulent tribes who drive the better order of people out of the country, and use little ceremony in their midnight visitations, with uncommon speed I regained my room, just as my candle went out, and heard another footstep—and a shot fired ! Groping my way to the chimney-piece, I seized the rattle, sprung it, and screamed vociferously “Robbers ! thieves ! murder !” certain in my own mind that the “Whitefeet,” “Peep-o’-day boys,” or “Terry-alts,” savage barbarians who infest this country, had gained possession, and that we should all have our throats cut to a “dead certainty” in less than half an hour !

Courage is sometimes natural, and often acquired : I have no pretensions to it in either case ; and, if I had, mine must, like fighting ‘Bob Acres’, have oozed out at my fingers’ ends. “Further this deponent sayeth not ;” only I suppose that, after so magnanimously giving the alarm and raising the house, I must have fallen senseless on the landing ; for, on coming to myself, I found six little seraphs, in white nightcaps, surrounding me, with their honoured parents and sisters, in dressing-gowns and other hasty varied costume, with the venerable nurse Mable M’Donagh at their head, in a pyramidal flannel nightcap, pale, breathless, like Hecate and the weird sisters. They took up the wooden vociferator which I had so bravely called into action ; and “What was the matter ?” became

the general question. When they had seated me in the easy chair, my lips still quivering with fright, I looked round at them as though they were so many Banquo's ghosts, with "blood upon their faces," "Oh! who is murdered?" said I. "Murdered!" answered all.—"Oh! who is shot?" "Shot!" echoed they again.—"Yes, yes, tell me all; and are they caught?" "Caught! shot! murdered!" and the ladies exchanged looks with an expression as if they thought I must be under the influence of Madame Luna; for I positively saw them shake their heads in pity at my supposed aberration of intellect. "Compose yourself, my dear Mrs. H." said they; "there is no one caught, shot, or murdered." "The more the pity," said I; "I would punish them without mercy for such daring outrage." With uplifted hands they concluded I was far gone as a *mad* person, and that reason had abdicated its throne. "You must have been dreaming; do you often walk in your sleep?" asked Mrs. M'Mahon. "I am no somnambulist," said I; "and, so far from dreaming and sleeping, I have not even undressed, as you see, but have been reading." I then related fetching my reticule—the drawing-room being converted into an armoury—the footsteps in the kitchen—the shot fired—and the means I had taken to arouse the family to a sense of their danger.

One loud and universal burst of laughter followed the termination of my woful adventure, which was

repeated and echoed even down to the tiny cherub in arms, I now began to question their sanity, and requested an explanation. They then assured me it was the custom, although that part of the country was peaceable, to muster all the fire-arms, in case of intruders, who, if they did come, only wanted fire-arms, and then they were ready without giving them extra trouble in shedding blood to obtain them; not that there was the least cause for alarm, but if it so happened that there was time to arm the household, they knew where to find each a weapon for their defence. "But the shot?" said I. Then another laugh was raised against me; for it was *another* custom for the men-servants to sit up alternately, and fire off a pistol in the haggard, and reload, to scare depredators: not that there were any among *their* honest peasantry; O no! such were hundreds of miles off. Having, as they thought, reconciled me to the *custom of the country*, they were preparing to leave me, when I requested one of the young ladies to remain with me; for, although I never yet found myself deficient in fortitude in cases of extreme danger by land or sea, yet, in this instance, and in this disturbed country, I am ashamed to confess I excelled a hare in timidity. The leaven of old English prejudice would not leave me,—that an Irishman's house was not his castle, but that of any turbulent marauder who chose to come and take by dividing the lawful owner's jugular vein! The expectation and sight of

preparation for *civil* war had "murdered sleep." I watched for the dawn of day anxiously, and sallied forth into the delightful grounds as the first ray of the sun was tinging the trees with gold. How sincerely did I lament that this must be the first and last time of my enjoying the morning air, the sunrise, and awakened nature at Briansfield; and how bitterly did I regret that a few perturbed, bad spirits should keep this perfect paradise and its amiable inmates in constant terror, and thought of Moore's own words on the subject :

"Then if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh! let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious,
To think how man hath curst
What Heaven hath made so glorious."

If ever the mind is filled with true devotion and ideas of the omnipresence of the great Creator, it is in seeing the sun rise in the open field of redundant nature, glowing in heat, gorgeous in light, and beautiful in divinity.

I packed up my portmanteau, and bade adieu to the prim portraits and old oak chamber. My ridiculous fears were the subject of much mirth at breakfast, but no entreaties of the worthy host, or persuasions of the kind hostess, or any inducements

the young people could offer could prevail upon me to pass another such a night for all Briansfield and Manor. Firm as a rock to my purpose, I was resolute in taking my departure that very morning, being well aware, in my state of health, that sleep was essential to vitality.

The dismay my resolution spread could not have been greater had I been a relative, or a friend known for years. The affectionate manner of all can never be erased ; and, while I am proud still to retain the friendship of this delightful family, and preserve it by paying my due respects in the open day, no power on earth shall ever induce me to submit again to their midnight hospitality.

The Three Charms.

Books ! Music ! Flowers ! ye charms of life,
Of taste and feeling, sense and sound !
Oh, what a waste of words and strife
Is there where ye do not abound !
Books !—learned teachers of content—
Through ye fair science we discern :
To raise the soul—instructors sent—
To bid us proudly live and learn !

Flowers ! newly gathered, fresh and fair !
Like new raised hopes, ye gaily smile,
And perfume sweet the ambient air—
In varied hues delight the while.
Flowers ! ye the love of nature bring
Each season, as your beauties vie,
And from the Autumn to the Spring
Ye tell us we were born to die !

Music ! thou soul-subduing power !
Sweet soother of our ills and woes,
Composer in the troubled hour,
Calming the mind in soft repose.
Music imparts a sacred glow—
Harmonious sounds by angels given
To smooth our rugged path below,
And waft the earth-bound soul to heaven !

Go —

THOUGH pain or grief may blanch thy cheek,
 Its cares and disappointments speak ;
 Yet naught could change thy placid smile,
 Which, like a meteor, beamed the while,
 With mild forbearance still the same,
 Adversity ! seemed but a name.

Let fortune frown upon our home,
 Let deprivations thickly come,—
 There is an undiminished ray
 That shines throughout the darkest day,
 More bright the truth of time can prove :
 It is the bond of mutual love.

Although the bloom of youth is gone,
 This cheering light is shining on :
 Though fate is changed, and friends removed,
 All could not change the being loved.
 O ! 'tis a joy for kings to know
 When love remains through weal or woe.

Without thy voice to cheer my path,
 Without thy smile, unknown to wrath,
 Without the look of love from thee,
 This earth in desert gloom would be ;
 Nor could its brightest promise give,
 Without thee, hope, or wish to live.

The Rose of Rostrevor.

O ! who is the maid, with the dark laughing eye,
Whose bloom might the rose and the lily outvie,
With the sunny bright smiles and long silken hair,
Say, who is the maid,—the divinity fair?
She is the young beauty, the pride of the land,
Though Erin's fair daughter, no wealth can command,
The cynosure here, in the maze of delight,
'Tis the Rose of Rostrevor—the star of the night !

How lovely her form, and how gentle her air !
The warriors in crowds about her repair :
See, the noblest of all there proudly advance
And prevails on the maid to join in the dance.
How graceful her movements in gliding along,
Unconscious of love, in the glittering throng !
She listens, smiles, blushes, and heeds the soft tone,
And ere morning, the Rose of Rostrevor was gone !

Say, who is the gay, gaudy, fluttering thing,
By folly and fashion pursued on the wing ;
Her cheek boldly flushed, ever restless her eye,
Rude, flaunting in manner, suppressing a sigh ?
Attractive her air,—to the world hath portrayed
The look of one fallen, discarded, betrayed !
Like a weed on the whirlwind, withered and tossed,
'Tis the Rose of Rostrevor, degraded and lost !

Who art thou, wretched woman, pale, wan and poor,
In poverty begging a crust from each door,
To banish gaunt famine, and hunger appease ?
Thy skeleton form, with a heart ill at ease,
To rest from the night-storm thine uncovered head,
Seeking shelter and refuge beneath the cold shed.
She sunk on the ground, with a faint hollow moan,
And the Rose of Rostrevor's sad spirit had flown !

The Mother's Hope.

" HAST thou reflected well, my boy,
On the dangers of the sea ?
For thou should'st be told
That the waves so bold—
They abound in treachery."

" I have reflected, mother, dear,
On the perils of the sea.
Though the storms are cold,
And the waves are bold,
I will brave my destiny."

" HAST thou considered well, my child,
On the hardships there endured ?
Where unceasing toil
For the wrecker's spoil,
And for days and months immured ?"

" I have pondered well, my mother, dear,
On what seamen have endured,
And will share their toil
To preserve the spoil,
Though for days and months immured."

" I would not check thy ardent mind
With an anguished thought for me ;
Though thy kindness mild,
As my only child,
Is a blessing left in thee."

" Affection's spring hath nerved my mind
With a manly energy
Thus to brave the blast,
'Neath the bending mast,
And to gather wealth to thee."

" Remember, oh ! my generous boy !
That the ocean it may be
Thy unknown deep grave,
Where no hand to save—
Think not, my son, of the sea."

" Where is thy faith, my mother, dear,
Thou so long has taught to me ?
For the God that gave
He will shield and save,
And protect me on the sea."

On the Death of Mrs. Hemans.

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead."

F. HEMANS.

GATHER flowers, and bring the fairest,
Let them, early, drooping wave ;
Hither group the sweetest, rarest,
To wither round the poet's grave !
Let their dying perfume faintly
Here, like dew drops, fall with tears,—
Sigh, in aspirations saintly,
O'er the home of hopes and fears.

Mourn the Muse, whose strains once breathing
All the soul of woman's love ;
Joyous chords, with gems enwreathing,
Garlands her own hand had wove :
Songs that waked the chiefs, to glory,
Ere the battle's din was o'er ;
Songs of sweet, domestic story,
Ye, alas ! are heard no more.

Hearts, in apathetic slumbers,
By her gentle, matchless mind
She awakened with her numbers,
And the soul of sense refined.

Fame has spread her songs of gladness,
 Echoed from the princely dome,
 While her simple lays of sadness
 Bless the lowly cottage home.

Once her trembling chords revealing
 Deepest thoughts, in mournful shade,
 Vain a breaking heart concealing
 Hopes that promised, here betrayed ;
 Hopes she had in spring time cherished—
 The bruised reed—the flower crush'd—
 A delusive wreck—had perished,
 Ere her lyre and voice were hush'd.

Mourn her loved and honoured name,
 Which Genius to the world hath given :
 Her soul, beyond the breath of fame,
 Shall find felicity in heaven.
 Her song of sorrow now hath ceased,—
 Mute her lyre, and cold the hand ;
 Her broken spirit God appeased,
 And called her to the *better land*.

Absence.

Yes, yes, there are friends who are nearest,
 With hearts ever kindest and free,
 Whose friendship hath proved them the dearest,
 Yet vain to compare them with thee.

They would fly first to shield me from harm,
 To justice, in right or wrong, see ;
 But, alas ! they possess not the charm,
 Which ever hath lingered with thee.

When my mind to divert they have sought,
 In amusements of innocent glee,
 Though their object with kindness was fraught,
 They could not restore thee to me.

Thus, unheeded the gay gilded throng,
 And trifling as all seems to be,
 Even books, music, flowers, or the song
 Seem worthless in absence from thee.

Though the vulgar to sneer may incline,
 The heartless may with them agree,
 Not a being on earth can define
 The pangs of an absence from thee.

Bill Blount's Account of the Chinese.

HAVING often heard it said, that there was "no gratitude in the world,—nothing but disappointment, mortification, and vexation," I began to ruminate one morning, that the world was not quite so bad as it is depicted. A stranger as yet to ingratitude, surrounded with many remembrances of affection, and reflecting on many disinterested acts of kindness I had known, I could not help thinking that, if this

sweeping clause of the above assertion were well traced, it would end in the dereliction of some few narrow-minded individuals only, and not *all* the world.

My soliloquy was interrupted by my servant announcing, that a sailor wanted the captain, who, not being within, wished to see me. "Who is he?" said I. "Faith, that's more nor I can tell, ma'am; but he's mighty uncivil, whoever he is." "Ask his name." "Sure I did." "Well?" "'What's that to you?' said he." "Show him up." "'Deed an' that's more nor he deserves.—The misthress desires you to walk up, sir." "Dont *sir* me, woman," said a rough voice; keep that for your master." "So I will, for it is not lost upon him," quickly answered the girl, who was troubled with what Matthews calls a little of the *last-word-ish-ness*. "I ax pardon, ma'am," said an old sailor, entering the room, dressed in a shining new suit, with two gross of buttons on his jacket, a yard and a half of ribbon in each shoe-tie of his long-quartered shoes, and twirling a shining leather hat on his thumbs; "I just called to ax ater you and the captain." "What! is it Will Blount? Why, where in the name of Neptune, have you been these three years;" "In *Cheney*, ma'am." "China! that is a long voyage. I am very glad to see you alive and well, for we thought you were either dead or drowned." "No such luck yet, thank God," replied Will, "although I've been very near both: but I never forgets the captain's kindness to me when I had the jungle fever

in Calcutta, when I sailed with him in the old *True Briton*, the second ship as sailed from Liverpool in the Hingee trade." "It is grateful of you, Blount, not to forget these things; and, as it will gratify the captain to know that you are alive and well, sit down until he comes, I expect him in every moment, and I am sure he will be glad to see you."

Will Blount was born within the sound of Bow bell, and was one of those *rough knots* of the navy who left it, with many others, to come down to Liverpool, when there was a difficulty in obtaining men to go out to India, when first the trade was opened, and was, like many others, disappointed in not making his fortune by exchanging his Majesty's for the merchant's service. He was a true-born *true-blue*,—generous, honest, hardy, abrupt in his manner, and not over nice in his expressions: an English man-o'-war's-man, and true to the letter. So attached was he to my commander, that he never returned from any voyage without calling to see him, and bringing me presents of shells, birds, monkeys, parrots, or some other foreign curiosity. On making inquiries after him in London, we found "they mourned him dead in his father's halls," and had given up all hope of his being in existence: so my surprise at seeing him here was not a little, and, added to the gratitude of the poor fellow for kindness shown him many years past, it gave me great pleasure to see him, as he said, "he always turned up at last, for nothing was never in danger."

"Help yourself, Blount," said I, placing the *materials* before him, "to a little of the *mountain dew*, and then tell me what sort of a voyage you had." Will seated himself and began :—" Vell, I'll tell you vhat a 'tis, ma'am, vith a vest vind I never had vorse veather in going down Channel, O, it vas wery bad veather. It blew a gale in old Biscay's Bay, as usual ; but when ve veathered the Cape all vent on smack smooth enough, and ve had a wery good woyage ater, all the vay to Maceo. Coming home, ve vere becalmed in the Hingine Ocean ; and, beforeve made the Land's End, fell short o' prowisions. Stopping a man's grog aboard is bad enough, but when it comes to stopping o' wittals, it's wery hard. Vell," said he, taking up his glass, holding it up, looking in it, and then at me, "here's the captain's good health, and God bless him ; and here's towards your wery good health, ma'am. That's wery good vhiskey," said he, with a "hough." Not being aware of its strength, he drew the sleeve of his shining jacket across his lips, and regained his breath. "And now tell me how you like the Chinese ?" "Don't like 'em at all, —never knowed one of 'em as was good for any thing yet. They are all a set of chop-sticking, tea-drinking, thieving rascals." "Indeed ! I understood they were a quiet, honest, sober people." "They be-whipped," said he, remembering where he was. "They be's a harrogant, himpudent race to call us barbarians ! and, 'slestials as they call themselves, I 'spose they vere kicked out of the sun

and the moon for robbery—an' I'll not fail to tell their lunacies so, if ever I comes vithin hail of the souchong scaramouches again." Something had vexed poor Will, it was evident from this abuse; and, as he was filling up tumbler the second, I thought that I should hear the truth by-and-bye. "Well, but you have not told me what sort of looking people they are?" "Looking! why they can't look at all,—how should they? They have eyes no bigger than button-holes, and don't know how to open them yet, like a parcel of blinking, blind pups, vith long tails like monkeys. They have neither the life of a flea, the soul of a spider, nor the spirit of a grasshopper; and as for the vomen! Lord love you, ma'am! they are as poor a set of tawdry, toddling tawnies as ever I seed in all my life—I would not give my Bess of Battersea for the vhole boilin' o' them, and she's no beauty. Put a smart-rigged Hinglishvoman along side 'em, and see how they'll strike. Niggers is niggers all the vorld over, and you know vhat to do vith them, but these tea-making chaps, you don't know vhat they are. But I'll tell you, ma'am, how they sarved me." Now we are coming to the grievance, thought I. "I hope they did not behave ill to you, Blount." "Hold on awhile, and I'll tell you, and if you can vindicate 'em, it's more than ere a voman in Hingland vould. Our captain vent ashore von day, vhen he vos at Canton, and brings off vith him two of the Gong Marchants, in petticoats and pigtails,—a Mister Loo Chee, and a Mister Yang Fou, his aide-de-

camp, or *walley-de-sham*. Mister Loo Chee vos a visen-faced venerable looking old feller, the very moral of a little old chap as used to be sitting cross-legged a top of my grandmother's tea-pot lid. His chief mate, Mister Yang Fou, vos the himage of the nodding mandarin in the tea-shop on Ludgate-hill. They came to inspect the ship, and were pleased, as far as I could judge by their squeaking voices, like pea-hens, and vell they might, for they did'nt go away empty handed. As soon as they were gone, I missed a pair of silver *sleeve-buttons*, my mother gave me, and my *bacco-box*, the last gift of my wive, poor Bess. I little thought, when them ere chaps came on board, I vos never to see them no more. I left them on the companion, and never seed them ater. The ship's company vere all honest men, every man jack of 'em, and knew no more of my traps than the man in the moon. 'Vell then,' sis I, 'I'll tell you vhat it is, that ere mandarin man as come out of the moon, has got 'em; and I'll tell his lunacyship so if ever I comes vithin hail of him again.' As luck would have it, the captain sent me ashore vith a note to Mister Loo Chee, at the factory, vith orders to behave myself properly. Vell, I goes, and the very first person as I seed vos the chief mate of the concern, Mister Yang Fou; 'So,' sis I, 'now I've done the captain's orders in delivering the note, I have a little business of my own vith you. So, Mr. Chopsticks, I'll thank you to deliver up them ere sleeve-buttons and bacco-box you stole out of the ship this morning.

He looked rather afeered of me, and said something about 'Whong kein pow chow.' 'None of your chow chow,' sis I; 'I'm not going to be *choused* out of my sleeve-buttons.' 'Hang aree bare,' sis he. 'I know vhat you means,' sis I; 'but, although I have been twice on the coast of Barbary, that dos'nt follow that I'm a *barbarous* man. I have axed you civilly, and expect civilitude from you; but if you calls me a *hungry bear* again, I'll just take you by that long tail of yours, and drag you all down the river from Canton to Maceo.' 'Contong Maceo,' sis he, vith the voice of a peewit. 'Come, none of your nonsense, mocking me,' sis I; 'hand out my sleeve-buttons.' 'Boo tong,' sis he. 'Yes, buttons, you booby.' He pointed to pen and ink, for me to write; but as I writes a queer fist of my own, as nobody else can read, I was'nt agoing to write and read to please this son of a slop-bowl. Howsomdever, he kept jabberawhanging there vithout minding vhat I said to him. The wessel was to sail in the morning—there vas no time to be lost; and, as there was no wisible sign of them ere things forthcoming, and I vas getting wery waxed, I vas determined to bring young Hyson to his bearings. 'So,' sis I, for the third and last time, 'hand out my bacco-box and sleeve-buttons, or by the moon that made you, I'll have a reglar sarch for 'em. Vill you, Mr. Yang, if you please?' 'Pang Pekin fou,' said he. 'O, ho,' sis I; 'call me a fool, do you? I'll let you see that; so here goes.'

With that I laid wiolet hands on his silk petticoat surtout, and gave him a reglar mauling; but there vas ne'er a pocket of no sort about him. 'Vell,' sis I to myself, 'exchange is no robbery, and one good turn desarves another.' So I out knife, and whips off a piece of his tail, which I brought home for you as a curiosity, with a Hindee handkerchief for the captain." Saying which, he untied the handkerchief, and produced about a foot and a-half of coarse, black human hair, plaited, and tied up after the Chinese fashion. "Here it is," holding it up, and shaking it out, "he did not miss it then, but I 'spose he's found it out by this time. There it is, ma'am, at your sarvice, to put among your gew-gaws on the table there." "It is well you escaped, Blount," said I; "for, had you been caught, you would have suffered from the bastinado, and probably had your ears cut off." "I knows that ma'am." "But, Will," said I, looking as serious as I could, "don't you think this cutting off a lock of the Hong merchant's hair was a proof of your respect for the gentleman?" "Respect for him!" echoed Will;—"wery like a whale! No; but the *head* and the *tail* of it is, it is a proof of my respect for you, ma'am, for they vould rather lose their grandfather than their pig-tail; and, as he made me remember him, I thought he should not forget Will Blount, for I vas determined to have the walue of my bit o' property. You must allow, ma'am, it vas a wery wexatious and prowoking sarcumstance; and that's the reason vhy I wows wengeance against all Chinese."

My own Fireside.

DEAR, happy home !
 All other pleasures I deride,
 Nor wish, for change, from thee to roam,
 My own Fireside.

There, unreserved,
 Free as the wind on mountain side,
 Kind thoughts and feelings are preserved,
 My own Fireside.

There, unrestrained,
 Our words may flow and mirth preside,
 No effort there appears constrained,
 My own Fireside.

Encircling thee
 May friends and kindred ne'er divide ;
 Thy light unite in harmony,
 My own Fireside.

Irish Cabins and their Comforts.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
 Find happiness unblighted, or, if found,
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
 Against the law of love, to measure lots
 With less distinguished than ourselves, that thus
 We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
 And sympathize with others suffering more.

COWPER.

CABINS and comforts generally are not synonymous ;
 but, that there are comforts, I will endeavour to
 prove, comforts far above the petty wants and

trifling inconveniences of the more civilized; more solid and lasting in their duration, in linking the great chain of humanity amicably together, in the actual and enviable enjoyment of the poor Irish peasantry, destitute and deplorable as they appear,—some cheerful in robust health, peace of mind, and possessing contentment in the extreme of poverty.

A wish to see the *bye-ways*, as well as high-ways, led us on a short excursion across the country, out of the direct line of road, much to the annoyance of a fine spirited horse, who did not like to be put *out of his way*, being rather Quixotic, and given to rear up at the shadows of windmills by the roadside and the holyday gay attire of the Dulcineas of the villages. He was attached to a light, fashionable outside car, liable to much detriment and dislocation from the positive want of a *highway* among the *bye-ways*. They were the property of two friends, whom we accompanied, more to relieve the monotony of home, on the part of the gentleman, who was a naval officer, and had nothing to do but war with time; but more especially in the case of his lady, who wished to give an airing to two little pet animals, surreptitiously assuming the name of *dogs*,—mongrels, curs of the lowest degree. I believe there is something instinctive even in a cur, to know friend from foe; for, when I entered a protest against their company in the very face of the canine pair, Fidele, who occupied the lap of the lady, gave a faithful specimen of discordant notes, by barking

and yelping with all her might and main, while Quiz, a black-nosed pug, who was stationed as sentry over a basket containing sherry and sandwiches, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile;" and, by his low, suppressed growl, hinted the flattering promise, that if I gave him further annoyance or opposition, he would, as I sat most invitingly with my back to him, take a bite out of my shoulder.

I do not pretend to condemn an affection for the brute species, for the heart will love, and must have an object, and particularly where their sagacity and affection is proved to be disinterested; but, henceforth and for ever more, I vow against making them principal companions, parlour guests, or allow them a greater share in my affections than their sphere in the stable, or their station in the kitchen entitle them to; moreover, that they shall never become travelling companions, for it is absurd, when four persons set out with a rational view to enjoy the beauties of nature, the season, scene, and each other's society, to have their views intruded upon by two worthless, useless, noisy things, unworthy of turning a spit, and incapable of keeping a thief from the door; especially, as my fair friend was a young and pretty woman, had made an excellent choice in her companion for life, dressed well and fashionably, and was very amiable in all other respects, I would rather admit my want of feeling than question her's in this particular: so, to make the best of a bad beginning, I set out, looking as calm and collected as any person

could, anticipating two chances of hydrophobia from these pair of nuisances, and in terror of the tympanum suffering from the perpetration of a perpetual barking duet.

Now, whether sailors steer by the wind on shore, as at sea, or whether they are determined to find the longitude as well as the latitude on the open road, as on the ocean, is not yet quite clear, but certain it is, that, after serpentineing through sundry ruts and holes, mounting mole-hills and macadamizing stones, in descending a steep declivity we found the centre of gravity by our horse coming down upon his knees, thereby distributing the party in divers directions, fortunately unhurt. When I heard one *spring* go, I thought it time to make another, and found an easy landing near a brook of water-cresses, adjacent to a group of bulrushes, and contiguous to a bush of nettles. On regaining our feet, we females were deputed, as being the best caterers for comfort, to seek for rest and refuge in some of the cabins hard by, as broken knees and broken springs, required rest and repair ; but no persuasions could induce my fair Irish friend to leave Fidele and Quiz. No,—go, they must. “They were thirsty, and wanted milk ;” so, one she carried in her cloak, and Quiz trotted after. I was disappointed in my only hope, that one might have been found under each wheel, in the lamentable downfall, dead, and sincerely *unregretted* by me.

Of all creatures, there are few more independent,

free from thought, more reckless of past, present, and to come, and who, living in luxurious indolence, seem to give up in total abandonment the cares and anxieties of this world, with that listless ease, apathy, and indifference, than a fine, fat, well-fed, full-grown pig! He neither fears nor thinks, and cares for nobody. In England, a pig is kept within proper limits to his sway. He is not a free agent there; yet in his sty well constructed, and his food warmly and regularly provided. But, in Ireland, a pig has a gentleman's life of it. He is treated as one of the family, and is "monarch of all he surveys." He can roam not only through his own, but every other cabin; and who has a better right, when it is "himself that pays dhe rint?" Cabined though he be, he is neither "cribbed nor confined," but allowed his free, full liberty; the consequence of which is, the unlimited destruction of all floors, doors, cabbages, and crockery. A creature of this description was wallowing, in all his glory, in the softest mud, at the base of one of those multifarious pyramids which invariably *ornament* the cottage *ornees* of the peasantry of this country. In approaching his dwelling, we found it tenanted by six or seven children. The decent mother thereof was endeavouring to quell an obstreperous boy, of nine years of age, with, "Billy, jewel, if you don't houl't still, I'll bate you, so I will." He was kneeling on the floor, with his head on her knee. There is no necessity to particularize her occupation further than

to say, it was highly commendable in trying to keep the *heads of her household in order*, and would have been more so had she chosen a more appropriate place for the destruction of the objects of her research than the *only* deal table on which a fat lump of a girl was pouring the *only* meal, the everlasting potatoes; but she was a stranger to nice distinctions, and cared little about the collision between the meal and the murdered, any more than that one was indispensable, and the other better dispensed with. "Welcome leedies!" said she, rising with the inmate civility of her country. "Can we get some milk here?" asked my friend. "Sure you can, ma'am. Biddy, go to the farm for some." The child put the penny in the can to divert herself with the noise, and soon returned with it brimming full. It was poured into a wooden bowl; but, after beating about, and saucily sipping, Fidele and Quiz, finding it not to their taste, turned up their noses at it, and walked away, while the seven children looked eager to devour it. "My poor pets, they wont take it without sugar, and being warmed," said my friend. "Both impossibilities here," said I, for I saw the only pan was engaged with potatoes, and, as for sugar, it was a thing sometimes heard of, but seldom seen! So there was no syllabub to be had, and I was wicked enough to rejoice in their starvation. "Oh! the craturs," said the poor woman, "I believe it is better to be a dog with dhe rich than a child

wid dhe poor." I felt how just the reproach; to which the lady replied, saying, "As the pets won't take it, the children can have it." "Excuse me," said I, "the children shall have other milk, but not that, which those brutes have touched, tasted, and refused;" saying which, I despatched Biddy on a second mission, and, taking up the bowl, I handed it over the gutter to the "cratur that paid dhe rint." He had eaten to repletion of the potatoes with the children, nor would he exert himself to arise, until I showed him the brimming bowl, which he exultingly drained, and then sank again into his own soft, but not sweet "Elysium on earth."

Though destitute of every other comfort, yet there was what compensated for all—health, peace, and contentment. In this cabin the husband was a day labourer, quiet, sober, and domestic; the children, healthy, affectionate and obedient; the wife, cheerful, frugal and industrious. There was the smile of welcome, the wish to oblige, and the meal to partake. The husband was no politician or a party in any faction. His home, poor as it was, his wife, and children were all his comforts; and to labour honestly for their support was his sole delight. And to what shall we attribute all this order? To the blessings of female influence. The Lord of the Manor was not an absentee, but employed his cottiers on his estate. His lady had founded a school, built a church and a small infirmary. By her presents, rewards, and constant residence among

them, she instigated them to habits of cleanliness, order, and industry, She was looked up to as a benefactor by the widow and the orphan. Then let us hope, that the excellent, benevolent example of such ladies may be followed, that the comforts may be increased in the cabins of this warm-hearted, hospitable people.

On Finding a Worm in a Dull Book.

Poor atom ! thou hast found a dreary home
 Within the dullest pages of this tome.
 Each perforated leaf here waded through,
 It shows thou hast done more than I could do.
 Thus we may learn from every thing we see,
 And lessons take, of patience, e'en from thee.

For, in this musty, old, black-letter print,
 I ne'er could find out much amusement in't,
 Where ancient spelling matter typify,
 And terms, long obsolete, to mistify.
 The style is prosing, and the subject dull,
 The empty nothings of a brainless skull !

But here, since thou hast found thy wisdom's feast,
 I'll show thee fair humanity, at least.
 Closing the volume, I will let thee live,
 Nor take away the life I cannot give.
 Thus, with thy feelings do I sympathize :
 I'm but a book-worm of a greater size !

Who knows, some brother-worm, in days to come,
In duller page than this may find a home ;
In silence and obscurity, at rest,
Rhyme, prose, and poetry may there digest,
The only living thing who might incline
To travel through some future page of mine !

Farewell to Erin.

NAY, blame me not, though I have left
One ceremonious form unkept.
To colder hearts which cannot grieve
I wave the pain of taking leave ;
For time can never yet dispel
The gloom that hangs on sad " Farewell."
Dark thoughts will flash, and doubts are cast,
And eyes may then have looked their last,
Then who could part from friends revered,
By many kindnesses endeared,
With smiles !—when there are starting tears
With hope, amid a thousand fears.

Though doomed the sport of fortune, fate,
This heart was never desolate.
The wayward wheel may turn and change
From those beloved could not estrange,
Nor varied scenes which fancy sought
Could tear from them reflective thought :
And so shall be the lengthening chain
That binds us till we meet again.

Though Britain's cliffs and blessed strand
Now hold me in my native land,
Yet, Erin, thou shalt ever be
One happy thought in memory.

A happy thought! for thou hast been
The source of many a pleasant scene :
Light-hearted life, mirth-moving joy
The leisure hours from care employ.
I came a stranger to your door :
That threshold crossed was strange no more.
The board was spread, the meal prepared,
The joyous welcome always shared :
Eyes ever bright, hearts kind and warm
Joined word and song in music's charm ;
Thus, Erin, thou hast shown to me
Five years of hospitality.

And for those years which vanished seem
But as a light and cheerful dream,
They, with Hibernian friends, have proved,
The longer known the better loved ;
A gleam of sunshine that has spread
O'er prejudice, o'er doubt and dread,
Now seas divide, I'll say, farewell !
While memory lives, ye there shall dwell.
Again my thanks while I repeat
For many an intellectual treat,
Accept, with feelings strong embued,
An English woman's gratitude.

To ———.

To thee ! to thee ! when the day is gone,
My unfettered heart it springs,
Like an uncaged bird soaring alone
On its glad and buoyant wings.
And the garnered thought has liberty,
While soul and spirit commune with thee.

Of thee I think when the night appears,
Pursuing thy stormy way,
While involved in anxious doubts and fears,
I await the light of day ;
For the midnight tempest chases sleep,
While thou art braving the boundless deep.

I think of thee in that lonely hour,
When silent is each footfall.
On thy dear name, and a blessing pour,
With untrammelled voice I call.
It echoes the murmurs of the sea
In its fervent zeal, a prayer for thee.

I watch for thee, when the daylight breaks,
And ushers the golden sun,
Like a victor, when from sleep he wakes,
And the battle's proudly won.
So welcome thy life from peril free,
For thou art the light of the world to me.

Woman's Love.

I have the picture, where thine eyes hath gazed,
 The book, of which thy fingers turned the leaf;
 I love to sing the song thy lips hath praised,
 And then renew the ditty brief,
 Or, with my hands, clasped idly on my knee,
 With absent eyes, to sit and think of thee.

M. A. BROWN.

THE devoted love of woman has been the theme of poets, painters, and sage philosophers, from time immemorial; nor is it strange that it should be the all-engrossing subject of their aspiring ideas, when it is mingled more with the celestial than the terrestrial feelings of this earth. A celebrated French author observes, that "man has a cell more in his brain than woman, and that woman has a fibre more in her heart than man," and on this fibre we may hang the devotion that exists, while there is life, for the idol of her affection, and terminating but with death. Like a lute, when harmoniously strung, so responds the heart of woman to the one master-hand who wakes it in the concord of mutual affection, diffusing joy and happiness, the immortal gift from heaven, to qualify the "ills that flesh is heir to." So, on the other hand, where ideas do not assimilate, tastes disagree, or disparities appear in age, state, or station, like the untuned lute, it grates upon the ear, and vibrates in discordance; yet there

are strings which have been tuned to perfect harmony, by one slight change, have snapped and broken, so, in comparison, has this fine and delicate fibre of woman's heart been wound up to a pitch of extacy with hope, afterwards neglected, blighted, and broken.

I have selected the above quotation from the delightful pages of a Liverpool lady's poesy, which shows, that she has the "fibre in her heart," in the convincing proofs she has given throughout her elegant writings. It suits my purpose admirably to illustrate a simple narrative that came within my observation, a common occurrence as regards a disappointment, but an uncommon one in respect of persons.

In the rebellion of 1798, in the south of Ireland, Isabel and Annette were left orphans by the bloodshed which desolated the hearths and homes of men in that eventful period. An uncle, who was spared by mere chance from sharing the fate of his relative, took the infants, reared and educated them with his only son, the mother of whom was a rigid Catholic, and had stipulated for her care and attention to bring them up in her own creed. When growing to maturity, she could not but perceive the attachment that subsisted between the lively Isabel and her son Edgar, nor did either parent discourage it. To finish the education of these lovely girls, they were sent to a convent, in France, where Isabel, having greater abilities and more application, completed her studies

by two years sooner than her sister, and was recalled home. The attachment to her cousin strengthened into devotion; they became almost inseparable,—they walked, read, sang, and studied together, and appeared born for each other. For two years no two were happier: his will was law, his word was love. He was appointed to a secretaryship in one of the colonies, and, in making preparations for his departure, bound himself, by every tie of honour, to an engagement with Isabel, which she faithfully agreed to. A week before the appointed day of sailing, Annette returned. She had neither the brilliancy of talent nor the beauty of her sister: she was a mild, quiet, innocent girl, whose apathetic look betrayed that the fibre of feeling was wanting; for she was never elated with joy or depressed by sorrow. By some unaccountable cell in the brain of man, changeable as the wind, without a cause, reason, or even an explanation, Edgar's affections veered from one sister to the other; so much so, that it retarded his journey, nor would he proceed until Annette promised to become his wife, and immediately accompany him to the West Indies, to which she tamely consented! and devolved the painful task of bridesmaid on Isabel. Agonising as this was, the pride and delicacy of woman rose above it. With a blanched cheek and breaking heart she heard him promise "to forsake all others, to love, honour, and cherish" *her sister!* One only consolation arose from this severe mortification,—

Annette was happy. The uncle and aunt dying soon after the departure of the married pair, Isabel, silently desponding in spirit, drooping in health, retired from the world to a conventual life, and became one of those amiable beings who devote their lives to the visitation of the sick and the poor.

It was in one of those visits I met with her. She was the mere anatomy of a woman, pale, thin, yet interesting, with all the melancholy remains of beauty blighted in the bud. She carried a little basket of condiments and wine for the sick, from the convent, and appeared bowed down by grief more than age, being little more than six and thirty. Her history was told me by the invalid who was her intimate friend and confidant, and wished, on her death-bed, to leave some one who would take an interest in the poor sister. We met again in the same place. Sympathy begets confidence; and, with calmness and resignation, she spoke of the past. I could not conceal my indignation at the deceiver's name, when, like a woman, true to the last, she said, "Think not harshly of him. He was then young, and has had many afflictions since." I would not listen to his name, being neither interested in him nor his fate, after such conduct, yet I could not but remark, how retributive justice pursues the unprincipled.

When I visited this amiable martyr to devotion, she showed me her own picture, which had been taken for him, and which he returned to her. It

was smiling in all the youth and beauty of eighteen. She then drew forth a volume of poems, with marginal notes, pencilled by his hand ; and the songs they had sang together she again wept over. How deeply I felt the story of this wreck of loveliness ; and how sincerely I grieved to learn, a short time after, that, in pursuance of her arduous duty, she caught a malignant fever, which, preying upon her shattered nerves and broken constitution, terminated the existence of this once lovely and devoted woman, in the refuge she had chosen, an estimable, beloved, and regretted sister of charity.

Home.

HOME ! dear resting-place of earthly cares,
Hived cell of sweet content and social love !
Within thy sacred precincts untrammelled fancy soars,
And breathes aloud the freedom of the soul.
No effort there appears constrained
To keep up giddy converse by the hour,
Trifling and buoyant with the follies of the day.
Calm and unruffled, as the moonlight beam
Upon the river's brink, so dwells the mind
In soft repose, in that domestic Paradise,
Our humble, quiet, and delightful home :
There rest all powers of vain display,
Rhetoric diffuse, or eloquence profound,
In simple, yet expressive language couched ;

Devoted terms, affection's words,
And all the fond endearments of the heart,
While looks of tenderness and glances kind
Light up the mutual flame ;
The tongue, unfettered, tells,
With joy unspeakable, how rich, how great
The treasure, far beyond all price,
Which gold can never purchase, to enhance
The blessings and the comforts of sweet home.
O, solitary, sad, and pitied must he be
Who has not, from the world's unwearied toil,
One spot of refuge, or one sheltered roof
Which he may call his own,
Where the body's rest finds welcome ease,
And, communing with minds congenial, says,
"This is my resting-place on earth, *this is my home !*"

The Irish Adventure.

No country affords better scope for adventure than Ireland ; no people show more good humour, or have more patience with the haughty, testy, or conceited traveller. To give the best accommodation, poor as it may be, with right good will, and to show civility and attention to the whims and caprices of the wayfarer, is a point on which their motive is seldom justly appreciated, and very rarely, if ever, generously requited. Rags, misery, and starvation, with

few exceptions, pervade the face of the country; therefore any high-flown expectations of luxurious comforts and cleanliness are as superfluous as they are unreasonable; in fact, it seems but an unfeeling mockery of poverty and destitution to ask for more than the mere common necessities of life, in the by-way travelling of the interior.

Every person should go from home some part of their lives, abroad, if possible, in order the better to estimate that home on their return, and the invaluable comforts of an *English fire-side*, where centres more solid happiness than all the pomps and vanities this world can give. There are inconveniences to be endured in every transit from one place to another. It is the best policy to bear all with patience and cheerfulness, and, according to the late Dr. Franklin, "*to keep looking on the bright side of the picture*," to forbear with all the annoyances, and to make the best of everything. No person ever entered the country with *more* prejudice, or left it with *less*, than myself; for, previous to our leaving England, the prophecy was, "that we should become familiarized with battle and murder;" and so warped was my mind with these false prophets that I fully expected, as Paddy would say, to get up some morning with my *throat cut*! and dreamt of nothing more than that we should *live* to be "*kilt entirely*" in the "*land of ire*," as they were pleased to give the derivation of its name. However, after a few years sojourn, I am my own evidence to prove, that I am neither

"*kilt*" nor "*murdered*," but have returned safe heart whole and *throat whole* to Old England.

One very wet, cold evening, in the month of September, on our return from a visit to a friend who resided in the very heart of the mountains, with a view to a nearer cut to the next town, we turned our horse's head in the direction of a dark vale which lay between them. After driving some few miles, found we had only made a circuitous route round the mountain, and come within a short distance of the place from whence we had deviated. We resolved to keep to the road, by the side of a large bog, no trace of either house, hut, or human being visible: the rain was pouring in torrents, and darkness was coming on, when the horse, completely fatigued, came to a stand-still at a dilapidated gate, patched up with furze bushes, which impeded our further progress. What to do we did not know. Strangers in a wild and desolate country, all appeared one dark, brown plain before us. Surmising in this dreary region that the suspicion of *fear* might be attached to me, by one who knows not what fear is, I endeavoured, by affecting the best of good spirits, to *talk* it away. But, verily, I *had* qualms; and our prospect was worse than the Babes in the Wood, for there was not a robin to be seen, nor a leaf to cover us, for love or money. Hope revived, by the smell of burning turf, indicating that humanity was near, if we could only find it out. In a few moments we heard very heavy footsteps, and a tall dark figure of a man, which my

terrified imagination had magnified into ten feet, stood before us! Now, thought I, it is all over with us! Our hour is come, the prophecy is about to be fulfilled, and we shall see battle, murder, and sudden death to a certainty! I screamed, as most silly persons do before they are hurt, in the firm belief that we were then and there to be—“*kilt entirely!*” How truly I was ashamed of my fears, when, with a rich brogue, the man said, “There’s no road across dhe bog, your honour, you must turrin to dhe lift, and dhe lane dhat lades to town is right forenent yee’s.” He was a true son of the sod, a poor turf-cutter; and to the question of where could we find lodgings for the night, he pointed with his spade to a place about two miles off, where, he said, there was “illigant entertainment for man and horse,” and, with inherent kindness, he offered to lead the horse and conduct us thither.

Drenched with rain, we were glad when our guide opened the door of a poor cabin, containing but two apartments. The turf was blazing on the hearth-stone; a black pot hung over it, filled with potatoes, fire-grates and coal being unknown in that region. Three men and two women, the hostess and her mother, surrounded the fire, while the bustle of our entrance half-awakened a man who appeared rather more than “*hearty*,” a term used to denote the oblivion or madness which Bacchus imposes upon his followers. From the state this man was in, I was not a little pleased to hear him give sono-

rous proof that sleep had overtaken him, and that Somno had conquered Bacchus. To our request for a night's shelter, "Welcome," said the younger woman cheerfully, "welcome to the '*shake-down*,' and the best I have." She then led us into the inner place, where the "shake-down" was—

"It served a double debt to pay,
A bed at night, a chest of drawers by day."

Our honest guide had orders to benefit himself and the caravansary from either the one barrel of beer on one side, or the solitary keg of whiskey on the other, the sole stock of the concern; and while the men went out to put up the horse and gig, the women busied themselves with taking off and hanging to dry our saturated garments. Calling for anything here would have been like calling "*Spirits from the vasty deep*;" so we found a hot potato and warm punch more excellent substitutes for better cheer than ever we were aware of, and cold and hunger taught us content. It is an indisputable fact well known, that there have been for centuries, and still do exist, human prejudices in favour of goose down and featherbeds; and if people will persist in these admitted sensible, yet antiquated notions, for the body's comfort, all I can say is, that they do not know the fragrance of a heather bed, or the less refined luxury of *clean straw*! Besides, when persons are sound asleep, they are very unconscious

whether they are upon the bare earth, a down bed, or a deal board ; and, with this happy consolation of " looking at the bright side," we turned into our litter, soon to turn out again, for there was a sort of open hay-loft above, where a colony of rats kept up a running fire, and a visiting acquaintance with some youthful rabbits, the various entrances to whose burrow were under and about our " shake down," boarded floors being wholly unknown : so, what with the rats above, and the rabbits below, the numberless and nameless animalculæ who had left their brown rug of refuge which covered us, to " fatten on better food," there was no rest for the weary ; and from wanting a meal ourselves, we had now come to be made a meal of. A wooden bowl, filled with water, and a coarse brown towel, which appeared not only to have had the run of the house, but of the kitchen too, and brown soap, were laid for our morning's ablution. I removed the bowl, and, mounting the stool, looked through a chink in the door which admitted a light, to know the cause, and there saw the whole family seated, some with folded arms, and some reclining, all fast asleep ! having kindly resigned their only bed and bed-room to two houseless strangers. This was all done without any preface of their being *obliged* to sit up, or making it a *compliment*, which it really was, to forestall an aged woman and deprive her of her bed. The generosity of these persons threw me again upon comparisons ; and so it is,

we only reconcile ourselves to trouble, with pity for those who have greater. The rats, rabbits, rug tenants and all, were better than the bog, bleak, cold, and bare ; so I turned in again, resolved to rest, though devoured in the meantime. From general appearances in the morning, so swoln were our eyes that we could hardly see each other ; but that there *had* been a *glorious feast* might be a consolation to *some*, though not to us, and the only bright view we could take here was the glorious sun shining in broad day. Our smiling hostess had prepared the best she could procure, which was the blackest tea, sugar, and bread, within sixty miles of Dublin ; but her cheerfulness, and the excellence of those desirables milk, butter, and eggs, made up for all deficiencies. Her anxiety to make us comfortable, to see our clothes thoroughly dry ; her manner, which was above the common order ; and her cabin, though destitute of every comfort, in a dreary by-way on a desert bog, by her attention held out inducements to visit it again, for it convinced us that in the most secluded part of the country, in the depth of a valley, on the summit of a mountain, on the barren heath, or the moving bog, there was that *innate Christian feeling* for the stranger, in a way which no metropolis, of more civilized countries, could compete with. The consciousness of our own worldly-mindedness, and the look of indignation she gave, when asked for *her bill*, cannot be expressed, nor would she receive any money but for the liquids

consumed, the means by which she lived. Other means were taken to requite her for the inconvenience which we had put her family to. We then left her, pleased with the opportunity she had given us to record one, among numerous instances, of an Irish peasant's *disinterested* hospitality.

To the Members of the British Association.

ASSOCIATES of Britain ! be honoured the cause,
Which, combining, elicits a nation's applause ;
Let the cynical smile, or the ignorant jeer,
The young generation your tenets revere.

" It is good to be wise," saith the sages of old,
By your efforts now wisdom is made manifold ;
Your simplified plans of instruction succeed,
And the child who can run, with ease now may read.

Education ! that blessing, that balm to the mind,
By its first inculcation, exalted, refined,
Ennobling with truth the young dawning of sense,
How great are the honours its treasures dispense.

" A prophet's ne'er honoured at home ;" it is true,
That prophecy fails in allusion to you.
For wherever your conclave in meeting appear,
Industry and wealth have increased every year.

Go on, then, and prosper ; while science gives light,
Each art and experiment fearless unite :
Long may your example and influence reign,
With learning enlighten, while reason remain.

Go on, then, philosophers ! lights of the age !
Reveal to the multitude novelty's page ;
The result of your studies and genius shower,
And prove to the world that all *knowledge is power*.

Autographs.

OF all modern manias, there are few more prevalent than the rage for collecting autographs of eminent and distinguished individuals. When the extravagant sums of forty, fifty, and sixty guineas have been given for an old letter, and ten, twenty, or thirty for the mere signature of some celebrated hand "of the olden time," it seems, with all reasonable people, almost to amount to madness. So that a severe attack of *autographobia*, though otherwise harmless in its effects, is, nevertheless a very expensive affliction, which ought to be guarded against with caution.

Some go so far as to say, that they can trace the disposition and temper by the character of the handwriting ; but, though physiognomy and phrenology have borne out some startling truths, there

have been no proofs yet to justify the assertion,—so far from it, that the wisest men in general write the worst hands. It is a fact now on record, that some of the highest of the legislative body have been called upon with their own documents for a verbal explanation of their written judgments. So that, if a flourishing hand is indicative of noble principles, a bold hand of courage, and a fine hand the proof of a fine mind only, then woe be unto us, we scribes ! if we are to be so judged,

Who write as bad a hand
As any noble in the land.

The first collection of autographs a young gentleman makes is generally the most interesting one—where Cupid is the pleader and Hymen the leader. These, with the hope of the fair hand of the writer in perspective, are worth preserving ; but when heartless vanity, or vain-boasting effrontery induces a collection of these delicate effusions from a *plurality of hands*, for the sake of exposure, then, by his duplicity and ignorance of the laws of honour, the collector sinks himself in the estimation of every well-regulated minded person who has been so unfortunate as to witness his degradation.

The first sentiments a young female receives on paper, how carefully are they preserved—read and re-read in secret—tied with a little pink ribbon—and safely placed under lock and key until the first hour she can spare from domestic occupations, when

she can return to them to read and re-read again, till they are perfect in her memory. Alas, alas! "that the course of true love should not run smooth;" for too true it is, that too many of these affectionate records, which have gently fanned one flame, have, by some of Cupid's vagaries, been unfortunately doomed to expire in another.

" But lo ! the flames are curling swiftly round
Each fairer vestige of her youthful years ;
Page after page that searching blaze has found
E'en while she tried to trace them through her tears."

Some persons think it exceedingly vulgar and plebeian-like to write well. There is a good deal of affectation among the aristocracy in this respect, which the scrawling, unintelligible, hieroglyphical signatures on some of their franks will confirm. You may make out a consonant here and there, but I defy you to decipher the vowels ; so, unless you are well acquainted with the hand, you are left in doubt whether it be a Greek, a Hebrew, or a Welsh name, composed entirely of consonants. Yet, there are very worthy people who delight in spoiling very respectable and well-bound books by inserting these things therein, under the title of illustrious autographs. These things, trifling in general estimation, are like fuel to the flame of one afflicted with autographobia.

I knew an instance of a gentleman, far gone in this malady, who promised his wife a handsome

shawl if she could procure him an autograph daily from some literary, scientific, or public character connected with some government office, which she agreed to. The first day he handed her a shawl for a letter which she presented to him, and which, on opening, ran as follows :—

“This is to certify, your Government Taxes for the last year remain still unpaid. If not paid before the 5th April, a writ against you will be issued accordingly.—Yours,

TIMOTHY TROUNCE.”

It is interesting to possess the letters of literary men, all scraps of talented individuals, where the style of writing and composition can be admired, and the mind, as it were, portrayed on paper. Collecting treasures of this description is a very pleasing occupation, and particularly for ladies, much more so than petting poodles and parrots,—more improving and interesting in every respect.

There is one person whose *autographobia* has been raging for the last five years. I have done all in my power, by adding largely to his collection, to abate the mania, which, I fear, is now hopeless; for, although I have enriched his portfolio with all the lights of the past and present age,—peers and poets, lords and ladies, authors and antiquaries, yet nothing can subdue the malady, or ever will, if he live to the age of Methusalem, unless I can procure him the autograph of *Noah himself*, if it is to be got, and that may quell the autographobia. He shall have it—if I can get it!

To a Friend.

I KNOW those gentle eyes of thine
 Are glancing o'er *this* page,
 In quest of word or thought of mine,
 For so thy words presage ;
 I know with kindness they review,
 Too partial to condemn,
 The impulse, how can I subdue,
 When honoured so by them ?

For their amusement thus I try,
 Though failing in my task :
 I build my hopes on memory,
 Remembrance all I ask ;
 If one kind thought I can revive,
 In varied trifles here,
 From that idea I derive
 Reward I most revere.

Should critics frown—my verse indite
 Severe on errors fall,
 Though they may wound, for thee I write,
 And thy voice conquers all :
 For if my pen can pleasure give,
 Or e'en a smile can raise,
 I'll use it thus while I may live
 If I but earn *thy* praise.

Unblessed by inspiration's beam :
In poesy and song,
Though but a minnow in the stream,
Yet I will glide along.
Convinced, whate'er opinions be,
Thy smile it will commend,
And, proving as thou hast to me,
I have, at least, one friend.

The Sabbath Day at Sea.

It is the seventh day of rest,
From toil and tumult free ;
I hail thee on the ocean's breast,
The sabbath-day at sea.

Still are the wild waves darkly blue,
The sea-bird's wing I see ;
While skies assume a softened hue—
The sabbath-day at sea.

Now o'er the deep, unfathomed grave
Ordained by fate's decree,
Declining o'er each gentle wave—
The sabbath-day at sea.

Calm be the voyage of our life,
Its close bring peace to thee ;
Sacred beyond all worldly strife
The sabbath-day at sea.

Prosperity and Adversity.

In Fortune's love, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft seem all allied and kin ;
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
 And what hath mass or matter by itself
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

SHAKESPEARE.

LAUDABLE ambition should be the grand purport of all our lives,—to live, to learn, to acquire, to raise ourselves in our own estimation and the world's eye ; but, when the exalted mind aspires to greatness and ambition beyond its strength, let its first consideration be within the calm questioning of reason, and ask itself, " Will the *base* bear the towering superstructure it would raise ?" Though " sweet are the uses of adversity," affording lessons of patience and fortitude, yet the *sours* so overpower the sweets that it must be a noble mind which bears the fiery ordeal with calmness and resignation, and, with apparent cheerfulness, comes unalloyed through the great trials which an ignoble mind, a weaker intellect, or a poorer spirit would have sank under.

From general observation it will be found, that the majority bear adversity better than prosperity. A sudden transition of fortune affects a noble mind with generous impulses to dispense the blessings he enjoys and feel compassion for others, while

the same, acting on a weak mind, affects the temper, eliciting arrogance, ostentation, and absolute tyranny, which never before reigned; and how frequently has it occurred, that an unexpected acquisition of wealth has caused sudden death, or has absolutely dethroned reason, when poverty, with all its horrors, would have been preferable. Competence and content are more to be coveted than riches,—the dross ambition leaves in the cup of avarice.

The common incidents of life furnish sufficient proof of the freaks of fortune, without resorting to fiction for our study, and daily example before our eyes is better than precept. I remember, in one of the fashionable promenades about the interesting ruins of Tynemouth Priory and Castle, in Northumberland, during the bathing season, noticing particularly a little, old woman, about seventy years of age, seated in a most conspicuous place where the company passed, behind a small table covered with pincushions. I should not have noticed her but from observing an innate gentility of manner, and the remnants of beauty which time could not steal away, in a fine and noble expression of pride that ill contrasted with her industrious but undignified occupation. She wore a short red cloak, a black bonnet of the fashion of the seventeenth century, a white muslin apron, and black mittens, which covered a small, withered, yet white hand. Her silver hair was turned back under a neat mob cap, in all the respectability of cleanliness and decency so

becoming to old age ; while the red tints and streaks in her cheeks and very fair skin seemed as an ancient chart to show it was once a colony of bloom, blushes, and beauty. She was not unlike some of the old women in Wilkie's pictures ; in fact, he might have made her his study for a picture in her past and present life. Though toothless, a thorough hatred or contempt of the world had retained her upper lip in a perpetual curl. I saw her give a look of ineffable scorn, and her eyes flash with indignation as the Earl of D.'s carriage drove by full of ladies, and, as though her feelings must have vent, in no concealed tone, she exclaimed, "*Butterflies!*" Some recollections evidently ruffled the temper of the old gentlewoman by this rude remark, given with so much asperity. She drew up her little antiquated form in all the dignity that four feet two could command. I saw she had been born to better days, and had a soul left above selling pincushions.

"Did you hear that mad woman?" asked my friend. "Yes : but is she mad?" "It is thought so. She was once a woman of fortune, occupied — Hall, and had her equipage and retinue of servants. Her husband gambled and dissipated her fortune in profligate society. His duplicity, in some unfortunate instances, and his neglect of her induced her to withdraw herself from the world, mortified by its disappointments, and endeavour, by the well-regulation of her own mind, to make up for his desertion, and prepare for the adversity that awaited her. I

have seen her in her prosperity," continued my friend, "in all her splendour and beauty, at the fetes of D—— Castle." "You have," said I; "and can you thus look upon her with indifference?" "Yes," said my friend; "for when in the zenith of her power she was so haughty, overbearing, and failed to prepossess herself in the favour of those who might have befriended her now, that few regretted when the death of her husband reduced her to want. But they say it has affected her reason, and she is mad." "She is *not* mad," said I, "I am convinced of it from my own observation; but, rather than be dependent upon former friends, she has struggled industriously with her simple efforts for the sustenance of life, in preference to exciting the false pity or puling compassion of her former fashionable associates."

"A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry:
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain "

The sweet sympathy for suffering humanity the Bard of Avon would here inculcate makes but little way in worldly minds. My friend, feeling some compunctions of conscience, liberally proposed that, as the dowager was too proud to receive alms, and too odd to except any favour, we should go and purchase her whole stock (which would not amount to more than five shillings) the next day. The day

was cold and cloudy, and no old woman was visible,—nor the day after. Some children, who carried her table for her, directed us to a small fisherman's cottage, wherein she lodged, to find her. We found a sturdy fishwoman, with a basket slung across her shoulders, coming out of the cottage, and to our inquiries she replied, "My certie, leddes, but ye're too late. Ye suld a come before the canny body was ta'en to her last hame. I'se grit like a wee bairn if I stan' clishmaclaverin aboot her noo; but an ye tell me were ye abide I'll bring ye letters she left will tell ye all aboot her."

The gude wife of the Northumbrian fisherman was as good as her word, and brought a packet which the old gentlewoman had left, addressed to "any person who felt interested in the fate of a poor old woman." And what a history they revealed!! A woven web of sorrow! A tissue of misery brought on by fortune! Born to inheritance of wealth, her first disappointment was the discovery, that she had been married for *money, not love*; her second was the dissipation and desertion of her husband,—a course of conduct which, with such a grovelling mind, ultimately found its own level; her third was the treachery and insincerity of *summer* friends, and her fourth, the reduction to extreme want and penury!

In the envelope which contained these melancholy revealings, she said, "She now ate the bread of industry, to obtain which her consolation was, that

her daily prayer was heard for health and the retention of her faculties; and her chief pleasure was, in being able to attend her weekly thanksgiving and Sabbath duties; and with all I have indured," she added, "I feel more happy in my independence in adversity than in the possession of wealth, for had I known trials in my youth, I could have borne prosperity better." What a pleasure it might have been to have cheered the decline of this noble-minded woman! and what a lesson it affords not to procrastinate our charities, though ever so small, or even our sympathies, in cases of affliction. In such instances a thought, a feeling, a word of consolation has more value in it than all the lucre this world could add. Then spare it not, my friends! It is an easy exercise of the best qualities of human nature; and when we reflect, that "in the midst of life we are in death," why should we delay aught that could smooth the pathway from this world to a better?

The preservation of health and reason, under all changes of fortune and affliction, is the best blessing, for there is "One who knows what is best fitting us;" and I never witness the ignorances and arrogancies of those uplifted by fortune, without the condensing power of *good sense* as the ballast to their light inflation, but I wish they could have seen the pride that had a fall in the unfortunate example of the noble mind struggling with adversity in the excellent and interesting little old woman who sold pincushions.

Midnight Musings.

Who can smile 'mid winter's storm,
Oppressed with doubt and fear,
When danger hovers o'er the form
Of all the soul holds dear?
Who can breathe a cheerful thought,
Or feel a glimpse of joy,
When every wind, with terror fraught,
The peace of mind destroy?

Who can touch the harp or lute
In music's soothing tone
When lips are sealed in anguish mute
With sorrows all their own?
Who can lend a listening ear
To even music's charm
When boding tempests linger near,
And fortitude disarm?

Yet think me happy, think me gay
Ye who are free from care—
When buoyant spirits most display
They often hide despair.
Then why should I reveal my grief
But in this lonely hour?
For respite and the heart's relief
The muse asserts her power.

Dreams.

MYSTERIOUS phantasies of our quiet sleep !

The ever-waking mind, in seeming death-like spell,
Asks, why do ye thus incongruous vigils keep ?

What is it ye denote ? what would ye here foretell ?

Recalling long-lost voices to our sleeping ears—

Making a silent mausoleum of our bed—

In filling the sealed eyes with gushing floods of tears,
And holding conversation with the sacred dead !

Strange imageries of the never dormant soul !

Erecting palaces, and, with a maniac's glee,

Disporting in half laughter and half frantic howl,

Or revelling in pride of borrowed majesty !

Showing rocks, promontories, precipices steep ;

Pourtraying ocean's caves, whence its dark sources
flow,

Grottos of coral, pearls, in countless fathoms deep,

Mountains o'ertowering clouds, and valleys far
below ;

Gardens of summer flowers, the sun's first early
dawn,

Inviting to inhale the fresh and sweet perfume :

Orange and myrtle groves, the verdant turf and lawn,

The shining evergreen in rich and fragrant bloom ;

Bringing the loved and absent present to our sight,
With soothing words from lips in friendship's
hallowed strain ;
Glances from eyes that spoke affection and delight,
Reviving all that was, and cannot be again !

Visions of midnight, say, why should the light dis-
perse ?

Why should not peaceful scenes in waking ever last ?
Ah ! who can solve this problem in the universe,
Or tell us more than dreams of days and years long
past ?

Irish Beggars.

AMONG the lazzaroni of Italy, the mendicants of France, the paupers of England, or of any other nation, you will find none excel in wit, adroitness, persuasion, entreaty and cunning, the Irish beggars, who are tutored from infancy to the juvenile servitude of picking pockets, and the *profession* of begging. Their modulation of tones and powers of eloquence have "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength;" their perseverance is unbounded, for they will not take a denial ; and so great is their own faith in their art, and so intuitive the faculty of knowing people by their cast

of countenance or outward garb, that as a tradesman knows best what style of goods will suit his customers, so do the Hibernian beggars know best in what style of language to address their customers.

From the facility afforded by steam navigation, we may say that one-half of England have been on the quays of Dublin, and from the well-known liberality of the English, it is no wonder that the gangs of idle vagrants increase, and infest the packets on their arrival. Who is there who has not seen the nuisance? And who is there who does not regret absenteeism, or the want of poor laws to prevent the growing evil?

A portly passenger in black had just landed, and, while in conversation with a friend, paid no attention to a poor *pitiable looking* object who had been whining her woe into "his honour's" ear for half an hour as she stood shrugging her shoulders under a piece of old carpet. Her vagrant spouse, seeing her entreaties fail, came up with the air of a stranger, and pretended to drive her away, bidding her "git out o' that," and not be after troubling "*his Wor-ship*, (for he thought he had a clerical look) after the mighty *say sickness* he had had." Thus, pretending to put away one nuisance he became a greater, for, after whispering to his wife, "I'll get something out of the ould gentleman, I'll engage," he began by a comment on the weather, saying it's "*Mortal cowl'd*. Will I fetch a cloak for your worship? It's all I can do to keep thim beggars from the gentry,

and I git nothing for it, but what your worship likes to lave wid a poor hungry sowl like myself." Here the expert beggar imposes an obligation, only to be cancelled by a donation, which is usually given.

Any thing original, from the prince to the beggar, is not lost to an observing eye : it has been my lot to be present at many scenes of the above description, and really the various means and subterfuges adopted to extort money are sometimes so ingenious and ludicrous, and the titles they lavish so irresistibly comic, with such a fund of wit and humour, that it is impossible to turn a deaf ear to them. I could fill a volume with the anecdotes which have come within my own observation, and though sometimes distressing and annoying, yet not the less amusing.

How they find out the weakness of human nature is astonishing. A lovely woman had just entered her carriage, at a shop-door, and was waiting for her purchases, when a bold beggar set his face almost in at the window : from his flying costume she knew his profession, though he made no demand. She told him she had no pence. "Bless your Ladyship!" said he, "I would rather look at your illigant self nor all the pence you would give me if you had it!" This compliment to her beauty cost her "simple ladyship" a sixpence. But why should I condemn when I have been caught by a similar speech, though not to myself ! I should first premise having made a rule never to give indiscriminate charity, and particularly in the street, Walking arm in arm one

day, in Merrion-square, with a young lady, and my most particular friend, a gentleman, his sea-beaten and ruddy complexion attracted a decrepid old woman, who thus addressed him, "Heaven bless the beautiful *geranium* between the two roses." This elegant and poetical simile was quite new, for truly we were the roses of York and Lancaster, for the young lady was blooming in health, and I, from indisposition, of the lily hue. I withdrew my arm from our escort, saying. "I must break my rule here, for that speech, so applicable, does deserve something, and shall be rewarded for your sake:" so I paid sixpence for the *geranium* compliment, and got laughed at on my return for being so easily duped. But this is not the only sixpence I have paid in the honoured cause of the aforesaid gentleman; for on his going to sea the vagrant tribe regularly beset me, like the locusts of Egypt. "Ah, lady dear! Mrs. Captain! if you please ma'am! sure you won't be after letting the captain take the coppers out of *ould* Ireland!" "Faith, he looks too good," adds another, "to lave a poor miserable *ould* cripple without a halfpenny this blessed morning. God speed him! and keep the *stor-roms* from after following him, and send him safe to us agin, and the cratur that owns him, please God, och hone!" Situated as I was, and in the hour of parting, these appeals were irresistible, and for twelve months and more I had to pay this "miserable *ould* cripple," as she called herself, for praying for his safety, and to get rid of

her importunities, for no matter where, whenever I met her, she began, "Didn't I pray for the masther ma'am? And, sure, didn't he come safe home to yees, agra? Well, God's good, and *He* won't forget the poor no more nor yourself, Mrs. Captain, dear!" Here the usual tax was levied, and I was glad to make my escape from a thousand uproarious blessings and benedictions.

For those who will work there is a daily provision afforded by the Mendicity Association, but the majority who will not prefer this idle, wretched state of existence, where they can indulge in reckless depravity of every description when the misguided liberality of strangers gives them the means to do so. Comfort and cleanliness are unknown to them, therefore the want of either is not felt. To go bare-headed and barefooted is no punishment to them, but to lose a *beard* after a month's growth *is*, and the same reluctance is shown to part with it, as a decent person would be to lose a blanket in cold weather: the cleanliness of a smooth visage, and the comfort in the daily refreshment of soap and water, are repugnant to their innate ideas of indolence, dirt, and all the ideas of *lively* horrors; and yet, with all their sins and imperfections, there is not a merrier-hearted set of beings in the world when they think they are unobserved. Burns may write on the "Jolly Beggars of Scotland," but had he the prize "Whistle of the North" to bestow, and had seen these emblem's of Erin's poverty, he could not but in common justice

have awarded it to those whose extensive practice, multitudinous numbers, and superiority in the experience of the *profession*, give them the undoubted right of claim for degradation. From frequent imposition, the once compassionate persons are now steeled to pity. The cunning rogues, knowing this, now try the mirth-moving system, which they find not only more pleasant but more profitable, and it is more pleasant to be laughed out of our money.

I shall conclude this hasty sketch with one, out of the hundred instances I could relate of a similar kind :—

A young traveller in the ribbon line, who was more vain of his *person* than his *patterns*, was accosted, on his landing from the steamer, by a dirty vagrant, with a beard long enough for a shoe-brush, and a nose whose rubicundity insinuated that he was upon *too cordial* an intimacy with the produce of the house of Findlater and Co. “Welcome, your honour! I am glad to see you, sir.” “Do you know me, *feller!*” asked the dandy. “Faith, indeed, and I do.” “Did you ever see me before?” “May be I did, troth; I wish I could see a hundred of the likes of your lordship; we would not be after seeing the ship loads of beautiful *bastes* laving this, nor the Customs empty, standing looking at ’em, doing nothing at all, at all.” After a few more words, the traveller, with a self-satisfied air, threw the man a shilling, saying, as he drove away, “So much for popularity.” An unworthy coadjutor of the vagrant

tribe now approached, with a shrug that must have disturbed a numerous colony, to know how much he had got? with a sly insinuation to go halves. "A shilling, Tim." "Do you say a shilling? Be de powers, how did you get it out of him?" "Quite asy," answered the elated Tim, "quite asy; sure didn't I see by his goold rings and chains, de power of frogs he had on his coat, and the way he had of tossing his head in the air, that he was *nobody*, so I thought from the turn he had that I'd mightily plase him if I made him *somebody*, so I persuaded him he was one of the new repale members, and that I had seen him in Parliament!"

This prolific subject induces me to give a further account of the plausibility, ingenuity, and incongruity with which these questionable commissioners continue to extract mites from the public purse, levy contributions on the humanity of individuals, and extort means from the liberal to pursue their indolent course of life,—a life of evil dissipation and degradation in preference to one of industry, propriety, and sobriety.

The decline and fall of nations—the history of my own and that of every other country, is, and ever will be, interesting to me; the rise and progress of events cannot but arrest attention. Yet politics are out of my sphere; I leave them to the better judgment and more solid understanding of the "lords of the creation:" and, whatever province I may reside in, I know it is not my province to

interfere in party factions or religious feuds. It is not for want of frequent repetition that we are reminded we have no right to hazard an opinion on the affairs of any government, except that of a house or family. It is a subject unsuited to our powers of reasoning; and I cannot but agree with our gallant preceptors, that women generally would do the state, themselves, and all connected with them, more service by keeping to the *home department*. Yet, if a female may be permitted to think of any change that may benefit suffering humanity, a four years' residence in Ireland should entitle me to some attention on the subject; and, whatever may be the result, it must be for the better, for no human beings can be in a more deplorable state than the vagrant population.

Without interfering between man and his Maker, which I have no right to do, or dictating in what form he shall worship Him; or questioning the various opinions of regal power in the presumption of who shall or who shall not reign, I am well assured that all the quiet, well-disposed, respectable, and superior sort of the Irish people will agree with me, that education, poor laws, and a heavy tax upon the manufactured spirit that causes the disgusting degradation, can alone change the country for the better, and save it from degenerating again into its pristine state of actual barbarism. Education will dispel benighted ignorance and blind superstition; poor laws will correct indolence and protect the

infirm ; while the additional tax will place the perfidious poison, which is now so easily obtained, out of their power, and prevent them sinking themselves under its besotted influence to a level with the beasts of the field.

I have taken some pains to discover who are, from who are not, real objects of charity, and, strange as it may seem, there are many who are too proud to work yet are not ashamed to beg! The late S. R.—, Esq. who was grand almoner and distributor of donations from the nobility, was very successful in detecting many impositions. He was a man respected by all classes,—generous, humane, and compassionate, and was known throughout the city of Dublin as the *Big Beggarman*, from the cases of real distress, he earnestly sought relief for, from those who had the will and power to do good. In passing over Carlisle Bridge with a friend one day, he observed a woman begging, seated on the ground apparently in the greatest distress, with an infant on her knee. To the astonishment of his friend, Mr. R. looked at the woman, stooped down, seized the child, and threw it into the river. The hue and cry was great, the woman's cry louder than all of course, Mr. R. held her. His friend, knowing he had always borne an amiable character, thought that this must be a temporary fit of insanity. Some good-natured sailors seeing, as they thought, the child floating, brought it on shore with a boat-hook,

when lo! to the surprise of the bystanders, Mr. R. unfolded a truss of straw enfolded in rags! "Go;" said he, "take your child, and be thankful I do not punish you for this repeated imposition." He then related having found this same woman in apparent grief over a small coffin, with a saucer on the lid for the pence of the charitable, near the Four Courts. He immediately ordered the interment of the child; but, having some suspicion, by her reluctance to part with it, that her grief was not sincere, he ordered the lid to be opened, and discovered only a large brick and a bundle of shavings!

How the young urchins commence practice is soon told. "Ah! isn't it a cruel case a poor little orphan crater like me should be wanting a meal's *mate* this morn's morn?" "It is indeed, child," said I; "but, where is your mother?" "Just gone to light her *dhudeen* at the shebeen-shop forenint the corner beyant," answered he, as sharp as a needle. "And are you not a little rogue to tell me you are an orphan?" "Not at all, ma'am, not at all!" "Would you deny it too? Do you know what an orphan is?" "Sure I do, ma'am. My mammy said I was to beg till I get the price of the lodgin; and, if I was hungry, to say I was an orphan, and may be I'd get the price of a *pitayatee* more. So I am hungry, for I have not bit or sup, wet or dry, yet, upon my credit, ma'am, orphan as I am." Here was a fine lad, not seven years of age, converted into a little sinner, taught by his

mother to petition in falsehood and pick pockets, ignorant of every thing but vice, misery, cold, and starvation.

I will conclude this sketch with one more instance of effrontery, to show the necessity of poor-laws for protection, that theft may be suppressed, and the able-bodied made to work, and that the higher and middle classes may support those who are incapable from age, bodily affliction, or deformity, and spare their disgusting exhibitions from becoming a greater nuisance in the eyes of all strangers, and a stigma upon the humanity of their fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen.

"So you will not take your answer, good man?" said a lady at her door to a tall, lazy, bloated-looking man, much intoxicated, rolling about in bacchanalian glory in all the abominations of rags and wretchedness. "Deed I will not, ma'am," answered the beggar; "I will take nothing less nor what you gave me before,—a smile, a kind word, and a good old Irish harp half-penny!" "Don't I tell you I have no copper—no small change," replied the lady. "Shure, time is no object to me; I can wait here till you get some; and God speed them who go for it for you," said he, seating himself very composedly on the sill of the door to the inconvenience and disgust of those who had to pass him in entering. "Really," added the lady in a provoked tone, "really you are most *incorrigible*." "Cor, cor, in what ma'am? What's that you said I was? I'd

like to know. I'll be afther troubling you for the *small change* of that word, at all évints ; for, though I'm poor, I'm an honest man, and it does not become the likes of your ladyship to *demane* your illegant mouth with calling a poor man names that don't belong to him any way, an' I'll soon show you the differ, so I will." Fortunately, the gentleman of the house now came up. He roused him out from his berth, and made the impudent vagrant decamp without his *small change* in either words or money, and a threat, that, if ever caught there again, or in that state, the police should try what effect the *small change* of a visit to the tread-mill would have upon him.

As an English woman and a resident in Ireland, I am bound, from the many kindnesses received, to admire and respect the enlightened portion of its hospitable people ; but in drawing a strong line of demarcation, and with the three instances out of a thousand of imposition, ignorance, and effrontery, I must regret, with the majority of their own country-women, the want of order, system, cleanliness, sobriety, and industry, which pervade the lower classes, and which is attributed only to a great demoralizing power and the *want of education*.

Ballad.

'Twas beside a castle gate, on a summer's starry night,
 When the forest leaves and trees shared the silver
 moon's pale light ;
 When a minstrel with guitar, lowly clad in vestments
 poor,
 Sang beneath a lady's balcony :—a young Troubadour,
 On his shoulder hung a scarf, in his cap a lady's glove ;
 Of the tournaments he sang, of the wars, and ladies'
 love,
 And boldly he confessed, he came there a gallant
 wooer ;
 And the strain again repeated,—the unknown Trou-
 badour.

The casement gently opened, and the melody it
 brought
 A young and lovely maiden fair, who listened in deep
 thought :
 She wondered what could bring so bold a minstrel
 to her door,
 As she gazed upon the stranger,—the unknown
 Troubadour ;
 And when he sang, in plaintive tones, how he was
 doomed to roam
 A wanderer in distant lands, an alien from his home,
 She lingered then, in pity, for she thought her heart
 secure,
 And again, delighted, listened to the young Trou-
 badour.

Then proudly to the castle came a Prince of all the
land
In state, with retinue, to claim the lady's hand,
And pensively she greeted him, her eyes cast on the
floor,
While she turned to sigh, nor could forget—the
young Troubadour.
The Prince, he gently clasp'd her hand, and spoke in
whispers low,
At every word her cheeks again with crimson
blushes glow :
She listened, with surprise and joy,—her happiness
was sure,
For she knew again that sweetest voice,—her own
Troubadour.

Harvest Home.

“ Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.”

THOMSON.

THERE is no season where rejoicing is more appropriate than in the safe gathering in of a rich and abundant harvest,—no occasion where joyfulness is more universal, and no thanksgiving more justly due, than in that exhilarating scene of rural hilarity, the celebration of *Harvest Home*.

To those who are doomed to the dreary location of towns and cities, "cribb'd, cabined and confined," who seldom have an opportunity "to trace the forest's shady scene," and to whom fields, trees, and flowers are things only heard of in this dingy atmosphere, where a gleam of sunshine or a glance of the clear blue sky is but a weekly treat, a short sketch of one of these rural fetes may not be unwelcome, while, at the same time, it may serve to refresh the memory of those whose minds are enveloped in smoke, steam, bricks, mortar, and machinery, that vegetation, although unseen, unknown, is still going on, and that "God made the country, and man the town."

Among the descendants of the old border chieftains who inherit the domains of their ancestors, in that most hospitable and beautiful of English counties, Northumberland, the annual festivity of the corn suppers is proverbial, "as gay as a corn-reaper," being a favourite simile; and what considerably heightens the anticipation of harvest is, that, on these occasions, the *gentry mingle with the peasantry*, not in the pride of humility, or for any absurd ostentatious display, but for a good old English feeling of obligation for the assistance of "a bold peasantry, a country's pride," and for the still more laudable motive of joining in the one common cause of gratitude to "Him who pours abundance on the flowing fields," and, in joyfulness of heart, thus publicly evincing thankfulness for "our daily bread."

Near the majestic Castle of Ravensworth, it is the custom, on the last day of reaping, to compose a figure of corn, dressed as a female, fantastically adorned with flowers and ribbons, to represent *Ceres*, the goddess of harvest. Madame Ceres is then elevated upon a poll, and paraded round the last field of standing-corn, headed by some itinerant piper, or Paganini of the village, who tunes his pipe, or cherishes some roundelay, to enliven the sunburnt group of swains who follow the Damons and Daphnes of the day. This is generally a short day's work, concluding soon after noon-day. When finished, they commence what is called "the shouting of the corn," a general exclamation of joy, equal to three cheers, or the more noisy innovation of *nine times nine*. The sound of this cry, at a distance, has a very thrilling effect: it bursts on the ear like a hymn of gladness, a spontaneous effort of the rude and uncultivated to express their truly religious gratitude for the sustenance that is to uphold them through the approaching inclement season. Madame Ceres, or, rather, her *not too* flattering effigy, heading her troop, is then conducted to the farm-house, where she reposes in state, while her attendants absent themselves to "don their holyday suits," for the festivity that is to follow; and many a *skiel* of water stands proxy that day for a looking-glass to the "lads of the village," the lasses, you are sure, taking full possession of all the originals, whole or part, which will reflect their

ruddy beauty. And many are the schemes of decoration ; enlivening, sombre stuffs, with pink or blue ribbons, or making modern improvements in old cotton dresses, neat, clean, and always becoming ; tying up their bonny brown hair with ribbons bought at the fair, and liberating ringlets which have been a fortnight confined in paper ; but the most arduous task of all is trying to squeeze very large feet into very small shoes, which is done, and these Amazonian heroines not only sit, stand, and walk, but positively dance, and that laboriously too, in this purgatory, with a fortitude unflinching. The duties of the toilet is with them, the same as with the sex in general, a commendable wish to improve their natural beauty, to conceal the defects of age, and to appear pleasing in the eyes of the world, but more particularly studied for the eyes of those they love.

Roasted oxen, sheep, and suet dumplings, of most substantial fabric and dimensions, are then arranged, on long tables, in the barn, for the extensive appetites and powerful digestion of the guests, with a liberal allowance of nut-brown home-brewed ale ; yet still keeping within the bounds of temperance and discretion, as the partakers have to exhibit their well-practised steps, not only before the gentry, but those most dear to them, an undertaking of vast importance for the diffident and bashful. In the hall, or house-part, the females are regaled with tea and sweet cake ; and, while the gentlemen are

carving the substantials and superintending the refreshments, in the barn, their wives and daughters are making tea, for limited numbers, in the hall, a situation of some fatigue, as the ancient part of the company are not restricted in their potations. I lost count, after pouring out *nine cups* to one garrulous villager, who had not half finished.

The tables cleared, and the musicians elevated, forming a sort of orchestre, the youngest gentleman, highest in rank, leads out the youngest reaper; the youngest reaper then leads out an elderly lady, and so on, until a long country dance is formed. Some little awkwardness and bashfulness is usual, at first, until they enter into the spirit of the dance; and then, few can fancy a more animated and delightful scene, for all seem happy. Reels and songs from rustic youths vary the amusements of the evening until midnight, and to those who are accustomed to go to rest with the sun and arise with the lark, the hour of twelve appears extreme dissipation; yet, on this extraordinary occasion, the harvest moon, "blinkin in the lift sae hie," passes on, and the rosy morn appears before the sport is ended, or the last draught taken of the "barley bree."

To these feasts all are welcome, and all those who can, make it a point to assemble. There are no invidious or family distinctions, no *exclusiveness*, not even in the seats set apart for the gentry; all for the time is equality, nor is there wanting due respect on either side;—there is affability without

the appearance of condescension, kindness without pride, and mirth without familiarity. It is to this contact yearly with their tenantry that I attribute so much more respect to the nobility, bestowed with veneration by the people in the north, than I have observed in the south of England; the day of departure from the north is a day of mourning, while their return is hailed with true joy. I have seen both, and the manifestations of feeling proved they identified themselves with the interests of their landlords zealously, and that they lived in the hearts of their peasantry. With the exception of that most exclusive of all scenes of folly and flirtation, *Almacks*, I have seen a little of every congregated assembly for joyous celebration, from the balls of England, the fête champêtres of France, to the public fair of old Ireland, and have been amused with all; but, if I must give the preference in a selection, after a quiet, social, friendly family party, it should be the heart-warming, spirit-stirring festivities of the honest and hospitable *Lairds* of Northumberland, in their celebration of the plentiful season, when they may exclaim, with the poet Herrick,

“Lord! ’tis thy plenty dropping hand
That soiles my land,
And giv’st me, for my bushel sowne,
Twice ten for one.”

The season, then, has its charms; flowers in full blow, trees in full foliage; and the golden corn

seems as it were bending to the sickle of the reaper. Among the industrious tribe who cut their way through the country, I was recognised by some of Erin's sons, in rather a ludicrous way; but that account I will reserve for another opportunity, my present object being to show the rustic rejoicing and thanksgiving to the great Dispenser of all good for an abundant supply of the staff of life, in the annual joyous celebration of *Harvest Home*.

The Questioner.

“ WHERE does my father stay so long,
Mother, from you and I ?
Why does he not return again ?
Why do you weep and sigh ?
Three months, you said, he would remain,
And leave us all alone,
Yet, by the winter's storm and snow,
Twelve months are past and gone !

“ Where is his tall and gallant ship
You took me once to see,
In colours deck'd, its white sails specked
The deep blue summer sea ?
Mother, I think I see him now,
He waved his hat in hand,
His last words were—‘ God bless you both !’
When we stood on the strand.

“ How well I now remember him,
 He held me on his knee,
There is the bird, and fruit he brought
 From the far Indian tree.
All other ships are coming in,
 Parting the white waves’ foam,
When will my father’s ship return,
 Oh, when will he come home ?”

“ Thy father tarried long, my child,
 Upon the distant main,
The hurricane the ocean swept—
 He’ll ne’er return again !
His gallant ship, my gentle boy,
 It rests beneath yon wave :
That placid, calm, and shining sea,
 Flows o’er thy father’s grave !”

“ Again you weep, my mother dear,
 Shall we not see him more ?”
“ Ask, if the deep and fathomless
 The dead again restore.
My child, thou art the only tie
 This world hath left to me,
There is a Heaven beyond the sky,
 A home for him and thee.”

An Irish Wedding.

“ Without our hope, without our fears,
 Without the home that plighted love endears,
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 Oh ! what were man ? a world without a sun.”

AMONG the scenes and incidents of Irish life, how few have depicted any above the peasantry, though every person of any literary ability is well received and welcomed, with that urbanity so peculiar to the country ; yet, with all the destitution and poverty that meets the eye, and palls upon the sense of the English visitor, unless some particular good ensued, there is no necessity to repeat the *twice-told tale* of the misery and mendicancy of that unfortunate country, as if it were not equally rich in proportion to its depression in themes, subjects, and incidents, for the poet, humourist, and historian to exert their genius and talent upon, in pathos, bathos, wit, humour, courage, and bravery. The higher class disclaim our pity, and, placing ourselves in their situation, should we not do the same ? Pitiable, indeed, is that mind which seeks pity, for all above the common level, and many beneath, wisely spurn it, even in the very extreme of poverty. Let us endeavour to forget for a time their sufferings, and, taking a higher grade, let us step into the mansions of the wealthy, by way of contrast, and change the subject to one of a pleasanter cast, by attempting to describe a wedding in high life.

Without invading the rules of hospitality, or encroaching on the sacred points of friendship, I may venture to relate (being present) the particulars of an event, ever interesting to my fair young friends, a happy marriage! The unbecoming levity with which the subject of matrimony is sometimes treated, by those whose education and parental example, ought to have led to a more respectful and honourable way of thinking, induces me to represent to such, by way of example, one, whose first onset in life, with every fair advantage, was incomplete until united to the fair being above all others loved.

Crofton M'Dermott was young, handsome, and rich, honourable in principle, noble in disposition, and generous to a fault; in a word, which will comprise all, he was an Irish gentleman, and further eulogium is superfluous to enhance that character. He resided on his estate, in the interior of Ireland; a blessing to his tenantry, a support and an honour to his country. He paid a visit to England every year, to purchase books, paintings, agricultural implements, instruments of industry, and every work of improvement that could embellish the paradise he inhabited, or increase the comforts of the peasantry. All novelties in art and science were eagerly sought for by this liberal-minded man; so that, when he arrived, a baggage-waggon would hardly contain all the patent, prime, portable new inventions and discoveries he had gathered together in his travels. But (and there always is a but in

the way) he was not perfectly happy ; there seemed an air of restless inquietude about him, as though there was other treasure wanting. Social, hospitable, domestic and studious, with a palace, grounds, horses, carriages, and a library a Dominie might revel in ; with an affectionate mother to preside over all, what more was requisite for human happiness ? This question was soon solved, by the receipt, one morning, of a pretty little note, sealed with a dove bearing a letter in its bill, conjointly containing an invitation to the house of a fair friend from whence it was written, to appear precisely at the hour of ten o'clock, in Mountjoy-square, and accompany them to St. George's Church. "Do come," wrote M'Dermott, "for I am anxious that you, with every other friend, should witness my happiness, on that felicitous occasion." This appeal was irresistible, from one who thought so properly on an event which so materially concerned his future welfare. He was a good son, an affectionate brother, a kind friend, and such usually makes the best of husbands. On the appointed day a hackney-coach set me down, at the rear of thirteen handsome private equipages, all filled with some of the leading fashionables of Dublin. The hall was lined with servants, each wearing a large white rosette ; even the statuary which filled the niches on the stairs, were decorated with white ribbons, and bound over the eyes of Cupid. The folding-doors, which separate the front and back drawing-rooms, were thrown open, and

displayed all that modern elegance and taste could combine in splendour; rich gilding, yellow satin, damask, marble slabs, mirrors, and chandeliers, while the gay company which filled the rooms were reflected in large plates of glass, which filled up every recess, as they were smiling, complimenting, and jesting with the pretty Ellen O'Brady, on changing her real Irish name from the O to the Mc, while the poor little soul, with the crowd and the congratulations together, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Extending her hands to me, "Crofton will be glad to see you are come; he says, you advised him to take this rash step," added she, smiling, for he was peeping over her shoulder. "Not rash, I hope," said I, "a wise step;"

*"The way was long, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit sighed, till woman smiled."*

The company, after partaking of chocolate, &c. re-seated themselves in their carriages, which were to form in procession after the bride and bridegroom's—a superb affair, London-built, new for the occasion, patent axle-trees, patent springs, &c. The coachman had been a "young tiger" in his day, but was now full grown and full blown, a London lion of his tribe: two servants stood behind, in rich liveries, white silk stockings, tags, tassels, and gold-headed canes, powdered, puffed, curled, and rosetted; and, as my vehicle was rather detrimental to the retinue, I discharged it, and accepted the offer of a seat with

the bride's parents. What a gay group assembled round the altar ! M'Dermot's eyes sparkled with delight : " She is now mine own," said he, clasping her hand, as though never to be separated, and he owned he had found the treasure he had sought.

Some silly fashionables, who affect singularity, having persuaded the lovely Ellen that white dresses, white roses, and white veils were vulgar and obsolete, accordingly fashion, which bears sovereign sway, from a wedding to a funeral, must be followed. The countenance of the bride having for me more interest than her attire, I hardly knew what it was, until a lady of the old superstitious school whispered this couplet :—

" Who marry in white, be happy might ;
Who marry in gray, may rue the day."

I looked on the silver-grey tabinet bridal dress, and, for the moment, regretted fashion's innovation, particularly as the comment had left a sad impression. Like all foolish women, on solemn occasions, I could not help tears filling my eyes ; but why or wherefore, like woman again, could not give a sensible reason, and only wished the old lady had kept the couplet to herself.

On the return from church, an elegant collation was prepared, and two large bride-cakes were divided and distributed, with gloves, to the guests, with some small portions which had passed through the ring, and said to possess a particular charm, as

regards pleasant dreams for the unmarried. I reserved mine for my young friends, my fate being most happily decided on this *head* some years ago.

The cavalcade accompanied the happy pair as far as Kingstown, where they left them to make the tour of the county of Wicklow, and from thence to proceed to the estate of M'Dermot, where the tenantry waited to receive them. With dispositions suited to each other, tastes agreeing, and no great disparity in age, rank, or fortune, could it be supposed they were otherwise than happy. Their lives were a tissue of domestic felicity seldom surpassed, and their mutual assistance to the poor one continued act of benevolence. It was delightful to read their joint letters, breathing cheerfulness and devotion to each other, and perpetual invitations to come to them and see their Elysium on earth, their "Garden of Eden." After a promise to do so in the ensuing summer, there was a pause in the correspondence, an awful pause. Alas! that perfect happiness is not permitted to be of long duration in this sublunary world. Mournful as it is, truth obliges me to give the melancholy rejoinder.

The hour of expectation arrived most dear to the hopes of a young husband, who calculates on an accession to his happiness, in the pride of an heir to the estates of his ancestors. That hour beheld him the most miserable of mankind, a distracted widower, by the death of his beloved wife. He clasped her cold hands in an agony of despair. "Mine own!

no more !” he exclaimed, as he leaned over the newborn heir, endeavouring to trace the lineaments of its departed mother. He heard one little fluttering sigh, and again felt himself alone in the world, for it was buried with her.

Monody.

I saw her in her bridal dress
On to the altar move ;
I marked her look of tenderness,
Of fond, confiding love.
I heard her breathe her plighted vow
Of truth, while kneeling there,
In timid accents, soft and low,
Responding to each prayer.

I saw her move along the aisle,
Surrounded by the gay,—
Her blushing cheek, her sweetest smile
“ I’m happy” seemed to say.
And he was blest—her chosen one—
For she was fair and young,
And proudly there he led her on
’Amid the admiring throng.

O transient bliss ! too early flown !
 The blessing—mutual love—
 With every vow, word, look, and tone
 Are registered above.
 A mother's tender hopes were crush'd,
 Her breath of life is o'er ;
 Her sweetest voice in death is hushed,
 Its tones can charm no more.

Her lovely form is free from pain,
 Cold is her placid brow ;
 Regrets are idle—tears are vain—
 What was—is nothing now !
 Her gentle spirit, briefly given,
 Now sleeps among the blest ;
 It seeks its kindred home in Heaven,
 Where Angels only rest !

Flowers.

“ She is leaving the home of her childish mirth,
 She has bade farewell to her father's hearth,
 Her place is now by another's side :
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.”

MRS. HEMANS.

BRING lilies that grow by the valley's stream
 And bow their heads to the bright sunbeam,
 The jessamine fresh, from the trelliced bower,
 The hyacinth white, and the orange flower ;
 And the snowy wreath shall yield its pride
 To the fair young brow of the blooming bride :

She has plighted her faith and vow of truth,
Resigned herself in the bloom of youth,
Uniting her faith, with her fervent love,
In the promised hope, which may adverse prove,
Through the storms of life with ONE to roam—
For that ONE she leaves her parental home.

Bring roses full blown for a diadem,
And daisies from off the parent stem,
Sprigs of myrtle and violets blue,
Carnations of every shade and hue,
And twine them around her matron brow,
For the bride that was, is a mother now.

Bring cypress and yew from the forest drear,
And deadly night-shade to grace the bier ;
Bring the fading heart's ease and white rose leaf,
As Nature's lesson to parents' grief ;
From the running brook bring dark flowers wild,—
She is mourning her hope—her infant child.

Bring sculptured marble and graved stone,—
Their tablets speak of the loved one gone,
How the reckless hand of Time will sweep,
And how vain the tears of friends who weep :
On her lifeless form strew flowers o'er,
For the bride and mother are now no more !

Welcome.

THRICE welcome home, my worthy guest !
 Come, take thine old accustomed seat,
 And thou shalt share the first and best
 In this our quiet, calm retreat.

Join once again our kindred bands,
 While they shall welcome thee with smiles ;
 Come, tell me of the foreign lands,—
 Thou'st traversed many weary miles.

Though years have blanched thine head with snow,
 And bowed thy drooping form with age,
 Yet, let thy toils of weal and wo
 Mine anxious thought, mine ear engage.

And though the young have now grown old,
 The old have waned in life's decline,
 Yet trust me, hearts are never cold
 Which hold respect for worth like thine.

Now, tell me of the time long past,
 Of battles lost and conquests won ;
 As smiles or sighs thy story cast,
 I'll listen till the set of sun.

Thy children's children thou hast seen,
 And been their guide, my good old man !
 And many clouds have passed between,
 To chequer thy life's lengthened span.

But time has brought around thee now
Young blossoms from the parent tree ;
Then let me cheer thy furrowed brow,
And succour, help, and comfort thee.

Woman's Love.

WOMAN'S love ! if thou hast known it
When or wheresoe'er it be,
Or if mutual she hath shown it,
Bless the stars that gave it thee.

Woman's love !—if thou has spurned it,
Though her lot be as it may,
Or have won and not returned it,
Thou hast darkened her fair day.

Woman's love !—if thou hast slighted
Light celestial sent from heaven,
Sunshine of her heart, if blighted,
Never hope to be forgiven.

Woman's love !—if thou hast traced it
Through the clouds of grief and pain,
Time nor absence hath erased it,
There it will for ever reign.

Woman's love !—for ever guard it,
'Tis a gem upon the earth ;
Kindly through thy life reward it,
'Tis a pearl beyond all worth.

Woman's love !—then idolize it,
Every hour this truth can prove
Man ne'er yet enough could prize it,
Treasure locked in woman's love.

Man ne'er knew, till time revealed it,
All his loss death could remove,
Owns, when 'tis too late to shield it,
Boundless wealth in woman's love.

Domestics.

To any one who has been accustomed to the *cleanliness* and comforts of the household economy of England, and considers these, as they are, a very material part of a pleasant existence, there is not a greater plague on the Irish earth than their domestic servants ; for, with more the appearance of drudgery, they have less method, system, order, and industry than their sisterhood on the other side of the water. The change from one country to the other is more perceptible than any other ; for these absolute evils, indispensable tormentors, and provoking appendages are ignorant of all those little nicities, anticipations, and attendances which constitute so much domestic comfort, and the diminution of which becomes a grievance the most annoying.

Irish servants are much better in England ; the force of example leads them to excel, and by lenience

and kindness they become industrious, attached, and grateful, and are invariably civil and good-humoured: but on their own ground, to attempt any thing like a reformation would be like "washing a blackamoor white;" for as long as they are engaged upon the terms they now are, nothing better can be expected from them, and to this bad system we may attribute all their failings. They are allowed from four to six pounds a year only, and two and sixpence for what is called *weekly money*, out of which they have to find their own tea, sugar, bread, butter, milk, &c. Their dinner only is found them, usually cut off at the table, from the joint, which is not allowed to descend to the kitchen, but is safely deposited under lock and key, in a press for the purpose. Living in this uncomfortable manner, ~~in~~ a family, but not *with it*, it is hardly to be supposed they will not make the most of all they can get, and sometimes more than they ought, where this want of confidence in their honesty is so palpably shewn. Accordingly, they seldom buy anything but bread, which is not home-made here as in England, and make out the cause by boiling up the refuse of the table, allotting the money for something more potent than tea, a temptation which undermines all their resolutions of sobriety.

The want of cleanliness is the general complaint. There may be some exceptions, but I fear it would require the lantern of Diogenes to find them. To prove there *is* cause of complaint, I will give an instance from my own knowledge of them.

The English servant I had brought over with me pined, like her mistress, for her native country ; and after three months total disgust at the want of all order and cleanliness in her fellow-domestics, returned home, leaving me to the disagreeable necessity of supplying her place by a *native*. Accordingly, out of the hundred advertisements in Saunders's paper, of "just disengaged," I replied to one, which promised all the perfections under the sun, in the capacity of "thorough servant." Mrs. Judith Mulrooney, as she announced herself, was a steady widow of forty, "without incumbrances," of respectable appearance, with the everlasting grey cloak. She handed me numerous amiable *written characters*, one of which assured me she was "onest, sober, and sivil;" another, that she was "clane and dacent in her demanur;" and a third, that she was "a good plane kook." "That is just what I want," said I, "a good plain cook. Where have you lived last?" "Wid an alderman, ma'am, an' I'd be livin' wid him yit, only he died last Aisther, rest his sowl." It would be superfluous to question her culinary qualifications after living with an alderman ; so I engaged her on my own terms, not her's. I agreed to give her seven pounds per annum, and live as I did. I knew by so doing she would have proper food, at regular hours, and not have ready money to squander improvidently; and, as her "*carracturs*" as she called them, bore written testimony that she was "*onest and sober*," I intended

to place confidence in her honesty and sobriety. Mrs. Judith Mulrooney, making me a low curtesy, said she agreed to my *terms*, and would be mighty proud to *sarve* me, adding, "An' I'll engage, ma'am, I'll *shoot* you illigantly.

She was installed in office that evening, and, with requisite instructions, she commenced her duty. We anxiously waited the proof of her abilities in the "taste of her quality," in the next day's dinner. A slovenly style of laying the cloth, and an untidy appearance now she had cast the grey envelope, gave me some doubts as to suiting me as *illigantly* as she expected. However, I did not find fault the first day. Dinner was served. "Oh! Judith," said I, when she took off the cover, "I forgot; I must teach you how to boil potatoes." "Is id *tach* me, ma'am?" said she, with a witty expression, "Sure I boiled *pratees* long before you were born-ma'am, begging your pardon; an' dhe alderman, rest his *sowl*, never would have them dressed any other than the likes o' thim forenint you." "Yes, but, I must have them *undressed without* their jackets. It is all a matter of taste, but we prefer them peeled, and I will come down and show you to-morrow." "Saucy English!" thought Judy. Perhaps she was right.

I and mine now exchanged questionable looks over a pair of boiled fowls, which, more than dingy, had a very suspicious dark appearance. The melted butter bore the complexion of train oil, and the fresh young greens seemed to have "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf" of old age. It being six o'clock,

two hours beyond our usual time, and very hungry, we made the most of the beggarly-looking potatoes, and I endeavoured to pick the merry thought of a fowl, with anything but a merry thought; so I reserved a corner of my appetite for a black currant tart I expected; and *black* indeed it was, when placed before me. I had seen bricks, made of clay, baked and burned, and this, only in another form, might have been one of them. The outside was enough, and did not tempt me to pry within. I concluded my repast with a biscuit and a glass of wine, and began to ponder in my own mind what I was to say to Mrs. Judith on the morrow.

According to promise, I went down the next day, and the first salutation I got was, "Och, misthress dear, my back's *bruck* wid pailing dhe praytees, so id is," "And well it may be in that way," said I; for she was crouched over the steaming pan on the floor, and with a knife in one hand and a boiled potatoe on a fork in the other, was stripping the skins off and throwing them on the floor. After a week's training and teaching her, and starvation to myself, I found it was all to no purpose. We were dissimilar in habits and taste, and the sooner our union was *repealed* the better for my comfort; and, as she was neither nice in her apparel or clean in her person, and had inflicted on us dirty-hafted knives, unclean forks, and sundry abominations in her cooking, I was induced to tell her I could dispence with her services, particularly as she said "she would not wash the steps, or *clane* the hall

door for ere a misthress in the world;" and, as for cleaning the windows, "Sure would I make a glazier of her?" So I told her I wanted a better cook,—“A better cook!” echoed Judy; “is id afther me! that have dressed dinners for the alderman, rest his sowl! and all de corporation? Och, hone! but that was mighty good.” “If you have killed the alderman by giving him a peck of dirt before his time,” said I, “you shall not practice upon us, so any further remarks from you are unnecessary. Take this plate, and bring me a clean one.” “Sure Ive just *wiped* id,” said she. “I prefer a washed one.” “Will you look at that, ma’am; sure that plate is as *clane* as iver id was,” said she, returning, and holding it up, after smearing it over with her dirty apron. “What ails it?” “Do as I bid you, Judith, if you please, and no more words.” “Well well,” said she, shaking her head and soliloquizing, “but thim English bates all!” To avoid further contention with Mrs. Mulrooney, “You must leave me Judith,” I said, “for I cannot endure this any longer.” “Och! its well you spoke first, ma’am,” replied she, making a merit of necessity, “for I was going to say that same myself; sure my heart’s *bruck* wid the affront you put upon my poor country in paling the praytees; for we know how to boil *thim* better nor you, for you spoil thim, so you do, begging your pardon, ma’am, for being so *bould*. But there is no living wid the saucy English, you are all too *particular* intirely.”

The Vacant Chair.

I do not like to look upon
 The lone, deserted, vacant chair ;
 Reminding me of lov'd ones gone,
 Of those who found a solace there.

From whence to welcome me there came
 The outstretch'd hand, the cheerful smile ;
 The voice of gladness still the same,
 The flush of joy which beam'd the while ;

The laugh of mirth, the song of glee,
 The thrice-told tale of early love ;
 The flash of wit and repartee,
 As folly reign'd, or fancy rove.

Can I forget, that from that seat
 I've heard the plaintive notes of wo ?
 Have known a heart with tumult beat,
 And seen the tear unbidden flow ?

Where is she whom that seat should fill ?
 'Tis vain the absent one I trace ;
 I gaze upon the seat until
 My vision's lost in vacant space.

And while again mine eyes will stream
 With sorrow's sad but useless tears,
 While musing on the transient dream
 This visionary life appears.

Reflecting on each varied change,
Let us the waste of hours repair;
Ere long another's form may range,
When we are gone, OUR VACANT CHAIR.

Never Fear.

An Englishman is disposed, when travelling, to be all *doubts* and *fears*: he *doubts* if the vessel will arrive at the expected time, and *fears* he shall not reach his destination at the appointed hour; he *doubts* a storm is coming, and *fears* the roads are heavy; but Paddy, happy Paddy! let it blow "great guns," as the sailors say at sea, or be it knee deep in mire on shore, he *never fears*; sink or swim, there is a joyousness of spirit, a buoyancy of thought about him that keeps his head above water, and his heart light on shore; he will talk, laugh, sing, dance, and drink; while my more serious and phlegmatic countryman is muffling himself up in a corner, in an unsocial, misanthropical mood, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," gathering his brows against some dreaded approaching difficulty, some misery in perspective which he is so *pleased* to anticipate. "Take care how you carry that portmanteau," said an English traveller, landing from one of the steamers at Kingstown, to a porter,

who had jumped on board and made a dead seizure of his apparel so packed ; " take care, or you will lose it overboard." " Never fear, your honour," was the reply. After making the best choice he could out of a ragged string of dirty outside cars, and choosing the most fleet-looking Bucephalus, he began to fear it would not go as quick as he wished. " Never fear, your honour, Skylark bates all on the road, if you give him the first start." " But look, your traces are broken ; have you no leather to repair them ?" " Not a haporth." " That cord will never carry us to Dublin." " Never fear, sir." " Yes, but I *do* fear broken limbs and neck, too." " Ah, never fear," again said the driver. " Take your time going down these hills." " Hills, sir ? not a bit of it, only inclined planes, slight inclinations." " Whatever they are, I have no inclination to lose my life, which I fear I shall." " Oh, never fear—no danger, sir." " And now," said the traveller, " I have my doubts if we shall be in time for the Waterford mail ; and, if too late, I suppose not a bed to be got." " Never fear," replied Paddy, thumping away with the butt-end of his whip, having tied up the traces with the lash thereof." " I fear it will be dark before we get in." " Never fear," said persevering Paddy. " What do you mean ?" said the irritable traveller : " do you think you can prolong daylight, or that the moon will rise to please you ?" " Never fear, your honour," said Paddy, laughing. In gay good humour did poor Paddy,

flying away in rags, comprising the remains of what once were *two* drab freize great coats, with thirteen capes, keep "never fearing" to all he was obliged to endure from the half-dead traveller, whose sufferings from the voyage had not improved a naturally morose temper; and thus did the poor fellow, a stranger to good cheer, cheer his fellow man, until they arrived at that prince of hostels, Gresham's. "Here we are at last," said our traveller; "I had my doubts as to being in time for the mail." "Didn't I tell your honour to never fear? Skylark knows he'll not get a feed till he gets to Dublin anyhow, nor another feed till he sees Kingstown again." "Why, you don't mean to say that that poor hack can go back to night?" "Oh, never fear but he'll go *twicest*, if wanted." Something over the fare was given, for the English are always generous,—with "Get a glass of grog to warm you." "Never fear," said Paddy most heartily: "many thanks, your honour; may you live till you die!" "And that I shall," said the traveller, "'never fear.'"

An Irishman never fears in battle, or why would he fight? never fears poverty, or why would he drink? never fears sorrow, or why should he be sad? never fears sickness, for exercise keeps him in health; never fears creditors, for he is too poor to be trusted; never fears robbers for he has nothing to lose; never fears disappointments, for he has nothing to expect; never fears age, for he is always gay; never fears

cold, for he takes care *spiritually* to guard against it ; and, to use his own words, gentle reader, not mine, "He fears not even Lucifer himself while God protects him ;" and that he will do, if he live soberly, work industriously, and act honestly, *never fear !*

The Maiden Aunt.

" It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear."

THERE is not a more valuable member of society than a maiden aunt. Yet how frequently is she considered an incumbrance on earth, an intruder in society ! To avoid the odium which the illiberal part of the world has attached to female celibacy,—as "antiquated, ill-tempered spinsters,"—how many amiable women have sacrificed their happiness by an unfortunate union, where affection was not reciprocal ! That old maids are a slandered race is certain ; but we hold in our recollections of respect some dear and valued beings who, though their charms are in the wane, "like fairy gifts fading away," are yet most happy in single blessedness ; and to the numbered years of sixty and seventy

have given no proofs of the mind's decay, in the irritability of temper, or selfishness of disposition,—

“ Who will still be adored, as this moment they are,
Let their loveliness fade as it will.”

In the city of Chester resided with a married sister, who had a large family, a venerable, amiable, and benevolent maiden lady. She was one whom to see was to respect, and to know, to love. She did not let “concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,” prey upon the curiosity of her visitors to know her age: she plainly told them that she was past fifty; and, even had she not divulged the important secret, there was one unruly calendar in the house who would,—her greatest torment, her unceasing plague, her fondly-loved and indulged nephew, a full-fledged young midshipman, who, in the manliness of the naval uniform, could not forget the boyish propensity to tease his good old aunt. Harry would have provoked a saint, much less a spinster, yet not ill-naturedly. His aunt was his mother's counterpart, and he loved her with the same affection. She had spoiled him from his birth, by palliating all his faults. He was her pride and only hope, and upon the uniform kindness of her disposition he thus presumed to torment her. Many a laugh has he raised at her expense, by some silly observation on the never-failing subject of matrimony, which has awakened the painful memory of former days,

and fallen, withering, on her heart in silent and subdued grief. He knew not the misery he inflicted, and she could not tell him. It amused him; she, therefore, permitted his folly to remain unchecked.

She once was beautiful, had loved, and had been disappointed,—a common occurrence, but under most aggravating circumstances. It was her first love and her last. A naval officer of merit, intellect, and fortune, of elegant manners and handsome person, honourable throughout in all his conduct, save the most important—in *love*, had gained her affections, declared himself, and was accepted. Their intimacy had continued from infancy to maturity. Her introduction into society was graced with every accomplishment that can adorn a woman possessed of those qualities which would ensure the greatest felicity on earth—*domestic happiness*. In an evil hour a young, gay, volatile school companion came on a visit to her. Shall I tell it? The affections of the intended bridegroom veered with the wind. He saw, and married her friend and visitor! and, by that sudden and dishonourable action, withered the bud and bloom of beautiful womanhood in his predestined bride. Not all the victories afterwards achieved in war ever again replaced him in the world's estimation. The deadly nightshade hung over his laurels in this one cloud of dishonour. She never saw him after, but had "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf" of age and melancholy. She wept in secret and alone. Years rolled on, and, in

the residence of her sister, with her rising family, she found more deserving and grateful objects for her love. "Yet she never blamed him," and she tried to look the same. In accordance with her wish, the eldest son was destined for the navy, and, when he appeared in uniform, she looked on him with eyes of admiration, yet filled with tears. With commendable taste she was usually attired in the dress most suitable and becoming her age,—in black, and wore over her shoulders, which partly covered the stoop of age, a black Barcelona shawl, which her "dear boy," as she called him, brought her on his first voyage from Spain, with others of gay colours,—"gay enough to win her a husband," he said. Not that he wanted to get rid of her: he loved his aunt, but he thought he could love an *uncle* too. "And then, you know, old lady," he continued, "you would look more *shipshape* with an old commodore by your side." Then would he draw down her snowy hair from underneath her cap, and say, "Now, who would ever believe these silver locks were once raven ringlets! Here's a fair-haired spinster for you?" She would simply smile, and bid him do what he never thought of doing,—"*desist*," while she quietly again took up her knitting.

One morning he came in with great glee, saying, "Aunt, I have news for you! First answer me: do you despair of being married?" "Do not talk nonsense, dear boy." "Answer me, or else ——." To prevent teasing, she answered, "I shall *never*

marry, Harry." "Do not make any rash vows, aunt; you do not know what your fate may be. My father tells me there is company coming to dinner, so there is hopes for you yet, old lady; they are all of the royal navy, all with the anchor on the button, and you do not know what may happen, 'although a man may not marry his grandmother.'" She made her escape from this provoking youngster, and did not see him again until he came to lead her into dinner, a duty which he never neglected when at home.

The company consisted of a few old officers, high on the list in the annals of merit—to be rewarded. Their conversation, as might be expected, was truly nautical. Flag-ships, fire-ships, from twenty to seventy-four and a hundred-and-ten guns, were talked about; mainsail, foresail, squaresail, top-gallant-sail, and sky-sail, and all, were set by turns, as each told *his version* of some engagement. Squadrons, fleets, and I do not know how many sail of the line, came on the carpet; almost every one of his Majesty's ships' names were mentioned, small craft and all.

The venerable gentlewoman listened attentively, and now and then coughed to hide her emotion;

"For around the dear ruin each wish of her heart
Entwined itself verdantly still."

A pause in the conversation gave master Henry an opportunity of asking the following question:—

"Is there any probability of promotion for us, Captain Hurricane?" "Why," replied the captain, there were so many popped off lately, it may be the means of bringing up a few of you youngsters, perhaps." "Who has 'died for glory' among them, do you know, in the last skirmish, Hurricane?" asked an old lieutenant. "'The bullets and the gout have so knocked my hull about,' that I shall soon slip my cable after them; but let us know who has gone before me." The list was enumerated of those who had fallen at the battle of Navarino, and among them *one name* was mentioned, which appeared visibly to affect the old lady. She arose, and Harry at the same time got up to escort her; but she waved her hand for him not to leave the company, and withdrew to her chamber, to take her accustomed nap after dinner.

When tea was announced, she made no reply. Harry went instantly to her room, "to carry her down," as he said. He found her seated in an easy chair by the bedside, with her handkerchief over her face: it appeared wet with tears. When he withdrew it, he found her awake and weeping. "My dear aunt, ——" She excused herself from going down, saying she was not very well. Harry saw she was ill. He left her to send up his mother, and, taking his hat, went immediately for the family physician. "Medicine can be of little avail in this case," said the worthy man, when he had seen her; it is one of those bodily afflictions human nature is

subject to,—a confirmed paralysis, and which, at her age, frequently proves fatal.” Harry felt as though a thunderbolt had entered his heart. He was unceasing in his attentions to her, and for three days and nights never took off his clothes, nor left her bedside.

She never came down again. She became gradually worse, and towards the close of the third day, symptoms of approaching dissolution were visible to all the family. She requested Harry to give her a pocket-book from out of her desk, and, taking out a miniature, and making an effort to regain the firmness of her voice, said, “I bequeath you this picture, my dear boy; and may the gallant conduct of that man, of whom this is the representative, be your example, in every action of his life, *save one*, and *that one* your mother will explain when I am no more.” Harry sobbed in the fulness of his heart’s grief, as he looked on the picture of a handsome naval officer, of whom he had heard by good repute. “I have made ample provision for you; and have to request you will place this small parcel underneath my head; it is the hair of that once respected and beloved —.” She could utter no more: the vital spark became gradually extinct; and, as it were in a calm sleep, clasping the hand of her nephew, she resigned her soul to Him in whom she had ever trusted. This was the first scene of death the affectionate youth had ever witnessed; and, in tearing himself from her arm, how bitterly

did he reproach himself for all his past folly to his dear aunt! He had some idea now to what to attribute her sudden dissolution. "Her morning's winged dream was o'er;" and, from the infant on the knee to the dawning man, tears of regret were shed on her pale, cold cheek.

Such is the blight that withers many a lovely form, from causes which the true delicacy of female feeling still keep unknown. And, as it is too often the lot of *woman* "to make idols and to find them clay, and to bewail that worship, therefore pray," that, in all her affections henceforth, they may be more happily confided and more gratefully requited than in the unfortunate instance of the regretted, amiable, and beloved MAIDEN AUNT.

" For the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close ;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose."

Speke-Hall.

THE days of chivalry are gone,
The tilt and tournament are o'er, .
The stirrup-cup no more is filled
With sack or rhenish at the door.

No more the song of cavalier,
Or harper, in the good old hall,
Or lay of love, in serenade,
Is heard beneath the ivied wall.

No more the flask or flaggon drain'd
Around the "yule log's" cheerful light ;
" Righte merrye" tales no more divert
The vassal yeomanry by night.

These legendary lays are hushed
Of fairy gay of goblin grim ;
And list'ning ears and eyes of fear,
Are silent, slumb'ring, dark, and dim.

When sylvan sports would once delight
In rich awards from " ladye's" eyes ;
In silken scarf, or silver chain,
From " ladye's" love the victor's prize.

The horn of chase in sounds renewed,
While flowing streams the echoes drink,
Where oft the hunted stag has viewed
His branching antlers in the brink.

The drawbridge, which, in feudal times,
Fell at the warder's bugle note,
Is gone, and shrubs and flowers grow
Where once had been the circling moat.

The hanging tapestry is there,
There still the polished oaken floor ;
But footsteps, and the fingers fair
Which wrought the picture, are no more.

The hawk and hound, the bow and spear,
Have shared the pastimes of the scene :—
Ancestral woods, through winters drear,
Wave in the wind o'er what hath been.

The hand of time, which reckless strays
O'er all, one beauty leaves for me,
Which, drooping, mourns those bygone days,—
The ancient, weeping willow tree.

An Irish Wake.

“ Mr. Blaney, Miss Delany,
Mr. Fagan, and Miss Daley,
Who in a coach all came
To wake with Teddy Roe.”

S. W. RYLEY.

THERE is something very repulsive in the idea of a carousal over the dead. To one who has been accustomed only to the quiet respect paid to the mortal remains when life is extinct, it appears to be an invasion of the sacred sorrow and silence usually

felt in these most awful of all separations. To a stranger these customs, consonant with the creed of the people, are at first beheld with a shudder bordering upon pity, that the Irish are not yet *awake* to what seems a glaring impropriety on the despoiler's work.

A few years ago, my companion and self were located for a temporary sojourn in one of the lodging-houses adjoining an inn, a place much resorted to in those days by birds of passage like ourselves. Though one concern, the private was separated from the public part of the establishment. The landlord was then in the last stage of a consumption, surrounded by a wife and seven children. The lower apartments were occupied by the invalid, who had been long confined to his bed, and was a man much respected in his station. As we occupied the first floor, and had a servant in attendance, who was a shrewd, witty Irish girl, we saw little of either host or hostess.

One beautiful evening in July, I was endeavouring to *extort* music from the tintinabulary clatter of an old spinnet which had reigned in the last century. I had just extracted something like an Irish melody from this piece of lumber to the *distraction* of my own nerves and the ears of my companion, when the servant, entering the room with a quick and lively brogue, said, "Shure, ma'am, the masther's dead!"

Although unknown, and never having seen Mr. Cornelius O'Donoughue, yet there was something so

appalling in the grim visitant, that I withdrew from my occupation to reflect on the transient dream of life, how suddenly and unexpectedly we are called upon, and to regret the loss to his disconsolate widow and family. This brought on a train of thought to ourselves, and how we should feel on such an event. Retiring to rest with these melancholy reflections, we hoped that such calamities, although inevitable, were far distant from us.

We naturally supposed that silence and solemn grief were inseparable; but here "'twas no such thing." About twelve o'clock, when all should have been quiet, there arose an unusual noise and bustle; chairs and tables moving; cups, saucers, glasses and decanters seemed going the round of the house. I got up to inquire the meaning of the noise, and heard strange voices. I rang the bell and quietly called the servant, but she either could not or would not answer it, or was engaged in removing the furniture, so I gave up the attempt to make myself heard. Some other auxiliaries having arrived, there commenced a variety of sounds of the human voice pitched to its extreme altitude,—a confusion of tones known only to those who have had the felicity, like ourselves, of hearing the true *Irish howl*. The melancholy and mournful concert was diversified with the groanings and moaning of both sexes and all ages, every now and then varied by the key of A in alt, from some young babe in the lap of its mother. Having our auricular

faculties in the highest state of perfection, it was vain, as the noise become louder, attempting to sleep ; so we got up and sat at the window. Concluding the widow must have died of grief, we again opened the door and heard the following sounds over what is here called a *raking cup of tay* :—" Ah ! Cornalius, jewel, why did you die now and lave all thim beautiful crathers beyant ? Is it gone ye are ? Won't you be after spaken no more to your own ould Biddy who nursed you ? Och hone ! Och hone !" " Whist, Biddy dear, and don't take on so. Sorrow one drop of the dew will this cowl'd hand deal out to his poor servant Rooney,—d'ye hear me, master dear ?—Why did you die now ?" The crying, sobbing, screaming, and howling between these ejaculations, with the effluvia arising from the compounds they were drinking, were indescribably revolting, and we felt surprised that the widowed mourner would permit the dreadful disturbance.

As is customary in England, on the morrow I closed the drawing-room shutters, leaving only one small part unclosed. When the girl entered with the breakfast. " What's the maning of darkness, ma'am ?" said she. " Why, is it not the custom here to close the shutters ?" I asked. " Och murther, but that bates Bannaher and Ballinasloe entirely. Shure, if a man die, does it follow that the light is to be kept from the living ?" replied the girl, putting back the shutters. I desired her to leave the room, and inquire how her mistress was, but first to tell me the cause of the disturbance last night.

"Faith, ma'am, it was *waking* the masther we were ; as for the mistress, she's *quite well*." *Quite well !* I thought, that is very improbable, for of all sorrows this was the most heart-rending, and of all beings a widow was ever to me the most interesting, and the one which, above all others, excited our most tender sympathies. But oh ! *Erin ma vourneen !* shall I tell the truth ? Upon the servant's retreat, the buxom widow walked into the room, with a quick and firm step, saying, "Good morning to you, ma'am." I had never seen her but once before ; she was a tall, robust woman ; her eyes looked red, but not with present grief, though I have no doubt she felt keenly. I expressed my regret, and offered some words of consolation. "Ah, well," she replied, "God's will be done ! and we cannot help it ; he was as good a man as ere broke the world's bread and ate it, but had no call to life any how when thim spasms tuk him." In saying which, with the most perfect composure, and no outward and visible signs of tears, she with a quick eye to the order of my apartment, began to put aside some books, and place the chairs in their proper places. At last she turned round abruptly and said, "Shure now, you will come down and see the corpse, its illegantly laid out !" I felt my flesh creep at the request, and begged to be excused, as it was a sight I would rather avoid ; not that I had any terror, but being unknown to me, I did not see any necessity to be reminded of our mortality. "Make it convanient to yourself, ma'am," said she, with a haughty toss of

her head, "There was an English lady who lodged here last summer, who would have gone down with the *greatest pleasure!*" Finding the woman had neither soul, sentiment, or even common decency, I arose to follow her, right glad to get rid of her.

The body was laid out with the Catholic ceremonies. There were five large candles burning, and the hangings of the bed were festooned with flowers and ribbons. Pionys, holyhocks, sunflowers, and turncap lilies, were glaring all round the cold clay, the perfumes of which were quite overpowering. Five or six forms were arranged, and on the side-table was a large punch-bowl well filled, "Is it not illigant?" said the bereaved one; "they are all fresh from Clontarf this blessed morning:" alluding to the flowers.

Visitors of all ranks came in,—asked the lifeless corpse again, *Why he died?* gave a howl, took off a bumper of spirit to the departed one, and walked out again. "Och, Cornalius, dear! you'll niver stip in shoe leather again, I'll engage," said a true son of the sod. "Is it looking on the last of ye'es I am now,—that was once a dacent man any how? Ah, your sowl!—here's to ye.—And is it I, your friend Billy Brady, that lives to see the likes of this!—A pinch of blackguard, if you plase, mistress," said he, dipping his digits into the tin snuff-box of an old groaning woman who stood next him, and whose other creature-comfort at that time was Lundyfoot. She was just beginning to recount

some youthful pranks of the poor deceased, when I made my escape from the chamber of death to my own room.

The next day, about two and twenty *in* and *outside* cars were ranged along the street for the funeral, filled with all sorts and sizes of people, dressed in every colour (except black) under the sun, all as unlike mourners as possible.

"Where do they bury your master?" I asked. "Faith, only a stip or two from this, to that chapel beyant to the right," answered the maid. "Why the train appear to be moving in the opposite direction," said I. "So they do, ma'am," said she; "shure they are going all round the city; it is the last walk he'll have on this earth any how, and we give them enough of it;—not at all like you English, begging your pardon, who take home your friends and what's left of them the shortest way for the nearest."

Now, although they can and do give good reasons and show no want of feeling in their vindication of these forms and ceremonies, yet they failed to make the same impression on the mind of my companion and myself, we therefore hastened immediately out of the house to avoid the return of the cavalcade, and to prepare without delay for our expedition to get the *shortest* and *nearest* possible way to our own English home, putting up a most fervent prayer, that we might, according to the Irish toast, soon see, "The land we live in."

The Last Request.

" Ah? why did you die now?"—IRISH LAMENT.

YE friends in the Isle of green Erin,
 Among ye of late I sojourn!
 If the spark of my life disappearing,
 And ye should think proper to mourn,
 One favour I ask from each hand,
 A promise, I hope, you will make me,
 That, if I should die in your land,
 You will not attempt for to—*wake me!*

For a native of Britain am I,
 And yet, an unprejudiced daughter;
 It matters not where we may die,—
 On that, or on this, side the water;
 All creeds I respect and commend,
 To church and to chapel they take me,
 In all, and in each, I've a friend,
 But, in friendship's name, pray do not—*wake me!*

" When at Rome we should do as Rome do,"
 And customs should never be thwarted;
 I like not your howlings, 'tis true,
 About a poor body departed;
 The moanings and groanings of these
 With a feeling of horror o'ertake me:
 Then let me entreat, if you please,
 If I die, that you never will—*wake me!*

The calm silence, the beauty of death,—
O'er me let it ne'er be invaded,
Or the words of the last dying breath
By the mockings of grief be degraded ;
You may sigh, if you like, you may weep ;
But remember, if life should forsake me,
In the stillness of death let me sleep,
Then, for Heaven's sake, pray do not—*wake me !*

Irish Guides.

" By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

LET no one who travels in Ireland for amusement refuse the services of a guide, even though he be well acquainted with the place he is about to visit, for three reasons. As Washington Irving observes, "There is nothing like resolute good-humoured credulity in these matters;" secondly, it is a hundred chances to one you hear the same account of the same place, even by the same person, so prolific is the imagination of these men, who have none other employment, in the winter, than sitting over a turf fire, inventing stories of their own upon the legends antecedent for the visitors in the summer, "*because, as they say, they don't like to be after hearing the same story sason after sason ;*" and,

lastly, for the best of all reasons, by the very shilling you give, you are the means of affording a week's sustenance, such as it is, in the fruit of the earth, to a family of sometimes eight, and seldom less than seven, persons; for one shilling, in the remote districts, where want is universal and comforts unknown, will go as far towards support, as three shillings would in England, or in the more civilized parts of the country. Therefore, for your own amusement, in hearing what the inventive faculty can do, even of the most illiterate, for the interest the romantic or ludicrous fable throws over the scene, and for the relief extended to a fellow-creature in distress, *never refuse a guide.*

Mr. Lover, in his admirable legend of "King O'Toole," mentions "having taken that celebrated guide and bore, Joe Irwin, who traced his descent, in a direct line, from one of the rale ould ancient Irish kings." This person has been dead some time; but that circumstance does not prevent a host of other Joe Irwins reigning in his stead, and all assuming the same appellation. Mr. Lover having immortalized the original Joe, by introducing him in his legend, has also rendered an important service to this community; for almost every traveller to the Seven Churches and Glendalough inquires for this person. The guides, never deficient in wit, in order to supply the demand for the deceased, all answer to the same name; and, in fear of there being a death in future, by the same rule they christen and

baptize every male child born in the parish Joe Irwin; so there is no fear of the title being extinct, or a want of successors, in that prolific country, to the distinguished situation of legendary guide to Glendalough. Having, in repeated excursions with English friends, seen the gloomy churches and melancholy lake, gloomy as ruins always are and melancholy as the lake ever is, from its waters being nearly black, "where no skylark warbles o'er," and having heard the origin of these horrors described by the genii of the place, we were not anxious for other variety when once more in the vicinity. The gentlemen of our party wishing to kill some trout in that beautiful stream which runs through the Vale of Avoca, our car was drawn up to watch their skill in fly-fishing, nearly at the head of the lane leading to Glendalough, where the swarm of guides usually commence the attack for customers; and here we were in hopes not only to give rest to our horse, but to take our luncheon in peace and quietness from the well of the car, which, on these excursions, we always took care to have well supplied.

It was about the end of autumn, when the variegated tints of the sear and yellow leaf, in the well-wooded county of Wicklow, appear so beautiful in shade to a true lover of nature, when, in the glowing sunshine of mid-day, the whole landscape looks as if it was tinged and fringed with burnished gold; the very fish, *when caught* in the stream, appear to partake of the same golden hue, while the patient

anglers, in the repose of this enchanting scenery, seemed napping over their rods in easy, quiet, yet eager hope, of some glorious nibble to come, possessing a bravery, almost heroic, in defying cold, gout, and rheumatism, as they stood ankle deep in the stream, in this most absorbing, and most stupid of all amusements.

Our meditations were soon interrupted : the young scouts, seeing our bonnets above the hedgerow, soon passed the telegraphic signal of visitors in the offing ; and, like the Egyptian locusts, the tribe of guides appeared in sight, their tattered garments fluttering in the breeze, and soon surrounded us. My fair English companion, who had some foolish English antipathies as to "gangs of Irishmen," drew out her purse, to bribe their departure. "No, no," said I, "they must not go until I have had some conversation with them ; make me your almoner, if you like ; I will ensure you the value in amusement, and warrant your perfect security : we have not so much wit in our own country, that we can afford to pass it over in another."

"Will you want a guide to the Siven Churches, ma'am," said a stout lad, about eighteen, with a fine open countenance, as regarded a Muster mouth, a sun-burnt skin, and a fiery red head, "*I'm the rale Joe Irwin.*" "You must have been ground young again," said I, "if you are he, for he was seventy when I saw him last." "Sure, I'm his son, and that's all the same." "Ah, go along wid you,

Dennis," said an old man, about sixty, pushing the lad on one side, "go along wid you, to be afther mislading the quality wid your mulvatherin; sure, ma'am, its *I* that is the ould original Joe Irwin, born agin; it was from my word o' mouth Misther Lover tuk his book, so he did." "Well done, Darby," said Dennis, "who's mulvatherin now?" The last comer wore a long grisly gray beard of a month's growth; his long gray hairs were partly hid under an old *caubeen*, with half a rim round what, in days of yore, might have passed for a hat of decent pretension; a remnant of a long tattered gray frieze coat, denuded of buttons, cuff, and collar, was fastened over the left breast with a wooden skewer, easily, and not too tight, to prevent the inward man from luxuriating in that indescribable *shrug* so peculiar to that class of his countrymen, a shrug that indicates, whatever our apparel might gain by a nearer association, the more respectful the distance kept the better for our individual comfort; it was, therefore, advisable, in this particular, that poor old Darby's visit should be "like angels, few and far between." "Stand out of the way, boys, till I help the darlin cratur's off a the car to see the lake, while I tell them all about St. Kevin." "My good man, spare yourself the trouble; we do not intend to get off the car; but if you will disperse your friends, we will engage you to tell us any news of the place: the lake we have seen; and as for St. Kevin, I beg you will not mention his name." "Why for now?"

said the astonished guide. "Because he was a great sinner, and ought to have been drowned." "Oh, holy St. Kevin, hear the ban that's put upon your beauteous name! What did he do to deserve the likes?" "He drowned a namesake of mine in the lake." "Is it Kathleen?" "Yes," said I, "it was very ungentlemanly conduct of the Saint. I am sure he could not have been an Irishman." "Faith and troth," answered Darby, "he was all that, out and out entirely; but sure, ma'am, you know right well, it is a saint he was, and was no marrying man, and had no claim to the lady, by the same token of his vows to live single; and, sure, what right then had the woman to tase him to marry the likes of her? Come, till I show you where he tuk his last sleep, and where he pushed the cratur off a the cliff for being so bould as to waken him whin he was taking his comfortable nap afther dinner."

"Not a word more about sinner Kevin, if you please, Mr. Darby. Taste this," said I, handing him a glass of wine, "and then tell us what you know of the round towers." "Its mortal bitter," said he, smacking his lips; "may be a second glass would not be so bad, I'd get used to the taste." "Doubtless," said I, filling again. "Now, by your lave, ma'am, I'll put away the bread and beef for my dinner," said he, unskewering his coat and filling a wallet underneath, "then the wife and childer will get a taste." Darby drew his sleeve across his mouth, and, giving himself a settling shrug, commenced

“ Well, you see as how, ma’am, once upon a time, there was an ould ancient,—” but, out of kind compassion to my readers, I could not think of inflicting Darby’s tirade of the towers upon them; suffice it to say, it would shame Major Longbow of recent date, and put Baron Munchausen of former times to the blush. No writer of fiction, past, present, or to come, could have rivalled our ingenious guide in invention. If he had one favourite aversion more than another, it was telling truth, which he never did, even by accident. The gaping wonder and belief with which we appeared to listen, together with the wine, seemed to inspire him with “ ideas beautiful and new.” Never shall I forget his gestures, which were only impeded from a sense of decency, for a more exuberant action would have betrayed his shirtless arms and hoseless limbs to our sight; and while he was amusing us by his humour and cheerfulness, our hearts were seared by his looks, which indicated famine, his dress beggary, and his age and appearance penury in the extreme, how could we laugh? and yet we did most heartily, for it was impossible to refrain from some of his flights of fancy, ludicrous associations, and witty comparisons: poor fellow, he had exerted great humour and ingenuity to divert us, and was most grateful for the trifle received; but as the replenishment of wine on an empty stomach was beginning to exhilarate him to a more noisy mirth than was agreeable, it was advisable to dispense with his company as delicately as possible.

"Och, ma'am," said he, "I'll never be aisy in my mind till I get you to come down to the lake, and forgive St. Kevin." "Now, Darby," I replied, with as grave a look as I could put on, "it strikes me, that you want to drown me in the lake, as St. Kevin did my namesake; and, now I look at you again, I firmly believe I have seen your face before, and that you are the *real St. Kevin!*" "Is it me? Do you say so? Do you see any likeness?" said he, apparently overjoyed. "To be sure, I do; the greatest likeness about the beard." "Och, Gramachree ma cushla! my fortune's made entirely. Many thanks to darlin' of the world for saying so. Och, I'll niver look behind me afther this; I'm no more Joe Irwin, but the rale Saint himself!" Rejoiced at the discovery, away he ran up to a carriage and four, which then approached, calling out, "My Lords and Gintlemen, will I be your guide to the Lake and the Siven Churches? Sure thim's all only Joe Irwin's," pointing to the tribe. "I am the rale ould ancient original holy St. Kevin himself, for there's the lady who knows me, and who will go bail for me if I am not that same entirely!"

A Picture.

THE peasant's home in England !
How cheering is the sight.
When labour o'er, how gratefully,
Is shared the household light.
The ticking clock behind the door,
The chest of drawers by day,
A couch at night, where infants rest,
And by its side they pray.

The peasant's home in Ireland !
How desolate the hearth !
No labour there his mind employs,
His bed the cold bare earth.
A pan which boils his only meal,
His seat a block of wood,
A small turf fire watched carefully
To warm his daily food.

The peasant's garb in England !
What cleanliness is there.
What industry and household thrift
To keep all in repair.
In decent serge or russet clad,
And home-knit woollen hose,
While wooden clogs secure from cold,
Defying winter snows.

The peasant's garb in Ireland !
How sinks the heart to see
The tattered rags together hung
In dirt and misery.
One threadbare garment which has been
A coat in better days,
The squalid form attempts to hide,
And naked feet displays.

Look on this picture, absentees !
Look, and compare it well,
Then ask yourselves, in other climes,
In peace how can ye dwell ?
How can ye see your nation droop,
Nor raise a helping hand
Your fellow creatures to relieve
And bless the fertile land ?

The Winter Clouds.

WITH wintry storm and tempest teeming,
Away, ye dark and angry clouds !
In fearful, sad, prophetic dreaming
Your gloomy shade my mind enshrouds.
Quench ye the earth's unceasing thirsting—
Pour down your floods on moor and tree ;
Pour down your torrent rage, though bursting,
But not upon the dark blue sea.

In varied shapes your vapour falling,
 Away, ye rolling heavy mass ;
 O'er ocean's horrors, though appalling,
 There let your threat'ning terrors pass.
 Like lowering hill and fleecy mountain,
 In boundless heights extremity,
 Wash the high rocks, increase the fountain,
 But leave the lonely dark blue sea.

Sweeping the mountain and the valley,
 From whate'er mysterious source ;
 Unite, divide, or gathering rally,
 Away, nor linger in your course ;
 Glide o'er the billows, silent swelling,
 Awaken not their treachery ;
 Pass on, where kindred storms are dwelling,
 Pass gently o'er the dark blue sea.

On Reading Moore's Life of Byron.

Go forth to the world ! as a lesson each page
 Mementos of high-minded genius and truth ;
 A beacon, a light to the forthcoming age,
 And plead for the follies of passion and youth.

Go forth ! with reproach to maternity's ear,
 And tell her, entreaties and tenderness mild
 Had calmed the rude whirlwind of discord and fear,
 And saved from despair the too sensitive CHILDE.

Go forth to the eyes ! where affection should beam
 Still bright, (tho' untoward the truant may roam ;)
 More kind thro' adversity's sorrowing stream
 The talisman light and the sunshine of home.

Go forth and be hallowed ! the magic of mind
 Developed in comments, in treasures of lore ;
 By the pure light of friendship and genius enshrined,
 While inscribed to a SCOTT and compiled by a
 MOORE.

Glencree.

THERE's tumult in the multitude,
 There's danger on the sea,
 Peace dwells within thy lovely glen,
 Sweet valley of Glencree !

The mountain heather scents the breeze,
 The wild bird's wing is free,
 In thee all nature seems at rest,
 Sweet valley of Glencree !

No worldly pomps and vanities,
 To which the heartless flee,
 Overshadow thy lone loneliness,
 Sweet valley of Glencree !

No broils or discord tarry here,
Or foes to fate's decree ;
O'er thee contentment spreads her smile,
Sweet valley of Glencree !

" Vale of my heart," surnamed so true,
With competence give me
Thy fertile and sequestered scene,
Sweet valley of Glencree !

Sighs and Tears.

Sigh on, although in vain,
And weep, though what are tears ?
The crystal drops from sorrow's drain
That wears our passing years.

Sigh on ! sighs give relief,
And weep, for 'tis the balm,
The only source to pour our grief,
An aching heart to calm.

Sigh on ! the southern breeze
Refreshes nature's flowers,
So hearts revive, like forest trees,
From dews of tears and showers.

Acrostics.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUMS OF TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN GOING
TO SCHOOL, WITH THE DEVICE OF A HARP AND URN—
EMBLEMATICAL OF LIFE AND DEATH.

REMEMBER! dear R——, when far, far away,
In the fair sunny climate of France as you stray,
Collecting wit, wisdom, and science refined,
How many dear friends you are leaving behind.
All those who will welcome, and wish your return,
Revere—by the Harp—while in life they sojourn,
Departed—then think of K. H— by this Urn.

Farewell, my dear F——, the time it may come,
Regret will o’ertake you in leaving your home ;
Endeared as it is, by kindnesses past,
Dear ! far more dear ! when apart you are cast.
Endeavour to write and reflect on this book,
Rich treasures to gain, to reward each kind look ;
In the Harp and the Urn, then living or dead,
Cherish one thought in friendship, for your’s, K. H.—

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**The late Countess D’Ameland.**

“All that’s bright must fade.”

THIS amiable lady was a lineal descendant of the  
once-reigning family of Scotland, and daughter of  
the late Earl of Dunmore. When Lady Augusta  
Murray, she was married to the present Duke of



Sussex, at Rome, and afterwards at St. George's, Hanover-square, London, which marriage was soon after pronounced null and void. For the last three years she had resided on the continent, for the education of her daughter, whom she superintended solely, and for the restoration of her own visibly declining health.

With mingled feelings of respect for her worth, sorrow for her sufferings, and regret that so faultless a being should have felt the anxieties and disappointments of this life so severely, I feel my humble pen, in this tribute of respect, inadequate to the task of eulogizing her revered memory; and, although there are none exempt from affliction, yet it is a painful reflection on ambition to think, that she married too highly, too nobly to be happy.

Had the constitutional government of Great Britain permitted our rulers to marry as happily as their subjects; had they not bound them in the golden chain of royalty, by imposing regal trammels on their affections; had they suffered "their inclinations to remain in their power," this might have been the most happy of all unions; for her ladyship was one whom to see was to respect, and to know, to love;—generous without ostentation, exemplary in conduct, and, in the manners and courtesies of refined life, elegant without affectation;—accomplished in every grace and ornament that could adorn the mind of woman;—beautiful in person, and affable to all.

For the sake of such excellence we must regret the state policy which broke the solemn compact united in youth, cemented by affection, and sealed in honour.

The Countess D'Ameland has left one son, high in the British army, handsome in person and rich in mental acquirements, "the flower of English nobility:" a daughter, unequalled in affectionate solicitude and devotion to the best of mothers, who is now the honourable and the lovely Augusta D'Este.

In the decay of a beautiful woman there is something mournfully interesting: it is like contemplating a splendid ruin of Gothic magnificence by moonlight, waning in melancholy grandeur, soon to be overshadowed in darkness and oblivion, "leaving not a wreck behind."

With the numerous instances of her unexampled benevolence in France and Italy her name will ever be united with prayers and blessings; for "she did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." With these acts of kindness, I cannot but remember a presentiment of eternal rest which seemed to breathe over her amiable spirit like the calm of an approaching sunset. These thoughts have frequently surprised the most wise and sceptical, in the strange and awful fulfilment of predictions of the future. On her passage home, she said, "I am going to England to die." I begged her ladyship would not allow such desponding thoughts to banish hope. She said,

"For you who have health, youth, and the world before you, hope may be a fluttering meteor; but I, who have neither health, youth, nor happiness, except in my children, all hope is vain, save of the world to come. Yet I am happy in the thought of going home to England to die." After attempting to cheer her drooping spirits by relating the changes which had taken place since her absence, I arose to retire. Laying her beautiful hand on my arm, she said, "Pray do stay: you know not how grateful to my ears is the voice of an Englishwoman, after these noisy Italians and chattering French." "But your ladyship must not forget, in this compliment at the expense of other nations, that there are yet some 'eagles in the dovecotes' of England who can 'flutter their voices' with any women of Coriole."

From Italy, France, and Ireland to Liverpool, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the calm subsiding of all her future interest in this sublunary world. During her sojourn in Liverpool, she felt much pleasure in being carried in a sedan chair to see the Necropolis at Everton and the Cemetery at St. James's. These repositories of the dead were peculiarly interesting to her.

"What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?"

After a few days deliberate travelling she found herself once more in England and at home: she had

gained her haven of rest in this world, and then resignedly and happily prepared for the approaching hour which was to sever her from the only ties to which she could cling for comfort and consolation,—her children.

Her eventful life is now closed ; the fairest form of earth's finest mould is now no more ; but

“The soul, secured in her existence,  
——— shall flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

She has shared the sympathy of thousands, and well deserved the love of all. To the poor, the friendless, and the forsaken she was a kind friend ; and, while the tears of affection fall to the memory of this inestimable lady, there are many far distant who will participate in the grief for her loss, and few more sincerely than the feeble author of this last poor but faithful tribute of respect.



### **Elegiac Stanzas.**

DEATH claims his prize, the fairest flower  
That ever gemm'd its kindred earth,  
The beauteous blossom of an hour :  
An angel smiled upon her birth.

Closed is that blue and brilliant eye,  
Pale is the soft and blooming cheek :  
Hush'd is that voice whose latest sigh  
Breathed in its suffering calm and meek.

Ye sorrowing mourners, weep no more,  
Afflictions with her being cease ;  
Weep not ! she is but gone before,  
Preparing for your future peace.

Vain all regrets ! in vain your tears !  
Nought can recall the lov'd one now ;  
The Almighty closed her vale of years,  
And to His will, His power we bow.

Then weep no more ! such fate is given  
To mortals, ere the bud is blown :  
A visitor she came from heaven,—  
Back to her home the angel's flown.

---

### *The Evening of Parting.*

'Tis the evening of parting :—O, bid me not sing,  
Or again join the train of the gay !  
For, believe me, to *this* hour remembrance will cling  
When in absence I muse far away.  
That strain must be sad, though a meeting like this  
Doth repay some few pangs of the past,  
While a thought or a tear dims the bright cup of bliss,  
That this meeting, perchance, is our last.

I must brave the dark billows—the rage of the sea,  
And endure the caprice of the wind ;  
Even there—even then will *this* hour bring to me  
Sweet reflection on those left behind.  
Thus so near to our parting, O, bid me not sing  
While regret fills the tear in mine eye ;  
Not so lightly again can the hand touch the string,  
When the heart is subdued by a sigh.

Then, farewell ! but whenever you welcome *this* hour,  
With the bard's sweetest minstrelsy bound,  
Oh ! breathe but my name, and by sympathy's power  
Heart and lute shall both echo the sound.  
Then, farewell ! though the sun on our parting has set,  
Yet remember me thus when afar ;  
In your meetings of melody never forget  
The loved strains of sweet Erin go Bragh.

---

**To an Infant Sleeping.**

INFANT ! while thine eyes are closing,  
Sleep in innocence reposing,  
Tell me of thy gentle dreaming  
Ere the morning's light is beaming,  
Why convulsive start in slumber,  
What new fears thy rest encumber,  
What strange visions overtake thee,  
What wild fancies now awake thee ?  
Is thy varied life revealing,

Checkered scenes in vain concealing ?  
Are thine hopes to be defeated,  
Or thy future prospects cheated ?  
Like the fluttering of a dove  
In happy smiles thy dimples move.  
Blest sweetly by some unknown thought  
What new impulse has it caught ?  
Thy heart oppressed now heaves a sigh,  
The crystal tear fills in thine eye,  
Would that thy little tongue could speak,  
All thy young sorrows I would seek.  
While lightly thus my footfalls tread  
To guard thy quiet, peaceful bed,  
Sleep unconscious of caressing !  
Sleep beneath a holy blessing !  
Sleep—the dormant chain hath bound thee—  
While soft prayers are breathed around thee ?  
Sleep on, and may no power destroy  
Thy dream of life, sweet baby boy !  
Although on earth 'tis but a span  
From infant—child—from boy to man.  
Morning dawns—thy rest is breaking.  
Thus upon the world awaking,  
Heaven, in its love, award thee  
Health and Peace, with Fame to guard thee !

**On the Death of the Right Hon. William  
Huskisson, M.P.**

"In the midst of life we are in death."

Oh ! build not your hopes on the dawn of to-morrow,  
Nor dwell on the phantom *to-day* ;  
The sun may go down in the dark hour of sorrow,  
And set on our deepest dismay.

Oh ! dream not of visions of joy and delight,  
Anticipate pleasures no more ;  
The keen arrow of death those feelings may blight,  
To mourn o'er the lost we deplore.

The book of futurity wisely is hidden :  
Vain mortals ! how little we know  
How soon we may rush to the Presence unbidden,  
Or call'd by some unforeseen wo !

And, warmly as heaven's first beam of the morn,  
He greeted each friend of his heart ;  
Nor thought, while among them his virtues adorn,  
So soon, and for ever, to part !

To celebrate national science and worth,  
Festivity crowning his will,  
Thus, fearless of danger, he kindly went forth,  
To patronize talent and skill.



The wave of the hand and the smile of the eye  
We ne'er shall encounter again ;  
To the kind recognition, in passing us by,  
We turn in remembrance and pain.

The flower of the senate, the pride of the bar,  
The mind's emanation which shone  
A ray of true glory ; of honour, the star  
On which we depended alone.

Though a national loss our sorrows reveal,  
For which time alone brings relief ;  
Yet *her* whom *he* cherished, for *her* we must feel,  
And commiserate *truly* *HER* *grief*.

---

**To J. Sheridan Knowles, Esq.**

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

ON the cold earth if once the diamond shine  
In the pellucid stream or orient mine,  
If lapidarian skill or magic art  
Can more prismatic colours there impart,  
How treasured then becomes the brilliant gem,—  
Reserved to grace a monarch's diadem !  
Not so, where brightest rays of genius gleam,  
Shining mysterious through dark sorrow's stream,

Lighting the steep and rugged path of fame  
Through which the care-worn bard earns but a  
name!

And thus the modern Shakspeare of our time,  
Compelled by fate to seek a distant clime,  
Whose feelings, taste, and energy his own  
Would add new lustre to a British throne.  
Greatest of all, where all are bright and fair,  
His genius still would reign triumphant there.  
Stars, garters, ribbons, honours, "belted knights"  
A king invests as valour claims their rights:  
Beyond the regal power or wealth combined  
To give a poet's fire—a poet's mind.  
The little pebble, thrown into the lake,  
Though seen no more, increasing circles make;  
So let us hope, that, like the pebble cast,  
Unnumbered friends may yet exceed the past.  
In foreign lands, in strangers he may find  
The homage due to his ennobled mind.  
Long may their plaudits on his ear remain,  
While silver links concentrate friendship's chain.  
Columbia's joyous welcome waits him now,—  
The land where liberty adorns each brow.  
There with congenial fire shall bosoms swell  
To see *his* portrait of the patriot Tell.  
Transport them from their independent strand—  
In his Virginius breathe the classic land,  
Or in the more domesticated scene  
Immortalized in *he* of Bethnal Green.  
Pre-eminent the Wife and Julia's love,—

An emanation from the gods above,—  
Where woman's confidence and truth reveal  
The love and sorrow she would fain conceal ;  
Depicting to the wondering eyes of men  
The great creations of his mind and pen.  
Thus, on your shores the gem among you cast,  
Reward him for the struggles he has past.  
Be it your boast and country's pride to say,  
" *We gave new glories to the brightening ray.*"  
In records let your patronage be told,  
He wrote for bread, ye gave not stone—but gold.  
So shall Columbia live in fame's renown—  
To ages yet unknown be handed down,  
And firm united may each new-born state  
With liberal hand direct the poet's fate,  
Receive with honours the distinguished guest,  
While gratitude o'erwhelms his generous breast.  
On him and his, may health nor fortune spare  
The independence he may gather there,  
And for example thus to merit due  
Show the old country the surpassing new.  
And though our own—a nation's loss we mourn,  
Hope whispers still—again he may return.

**National Emblem.**

TO J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.

WHERE soars the eagle in the glorious west,—  
 The Cap of Liberty a nation's crest,—  
 In wandering near Columbia's forests wide  
 A wayward thought of home, perchance, may glide.  
 If Erin's *trefoil* spring beneath thy feet,  
 Or England's oak should prove a cool retreat;  
 If thistle-down on zephyrs should o'ertake,  
 Let them affection and remembrance wake.  
 As Scotia's emblem passes by in air,  
 Give it thy smile—thy earnest, heart-felt prayer;  
 And for Old England's oak—her rose's leaf—  
 A sigh on them may give thy heart relief.  
 By nature's impulse thine own land revere—  
 For Erin's woes the shamrock claims thy tear.

---

**To a First Born.**

THOU art welcome, little stranger,  
 With thy sweetly smiling face,  
 To a busy world of grief and care,  
 Therein to take thy place!  
 To share its fame and glory,  
 Its pleasures and its charms:  
 Thou art welcome to thy mother's breast  
 And to thy father's arms.

Thou art welcome, little stranger,  
    'Mid the humble and the proud,  
As one of many millions here  
    To join the heartless crowd ;  
To fill the place of others  
    In death but gone before,  
Thou art welcome to each relative,  
    A blessing to adore.

Thou art welcome, little stranger,  
    And may happiness be thine,  
Around thee are examples fair,  
    The best and rarest shine ;  
Inheritance of honours,  
    If thou can'st follow them,  
Thou hast innocence, thy best safeguard,  
    And virtue's diadem.

Thou art welcome, little stranger,  
    To thy mother's fondest care,  
To thy father's first protecting hand,  
    His hope, his joy to share.  
Thy pathway lies before thee,  
    The just or the unjust,  
With the faith in Heaven above thee,  
    And God to put thy trust.

**To Scots Friends.**

BRAW chiels o' bonny Scotland !  
 Noo ken ye wha thus greets ye ?  
 Tho' far awa', an' seas divide,  
 Wha langs again to meet ye ?  
 To hear your jest, an' crack, an' glee,  
 An' mirth baith late an' earlie;  
 Wha hopes ance mair ye're smiles to see  
 An' bonny faces fairlie.

Braw chiels o' bonny Scotland !  
 When last we met thegither  
 Health glowed on ilka manly cheek  
 Like bloom upon the heather.  
 Weel favoured carles, a' leal and true,  
 Wi' leapin' hearts set rightly,  
 When in ye'r ain strathspeys an' reels  
 I saw ye trip it lightly.

Fra Glasgo' until Edinbro'  
 To Aberdeen awa' then,  
 Thro' weal or wo, whate'er betide,  
 Guid wishes tend ye a' men :  
 For ye, an' yours, an' a' ye'r clan,  
 (Guid faith, an' they are mony,)  
 But maist for those on Mersey's banks,  
 The better far than bonny.

Braw chiels o' bonny Scotland !  
When night brings on the gloamin',  
Your absent friends dinna forget  
In ither lands a roamin' ;  
For then it is we think of ye  
Within a happy dwellin',  
Gatherin' round a cheerfu' fire,  
When ane the news is tellin'.

On friends who were an' are na mair,  
Ithers to fortune risin',  
Some lad or lassie happy made,  
Or matters mor surprisin'.  
An' noo the toddy circles round  
The hospitable table,  
For weel the cogie ye can fill  
An' empty too the ladle !

Braw chiels o' bonny Scotland !  
Wi' those whom I lo'e dearly,  
Let twalmonths pass away, an' then  
I hope to meet ye yearly.  
Hech, sirs ! but wha can speer till then ?  
Tho' noo baith hail and hardie,  
Grim Death may ca' for ye before,  
An' e'en your wand'rin' bardie !

Puir bodies ! how we reckon on,  
Nor think foreby the morrow  
May grieve us sair, or lowly laid,  
In sickness or in sorrow.

For all o' ye, whate'er may be,—  
Where'er, no matter what land,  
I'll never cease to think o' ye,  
Braw chiels o' bonny Scotland !

Gude night, an' joy be wi' ye a',  
Gude cheer while you're partakin' ;  
Gude health may bring her gowden store,  
Gude sillar while you're makin'.  
Gude fortune guide, with hearts so leal,  
To guide, no matter what land,  
For auld lang syne, then, fare ye weel,  
Braw chiels o' bonny Scotland !

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### *The Philosophy of Flowers.*

Come forth into the garden—let us breathe the  
    vernal air,  
The Spring hath clad each shrub and tree, and  
    scatter'd blossoms there ;  
Look down upon these rosebuds—see, they just  
    begin to peep,  
Like infants newly waking, from their early  
    morning's sleep,  
And so our young hopes promised, ere the bloom of  
    youth had flown,  
Before the cold realities of this dull world were  
    known.



And here are varied pansies, flowers of the pensive  
mood,  
With, Janus-like, two faces hid, beneath the velvet  
hood ;  
Beware how you receive these flowers of heart's  
ease to your breast,  
A bee may there conceal its sting, and mar the  
bosom's rest,  
For so lurks dark deception, concealed in specious  
guise,  
Its outward garb of honesty, sincerity implies.

Now mark the little fairy flower, in this unweeded spot,  
Like genius disregarded, the sweet forget-me-not ;  
How diffident it seems to grow, unwilling to appear,  
As though it were intruding, where the gayest  
should appear ;  
And thus does patient merit dwell, unnoticed in the  
shade,  
No eye to mark its latent worth, or tear to see it fade.

But see the glorious sunflower, seems bursting on  
our sight,  
Its graceful bending form is turned, thus ever to  
the light,  
In adoration to the east would morning homage pay,  
Gently declining to the west, bows to the day's decay ;  
So let the spring time of our youth in gratitude be  
given,  
And thus the autumn of our lives devoted be to heaven.

Through nature, up to nature's God, then let us  
ever look,  
While the abundant earth supplies an ever open book,  
To teach us we were born to live, to bloom, to fade,  
and die ;  
And like the spring to rise again, in realms beyond  
the sky,  
To guide us in our paths of peace, and treasure  
passing hours,  
And learn in every morning's walk *philosophy from  
flowers.*

---

### The Rose of England.

THE rose, the rose of England !  
The queen of nature's flowers ;  
It buds and blooms in conscious pride,  
Refreshed by morning showers.  
Though rare exotics meet mine eye,  
And varied tints disclose,  
Their beauties all unheeded lie  
Beside the lovely rose.

The rose, the rose of England !  
Where'er it meets my view,  
My country shines before me then —  
My patriot heart beats true.  
My nation's emblem reigns supreme,  
And brings, where'er it grows,  
Remembrance of my childhood's dream,  
Fresh as the lovely rose.

The rose, the rose of England !  
Thrice welcome everywhere,  
When trained around the cottage door,  
Or in the gay parterre ;  
With trefoil or the thistle twined,  
It still refulgent glows,  
First in the union thus combined,  
The peerless, lovely rose.

The rose, the rose of England !  
Where'er my lot be cast,  
Associations it revives,  
The present and the past ;  
Awakens, on a distant strand,  
The tear that, gushing, flows  
In absence from my native land,  
Where blooms the lovely rose.

---

**Music.**

“ Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its birth  
Links it with regions more bright than earth.”

MRS. HEMANS.

MUSIC !—thy very name hath power  
To wake the soul to extacy,  
To soothe the mind in sorrow's hour  
By sounds of heartfelt sympathy.

I love thee !—in the hour of grief,  
In wildly sad, or pensive strain,  
When plaintive tones can yield relief  
From clouds of thought—in woe or pain.

I love thee !—mid the clang of arms,  
When beat of drum proclaims dread war,  
The brazen trumpet's loud alarms  
The martial band, when heard afar.

I love thee !—in the battle field,  
When in battalions foes advance,  
Inspiring sounds ! accompanied  
By cymbal's clash, or war-horse prance.

I love thee !—in the hour of mirth,  
When friends and relatives unite,  
Dear ties—that still embellish earth,  
Who, with thy charm, impart delight

I love thee !—in the merry dance,  
Where elegance and ease combin'd,  
In vain concealing, at one glance,  
The graceful movements of the mind.

I love thee !—in the serenade,  
In ballad sweet, or lay of love,  
The wayward song of renegade,  
Of nightingale, or cushat dove.

I love thee!—in the hour of prayer,  
When like the seraph wing 'tis given,  
The mind and body to prepare,  
And train our thoughts from earth to heaven.



**The Mother of the Gracchi.**

No more, no more, my glorious chief,—  
Those sighs offend a matron's ear,  
Why should ye mourn, when death's relief  
Can end my earthly sufferings here?

Shame on the tears that would unman,  
The Gracchi's tenderness disclose:  
Arouse! let feelings ne'er trepan,—  
The warrior's death is but repose.

Rome must not see her valiant son  
By soft maternal love subdued;  
No,—brighter conquests must be won  
Ere ye can quell the stormy feud.

Look to thy glorious nation's cause,  
Defend her freedom and her fame;  
See no usurper frames her laws,  
And brand her glory with his name.

I ask no tribute to my bier,  
While yet my country, suffering, weeps ;  
Point but thy sword, and say—Lo ! here,  
The mother of the Gracchi sleeps.

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### Natural Affections.

“ And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

SHAKESPEARE.

I LOVE the trees, the forest trees,  
Waving their heads on high ;  
For, as their leaves fall by the breeze,  
They tell us all must die !

I love the flowers, the summer flowers,  
Of every hue and shade,  
Though bright from showers, in winter hours,  
They tell us all must fade.

I love the streams, the fair blue streams,  
Which through the valleys stray ;  
Their sparkling gleams, like morning dreams—  
Like us they pass away.

I love the field, the fresh green field,  
With verdant carpet spread ;  
To earth we yield, when death hath sealed  
The weary, wo-worn head.

I love the sea, the boundless sea,  
The dark, unfathomed deep ;  
Home of the free ! the grave we see  
Where thousand treasures sleep.

I love the stars, the evening star,  
Which lights the ethereal dome ;  
Though seasons war, it shines afar,  
And guides us to our home.

I love the moon, the shining moon,  
Its gift—the silver light ;  
Though pale at noon, the day's last boon  
To cheer the waning night.

I love the sun, the glorious sun,  
From Heaven the high bequest ;  
The day is done, its race is run,  
Like it we sink to rest :

Like it to rise—to rise again  
In realms beyond the sky,  
Where, free from pain, we there shall reign ;  
Then who would fear to die ?

Trees, flowers, and streams—fields, stars, and sea,  
To nature's changes true ;  
Emblems to all mortality,  
Omnipotent to view.

### *On the Mast of the Victory.*

ON SEEING THE MAST OF THE VICTORY PRESERVED, SUR-  
MOUNTED BY THE BUST OF NELSON, IN THE HALL OF  
WINDSOR CASTLE.

HERE stands the perforated mast !  
A ball has pierced it through,  
Hurling destruction as it past,  
And then the victor slew !

Majestic branches, from it torn,—  
Lord of the forest trees !  
Are withered now, and it has borne  
“ The battle and the breeze.”

Its verdant leaves—their shade once spread  
In sylvan woodland green—  
Around it, too, have heroes bled,  
When carnage was the scene !

Once, from its giddy, towering height  
The youthful seaman brave,  
Beneath it saw, with pride elate,  
His home—perchance his grave !

Thus reigning over flood and field,  
Amid this pomp and state,  
It Nelson's glories hath revealed,  
And now stands desolate.



And well the *Victory* upholds  
The sightless block of stone,  
Which, of the sculptor's art, unfolds  
A monument alone.

Victorious conquest crowned its name,  
As monarch of the flood ;  
And here it fills a niche in fame—  
A shattered piece of wood !

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**Grand Field-day in Dublin.**

“ Lord of the mighty heart and mind,  
And theme of every song,  
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,  
I see thee bound along ;  
Thy helmet plume is seen afar,  
That never bore a stain,  
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,  
Which never fell in vain.”

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

**DURING** the late Lieutenantancy of his Excellency the Marquis of Anglesey, no place in the three kingdoms presented gayer quarters for the military than the city of Dublin. The splendour of the vice-regal court, where they are well received,—the extent and beauty of the Phoenix Park, surpassing every other for parade or review, with the renowned hospitality

of the inhabitants, to which there is easy access,—the life, wit, animation, and kindness of her people, give this city the decided advantage over every other, not more from its beautiful and central situation, than from its being the metropolis of the gayest of the three kingdoms.

It was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, about three years ago. At the time, there were a number of regiments quartered in and about Dublin ; indeed, the whole island never was so well guarded, for some political changes had made this requisite for the better maintenance of good order, the preservation of the peace, and the further protection of all well-disposed people ; so that every tenth man you met was a soldier !

To those unaccustomed to the “ pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” a grand field-day, and sham-fight, reviewed by the noble Marquis, on the fifteen acres, was, in these “ piping times of peace,” a great attraction ; and, to do further honour to the day, marquees were erected on the lawn before the Vice-regal Lodge, for a sumptuous public breakfast, to which all the nobility and gentry were invited. The principal marquee was expressly for his Excellency and staff, and surmounted by the royal standard. Military bands were stationed in every direction ; and, there being only a sunk fence between the lawn and the carriage-drive, the public who visited the Park had a full view of the animated scene. The day was delightful, the sky serenely

blue. The spring verdure of the grass, and the scent of the hawthorn blossom on the breeze, added a variegated charm to the moving mass of glittering arms, accoutred troops, floating banners, and richly caparisoned horses. Every vehicle was put in requisition, from the coroneted carriage and four, to the ricketty jaunting-car and superannuated Rosinante,—gigs, cabs, pony-phætons, britskas, and the open Swiss carriage,—for no place abounds with a greater variety of vehicles. Equestrians and pedestrians were all on the move, like the rushing tide, to the Park. Ladies and lovers, baronets and beer-barrels, donkeys and drays, sweeps and swindlers, pickpockets and footpads, all helped to make up the throng, in which beauty and bravery predominated; and, in truth, the youth, gaiety, and fashion of the city could not have had a finer or fairer opportunity of display. Every carriage was drawn up into the line and opened. The ladies were invariably as well plumed as the military on the field, and the martinets of the army were in their glory.

The Marquis, when Earl of Uxbridge, was once the flower of the British court,—“the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers,”—a young, handsome, and brave nobleman. Time had paid his visit, and health had taken her departure; and now his appearance indicated that a great change had taken place, for the toils of war, the anxieties to please every body in the high

station he then filled, with the pain he endured from the loss of his limb, and other causes, had thrown a shade of asperity over his fine countenance "*which had no business there!*" It was more cynical than beautiful; more austere than kind; but his bearing was still noble, and, in his favourite hussar uniform, he still looked the hero.

The immense line formed was now broken, and the different regiments commenced forming solid squares, charging and skirmishing; horse regiments prancing, sharp-shooters lying in ambush, firing from behind groups of trees or mounds of earth among young plantations, or from the thicket of hawthorn shrubs. Aids-de-camp were seen galloping in all directions. Cannons firing, trumpets sounding, drums beating, colours flying, and cymbals clashing with artillery on the moor, gave the pleasant idea of war without its horrors. It was an exciting and beautiful sight. We had not to retrace our steps, as many of those brave men had done, over fields deluged in human blood, or to walk over the remains of mutilated comrades, slaughtered on the field of battle. We were spared the degradation of seeing our own sex plundering the dying victim of the few relics which duty, love, or veneration, had taught him to preserve, whose life she might have saved even then; we were spared the pang of seeing heroes who had been examples to the world—veterans in the fight—the friends of our youth—and the relatives of our hearts, stretched on the ground, the vital

stream gushing from the sabre gash wound in the pale features which had once shared our sympathies, and were by every tie endeared.

Our vehicle had been drawn up near to the elevated ground occupied by the Lord-lieutenant and his staff, the better to hear the bands of music of each regiment as they passed before his excellency; and I could not help remarking the deep shade of thought and feeling which passed over his countenance as some popular air was played which had its association and inspiration with the battle of Waterloo. It seemed to awaken the memory of the dead, or regret for the loss of those who had shared with him in the horrors and glories of that scene of carnage and victory. Such is the power of music. It revives dormant sparks of feeling, and quickens the woes of the brave. It is a fact well known, that the sweet strain of "Logan's Braes" has started the tear in the eye and unmanned for a moment the heart of more than one brave officer, in distance, and amid the clang of arms, when by the two first bars of the simple but inspiring air of "Johnny Cope" he was a soldier and himself again!

" Her precious record of the past  
Fond Memory oft conceals,  
But Music, with her master-key,  
The hidden volume steals.

The loves—the friends—the hopes of youth  
Are stored in every leaf;  
Oh! if I weep to hear that strain,  
'Tis not the tear of grief."

Was it to be expected that the exhilarating scene I have just attempted to describe had not its charms for two young and lovely girls, just emancipated from a boarding-school and the thralldom of a governante? Was it to be supposed, that, in the attention of the aids-de-camp, and that more particularly of Captains Cecil and De Burgh, the beautiful daughters of Colonel Milton could not help feeling pleased—delighted—nay, happy, and that the mild and gentle Clara and merry-hearted Johanna, should not feel more than proud of the distinguished introduction to the noble Marquis, and feel honoured by the kind smile and salutation of the Vice-Regent of Ireland, who, with that urbanity of manner and true aristocratical dignity, in displaying a marked attention to them in honour of their veteran father, impressed them with the idea, that there was no profession like the army, and that “*none but the brave deserve the fair!*”

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### A Good-natured Old Bachelor.

A SKETCH.

“Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this  
Son of New York!”

MATHEWS'S VERSIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

NOTHING less than a general illumination, bonfires, fireworks, or other demonstrations of joy by conflagration.

gration could exceed the bustle, preparation, and consternation created by the anticipation of the expected arrival of one little, lonely individual ;—no greater fuss could be made in the event of a visit from a royal duke, and I marvel whether even majesty itself could awaken half the industry so minutely displayed in the little cottage of comfort occupied by the fair, but fading sisters of Scottish extraction,—the two solitary spinsters,—the Messdames M'Faden. No house ornée or mansion in the king's dominions ever had such a time of it, such furnishing and furnishing, such rubbing and scrubbing, such ranging and changing. Every thing in the shape of goods and chattles underwent an earthquake—*pro temp.* ; all was placed with precision in apple-pie order, and all to greet the graytwinkling eye and little curly pig-tail (by the by, one of the last of the lot) appertaining to the kind, but weather-beaten visage of one of those *rara avis in terris*,—a good-natured old bachelor.

He was an American by birth, and truly national ; had maintained his independence in a single state to the reflecting age of fifty. Educated in England, he was left an orphan, when some good-natured friend of his father did, as they generally do with all boys with whom they know not what to do, sent him to sea. Some are even too bad for any thing : the saying, "nothing never in danger," did not apply to Master Jeremy Gentle, for he was a good little fellow, and in one country or another always turned up alive.

I have often remarked, that those boys who had to depend solely on their own individual exertions frequently became brighter men, and got through the world much better than those who have had connexions and fortunes to back them ; and that many a youth has dissipated a fortune before he knew intrinsically the value of a shilling. Our hero, Jeremy, being of a placid and deliberate disposition, coolly, and with true courage, fought his way to promotion amidst the skirmishes on the French and Spanish coasts during the war ; and from a middy he was made lieutenant. Rank was a difficult ladder to climb ; “he fought and conquered,” and was rewarded accordingly. He had a slight sabre gash under his left eye, which gave him a very knowing look ; and one little bald spot on his head he ingeniously endeavoured to cover, by coaxing a few of the neighbouring locks over it. Some hinted that he had tried Macassar to restore it, but the wounded place would not stoop to any such modern means of culture and restoration. He was taken by the enemy, and cultivated his understanding by every possible means within his reach, within the bars of a French prison, for the tedious term of seven long years. This was no bar to his acquiring some knowledge and some few accomplishments from the better part of those amusements which grace, and too frequently disgrace, the interior of a prison. He read, when he could get any thing to read, from the *Journal des Debats* to a cookery book ; played the flute by ear,



for he had few *notes*, and those not in the *right key*, or he might have breathed the air of liberty, which would have been less grating to his ear than the "Galley Slave," which he attempted by puffing and blowing in trying to extort from the instrument. He learned also to play chess, fry an omelet, train canaries, and knit night caps. Upon his liberation he sought the country, as men generally do after a long captivity, for there is something very grateful in the external beauties of nature, such as forests, rivers, fields, and flowers, particularly after a septennial study of a portion of its internal treasures, in the form of blocks of stone, and iron, tortured by the ingenuity of man into uncomfortable looking locks, bolts, and bars.

With the little property left by his parents, reserved prize-money, together with his half-pay, he retired to a pleasant lodging in the village of Everton; it then was a village, not, as now, a line of miniature palaces, or like a street walked out of town. He disliked innovations, and for this reason persisted against all rules of fashion in wearing a pig-tail, the old naval custom, broad lapelles, cocked hat, flapped waistcoat, and shoe buckles. Among other pleasant society, he was introduced to the aforesaid two maiden gentlewomen, who, like himself, were *solus* in the world, and vegetating upon a small annuity. Congenial minds soon became acquainted: he became domesticated with them, and upon every important occurrence, "the Captain," as he was usually

called, was sent for. Whether it related to ship, house, garden, stable, or sty, his veto must be had. From having seen more of the world than they, he had become quite their "Sir Oracle;" and his advice asked upon all occasions. In fact, he was the factotum of the place; to them he was the acme of perfection, the Ude of cookery, the Abernethy of surgery, the Crichton of accomplishments, and the Belvidere in their eyes of beauty,—nobody like the captain. Once in his time he had loved the daughter of the purser, but she married during his imprisonment, and he never again permitted the tender passion to agitate his gentle bosom. At that time he thought of women as mere appendages; and if a girl knew the geography of her home, the longitude and latitude of a stocking, and the mathematical parts of a pudding, it was quite sufficient. He now thought differently, and that companionable qualities were indispensable with their servitorship. In the elegant and cheerful society of these accomplished women he saw nothing to condemn, but much to admire in mind and manner, a great deal to prefer, and all to respect. Yet, yet "he never spoke of love," but each fancied herself she might in time become the object. He was exceedingly good-humoured; as a proof of which, he would lead the plainest and most ancient belle in the room in the side couple through a quadrille, lest she should fancy herself neglected. By this rule he established his politeness.

He would give you two men at draughts or backgammon, and let you beat him; and always had honour enough at cribbage to remind you, that you had omitted to take one for your last card. But, above all, his grand *desideratum* of happiness, nay, his chief delight, was to wind up the enemy with a snug rubber at whist; here he was himself, and sometimes not himself, for, notwithstanding his excellent temper, truth must be spoken when every one has his fault,—here was his—here he lost all command. The quaint *summum bonum* of all provocatives was a revoke: he could not bear it; he said it showed heedless folly and want of forethought; he would hardly forgive not returning his lead, but this he could not forget. Yet, here was a man, who would absolutely return you your queen at chess, when, by an unintentional or inadvertent move, you thought you had lost her; who would caution you of a knight or castle in danger, and permit you to give him checkmate with his eyes wide open, who could not, upon any terms, bear a revoke at whist! How wickedly, how frequently and purposely have I committed this offence, just for the pleasure of seeing the scarlet drapery of rage festoon his physiognomy, and the little pig-tail hop about, with the irritable movement of the head, from shoulder to shoulder, for mischief will perambulate the pericranium at times for mirth's sake.

An amphibious feeling, with the straggling idea of an estate belonging to his late father, together with

the most natural of all feelings—to see once more the land of his birth, induced him to cross the Atlantic. He took his farewell of the ladies, with a promise to write to them from New York. They regretted his departure with much sincerity, and hope whispered he might, on his return, become one of their household gods.

Two years had elapsed, when the Messdames McFaden received the joyful intelligence, that he had recovered his estates, sold them, and intended returning to England in November. Great was the news! important the event! and still greater the preparation in expecting him to become their inmate. When the signal announcing the arrival of the vessel was visible through the almost worn-out telescope, hearts were beating double quick time, nay, eyes glistened with delight. A polite note to them, which preceded a coach, assured them of his safe arrival; the Messdames met him at the door with extended hands to welcome him. The steps put down, he stepped out, and, O tell it not in Gath, turning round, handed out and introduced—his wife! There was a blank leaf for the two “lone ones left to pine on the stem.” There was a downfall of all their golden dreams of protection and matrimony!

He had met with the young fair Bostonian at the house of her guardian, a merchant in New York, and by his insinuating address had prevailed upon her to accept his hand and fortune, and accompany

him to England. She was a pleasing girl, and when the Messdames looked at her in comparison with themselves, they hung their diminished heads, and confessed the power of beauty. Mr. Jeremy Gentle established himself in a villa near to them, lived respectable, and died happily, leaving his young widow and two sons to lament his loss, all well provided for. And thus set the *Son of New York*, and with him the air-built hopes, expectations, and preparations of the amiable, and now venerable spinsters, the Messdames McFaden.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

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### **The Grecian Mother.**

“ 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more.”

THERE are no songs in Thessaly!  
Olympus! from thine hill  
Hush'd is the harp of melody:  
On Pindus all is still.

The Orphean strain of harmony  
From timbrel, lyre, and lute,  
The clang of war has silenced now,  
And sounds of peace are mute.

“ Zethus ! my brave and valiant son,  
Gird on thy warlike sword ;  
The Thessalonians wait for thee,  
Their signal is thy word.

“ From potentates in Moslem chains,  
My Grecian hero seeks,  
Our country’s thralldom to oppose,—  
The freedom of the Greeks.

“ Haste, ere the foreign ruler come,  
Thine armour buckle on,  
Usurpers stay in their career,—  
To Athens on, my son !

“ Haste, ere their banners deck our walls,  
Their footsteps mark our shore !  
Haste, ere they levy on our coin,  
And we are free no more !

“ The waters of Deucalion’s age  
May deluge all the land ;  
May sweep away our Argonauts,  
The mountain where we stand.

“ Yet, to the Mighty One we yield,  
Though famine spread its sway ;  
Aught we will bear becoming us,  
But tyrants ne’er obey.”

And thus the Grecian matron spoke,  
Inspired by freedom's name,—  
“Go forth, my son, a conquerer,  
For Thessaly and fame!”

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### The Students.

“Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and gray.”

THERE is nothing so desirable as occupation. The want of it, to an active mind and quick imagination, amounts almost to a calamity. Employment to the mind is like health to the body; yet our habits of industry, although pursued with the *best intentions*, are often slighted, our plans of order and regularity subverted, by some silly prejudice or over fastidious folly; and, to prevent loss of time, it may be as well to study reflection before occupation.

There were two brothers, students in the elegant and refined arts of modelling and sculpture, alike enthusiasts in their profession, both endowed with talent, taste, judgment, and indefatigable industry. To be consistent, we will give them their classical appellations, in compliment to the fine arts, rather than the common-place names of William and Richard. Ricardus was a mild, amiable, unassuming youth, “slow to anger,” unambitious, and most

deserving of Fame's highest reward. Gulielmo was a die of another cast. Passionate, daring, ambitious, young, handsome, and spirited, he thought "this world was made for Cæsar." With the mind of an eagle and the courage of a lion, he boldly stepped forward in the world's space, and maintained his ground of independence by energy and application.

They had chosen for themselves a study in the upper part of the house, apart from domestic intrusion, household noise, and, as they were pleased to add, the voice of women. For any of the family to attempt to gain admittance into this *sanctum sanctorum* would have been as vain as Captain Parry's voyage to the North Pole, or Napoleon's effort to cut through the Isthmus of Suez. No entreaties, no persuasions, could induce the artists to suffer invasion from the domestics, or permit the customary ablutions and requisite attentions to cleanliness which the other part of the house underwent daily and weekly. So great a dread had they of their territories being invaded by the "helps" of the establishment, that they always took care to lock the inside when they were in, and the outside when they went out.

Had they lived in the days of Frankenstein, we should not have been surprised to see a plaister cast figure of Medusa endowed with Promethean fire, stalk down stairs to fright the women kind; for it was death, or further punishment, to them to be seen even on the same landing. Months rolled



on, and still the brothers studied in direct opposition to all offers, and deaf to all remonstrances "to cleanse the Augean stable." This feeling is peculiar to most studious persons : whether poets, authors, or painters, they object to their papers being disarranged by those who have the organ of order in "setting all to rights." They dislike the uniformity system, and prefer the heterogeneous medley of accumulated dust and lumber, to the quaker-like neatness of precision, comfort, and cleanliness.

It happened one morning, after a sun-rise study, that the brothers were called hastily away, and, fortunately, left, by mistake, the key in the study door. Here was a glorious opportunity, not to be lost, of storming the garrison, exploring, cleansing, and putting to rights what had been wrong so long ! A certain favourite sister, who now made the long wished-for discovery, called a council of war, with a determination to act on the propriety of entering the enemies' citadel. Accordingly, the whole phalanx of housemaids, buckets, and brooms were put in requisition, and the mischievous girl felt no little pleasure in "marshalling the order of their going."

The curiosity of Blue Beard's wives could not have been more gratified. On opening the door, casts, busts, books, models, and mutilated statuary lay in the most uninteresting confusion. The Torza, shaded by a morning dressing-gown, and the Laocoon, peeping from under a travelling cap : the lay figure hung on the easel in the most despairing

attitude : sages, statesmen, and philosophers occupied the top of the bookshelves, thickly shaded with dust, and were united together by innumerable festoons of cob-webbed drapery : spiders, long and short-legged, reigned undisturbed in many an Etruscan, Portland, and Medicean vase. The Gladiator seemed extending his sinewy arm in offering the flimsy drapery which the industrious insect had woven from it to "Niobe drowned in tears" beside him ; and the statue "which enchants the world" was thickly enveloped in a redundancy of drapery of the same material. The Iliad of Homer was open on the table, and a chalk drawing of the parting of Hector and Andromache, unfinished, was near it. On the floor were piled up books, portfolios, pallets, blocks of Parian, Carara, and Mona marble, lumps of clay, and "all the appliances and means to boot" of the modeller and sculptor. One closet was still locked, and impenetrable ; but, from some anatomical drawings strewed about, it was strongly suspected the originals, instead of being "in that bourne from whence no traveller returns," were, what remained of their remains, locked up therein. These suspicions were not expressed in fear of awakening superstitious ideas in the minds of the ignorant, to the prejudice of the absent artists : no time was to be lost ; and, allowing her respect for the living to gain the ascendancy over her reverence for the dead, the sister took first from the bracket the bust of Roscoe,

next in succession Byron, Canning, and all those she knew something about, taking most especial care of them ; while the ancient worthies and warriors she left to the care of the servants. And, while they were cleaning and removing the lumber, the busy sister thought it would be an act of charity to wash the dirty faces of the tenants of the prison-house, and to let them appear once again, in the eyes of the world, *decent people*. So, making those preparations that she had seen the nursery-maid of her own anti-malthusian parents prepare, on a Saturday night, in particular, for the weekly ablutions of the minor branches, she commenced operations on the busts. For the better purpose of getting out the dust, she did not scruple to use a shaving-brush to the beard of Homer. The head of Socrates she polished, and once more made a *shining* character of ; and all the ridges of plaister on the bust of Voltaire she pared down, with a penknife, to a proper level. All this she did with the best intention, and with the idea of promoting her brothers' comfort. Having replaced the busts, upon the servants announcing that all was "put to rights," she withdrew, having heard Gulielmo's knock at the door, and, with a light heart, prepared herself for his joy at the change. On his opening the door, one of those unruly bursts of passion broke out in no measured phrase. She distinctly heard "Plague of creation !" "Tormentor !" "Nuisance of society !" "Cause of Troy's ten years' war,—woman !" Banging the doors after the manner of all

passionate people, and ringing the bell, he summoned the innocent culprit before him. With a frown, and in a higher tone than usual, he cried out, "Pray, who has been here, disturbing my study?" "Rather ask," replied the sister, "to whom you are indebted for cleaning and placing all in proper order, and to whom your thanks are due." "Thanks, indeed! How dare you displace any thing, or admit those pests of society, those kitchen guests, here? Where are all my shades of dust gone, which, for the sake of shades, I have been so anxious should accumulate? Where are the outlines of the casts gone? All scraped down: all spoiled!" A few words more passed, such as usually do with brother and sister; and the young lady, recollecting that "the better part of valour was discretion," thought fit to beat a retreat, and leave the high-spirited youth to his soliloquy, hoping to have a more grateful return from Ricardus, who had more of the *suaviter in modo* about him. He admitted the justice of her intentions, but even *he* would rather she had let the study alone. Turning to Gulielmo to appease his wrath, he said, "Never mind; I will punish her."

Days passed on, and the poor girl pondered in her own mind what this punishment was to be; but, as he usually greeted her with kindness and good-nature, she began to think he had forgotten his promise. One evening, about dusk, Ricardus gave her the key of his study, and also the key of the impenetrable closet within, saying, "Sister, there is a letter for you in the closet, which I have forgotten

to give you; go and fetch it." The delighted girl ran up stairs with great glee, and opening the door of the former scene of contention, with the talisman prepared to *open sesame*, she unclosed the long door. Upon reaching to a paper, she observed a human skull; and, before she could secure the supposed letter, found herself clasped in the bony arms of a skeleton! That she screamed loudly and raised the house, my readers cannot doubt; and that she also endeavoured to extricate herself from the grasp of the death-like being; but, by the springs which the ingenuity of her brother had united to the figure, she was, in the too powerful aid of machinery for her poor feeble strength to contend with, pale with fright and sobbing with hysterics. Her brother now released the fainting girl, when he made her promise that nothing should ever induce her to intrude there again, and that she should resolve to keep her *best intentions* to herself for the future, and not allow the organ of order to interfere with their ideas of studious comforts. This she promised: and, for their ingratitude, unkindness, and the fright altogether, she made a resolution never to waste her time in useless employment; never to engage herself in a thankless occupation; and never to do a kind action again, with the *best intention*, without reflection, while she lived.

' Mid moths and cobwebs some explore,  
The antique page of classic lore;  
Dust though we are, and soon may be,  
It has no charm on earth for me.

### Reminiscences.

"If every man's internal care  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share  
Who claim our envy now!"—*METASTASIO.*

"ONE half of the world knows not what the other half suffers," said his Majesty on being first visited by a twinge of the gout. So echoed his grace of Wellington, when refused admittance to Almack's by the fair elect who held sovereign sway therein. And so responded "the Brummell" on seeing his favourite cravat-tie imitated by his perfumer's son; and so it was each fancied his own troubles the greatest.

"Corporeal suffering" admits no regal distinctions. This our Sovereign well knew; for, in the multitudinous list of bodily afflictions, his complaint of the gout reigned supreme. All who endure it know it to be no tantalizer or mocker of pain; it requires none other auxiliary. But it is a royal malady, therefore he bore it with the dignity of a king, and the courage of a commoner.

The noble duke's was a suffering of another description. His was wounded pride and mortification. What!—he, the Achilles of the age, the conqueror of the conquered, the subduer of tyrants and kingdoms, the "observed of all observers,"

foiled by a woman!—a mere phalanx of furbelows to out-Herod Herod,—the hero of Waterloo! Yes! the victor of war was silenced by woman's voice "in her little brief authority;" and he who had overruled nations, and issued their fiat, patiently endured his rejected fate, and for once was fairly overruled. "Alas! there was more peril in their eyes than in twenty other swords!"

The beau's torture was a mortal wound to his vanity. Hours, days, and sleepless nights had been lost in the invention and construction of the beau's incomparable *bow*. All other ties, like Banquo's line, passed on before the mirror and cheval-glass of his adonizing *boudoir*: but this, the *ne plus ultra* of perfection, which beauty admired and royalty patronized, to be pirated by a vender of perfumes, a city knight of Otto and Cologne, a seller of scented soap!—The idea was horrifying, and not to be endured. With the shock he sunk in speechless agony on an Ottoman, his pulse going at the rate of one hundred and ninety-five by his Genevese repeater. So, covering his face with an embroidered white silk handkerchief, he exclaimed, "Is it come to this?—" "Oh! what a falling off was there!" and banished himself, like Timon of Athens, from an ungrateful world of fashion for ever.

**The Rivers.**

RIVERS of India ! ye are sacred,  
Thrice blessed to the poor Hindoo ;  
By Ganges' streams he kneels in prayer,  
And to his God appeals through you.

Rivers of Afric ! ye are fearful,  
Each wave brings pestilence and death ;  
From Nilus to the Senegal  
There's poison in your liquid breath.

Rivers of Spain ! deep, dark, and silent,—  
At eve swift skims the gondolier  
On Ebro or the Tagus stream,  
With serenading cavalier.

Rivers of France ! clear, bright, and pleasant,  
The Seine, the Loire, or winding Rhone ;  
Fring'd with the Pyrenean vine,  
Rolling its course, the dark Garonne.

Rivers of Erin ! ye are flowing  
Through loughs, and vales, and fertile lands ;  
The Liffey, Shannon, and the Boyne,  
Shine like emeralds on your sands.

Rivers of Scotia ! ye are winding  
Where bonnie broom and brackens grow ;  
The Forth, the Clyde, the Esk, and Tay,  
By fir-clad mountains softly flow.



Rivers of England! ye are dearest,—  
 Our native land!—Oh! who would roam,  
 An exile, from your fairest streams,  
 While winding round an English home?

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### Homeward Bound.

“ Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
 Looped in their winged, sea-girt citadel,  
 The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
 As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,  
 Till on some jocund morn, lo! land! and all is well.”

CHILDS HAROLD.

YE whom domestic comforts cheer,  
 Beholding all in life held dear,  
 Know not the feelings, wild and strange,  
 Of those who for subsistence range  
 On ocean's broad and trackless deep;  
 The waking vigils time will keep,  
 The dark suspense, the doubts, the fears,  
 The vain suppress of nature's tears,  
 Of those whom fate ordains to roam,—  
 The seamen on their voyage home.

Dear ties of nature death may rend,—  
 Mayhap a parent, sister, friend,  
 Or yet, the charm that gilds his life,  
 Some anxious and beloved wife,

With health impaired, or reason fled,  
She may be numbered with the dead ;  
The "silver link," the pledge, the vow,  
The "silken tie" are nothing now :  
These thoughts alarm, on ocean's foam,  
The seaman on his voyage home.

Some power abused, or trust misplaced ;  
Some friendship broken or disgraced ;  
Some rude rebuke, or friend unkind  
To those dear loved ones left behind ;  
Some gone, a distant course to steer,  
As Fortune's varied winds may veer ;  
And prosperous wealth may bring neglect  
From those who late sought due respect :  
Hope's fickle visions hover round  
The hearts of all when homeward bound.

And now they gain their destined land,  
Quick meets the eye, and grasps the hand ;  
In greeting with a well-known face,  
In sad foreboding seek to trace ;  
Inquiring looks meet quick reply,  
And smiles displace the fearful sigh,  
Rejoicing in their hearts the while  
That all are spared to share their smile,  
The mind's relief,—how great to tell,  
On coming home to find ALL'S WELL !

### The Sisters.

"I saw them when their bud of life  
 Was slowly opening into flower ;  
 Before a cloud of care or strife  
 Had burst above their natal bower ;  
 Ere this world's blight had marred a grace  
 That mantled o'er each sparkling face."

A. A. WATTS.

THERE is so much incident and romance in the realities of this life, that even a common observer of its occurrences has no occasion to resort to fiction for amusement, if it were only reflecting upon those sage speeches which very wise persons sometimes make, such as "I would not do this," and "I would not do that," and "If it had been me I should have done so and so," forgetting that we are all the creatures of circumstance, and all do not see with the same eyes,—fortunately having different tastes; or that, in similar cases, they might have acted in the self-same way: but we all know "Cupid is blind."

"I would not marry a sailor," said the gentle Clara Milton, "if every rope of his ship were strung with pearls." "Nor I, if he brought me all the diamonds the world ever produced," added her merry sister Joanna. "Oh! to think in absence of high winds and storms," said Clara. "Yes; but to think of pirates, sharks and shipwreck," echoed Joanna, "were enough to deter any one. They should have hearts of marble, lungs of steel, and bodies of granite, who would ever

think of such unions." "And this," I replied, "is the model of your imagination of cold statuary you would allot to the warm-hearted, generous sailors?" But it was very natural they should think so, for of all professions it is the one exposed to most hardships and privations, and the hardest in contending with the elements, in which a man has to struggle for mere food and raiment to keep human nature, if possible, decently together.

After the review in the Park, where the carriage of Colonel Milton had been surrounded by the military knights errant of the day, it did not require a philosopher to decide the choice of the fair sisters in respect to their preference among the professions, being convinced it was neither the black nor the blue, consequently it must be the red, which was confirmed. In speaking of Captain Cecil, Clara said, "He was so intelligent, so clever, so well read; in fact, he had studied the *belle lettre*." "Oh, then here he is!" I exclaimed, on seeing the postman approach, and thinking to banter my enthusiastic friend. She blushed scarlet on finding the mistake, saying, "How can you be so teasing?" "Why, is he not well read?—look at his coat. A man of information?—look at his budget. And that he is a man of letters nobody can deny, and a servant of the crown—servitude." This was "the unkindest cut of all," and she thought papa ought to bring a bill immediately into Parliament to prohibit scarlet liveries or the colour being used in any way except

in the army, and enacting that officers ought not to be called his Majesty's servants.

Poor girls ! the world was new, bright, and beautiful to them. Their rank and station gave them opportunities of seeing life in its gayest colours. The court and ball were not without their fascinations, for, like the fairies, they thought that *roses bloomed for ever*. And who would disturb such felicitous ideas ? Who would remind them of the thorns,—which they may feel too soon,—by assuring them that every state, station, and profession has its attendant anxieties, cares, and vexations, and that the one they preferred, in compliment to their father, was not exempt from all these.

It is surprising how early opinions are formed. I remember, when a child, remarking how beautiful a peacock looked, with its long feathers sweeping the lawn, and then spreading out like the variegated rays of the sun. But when I saw a swan, its pure white contrasting with the deep blue stream, its graceful dignity, the ease and majesty with which it skimmed the lake, I thought it appeared a more noble bird, and for the command it had over the aquatic element I gave it the preference. This had its influence in matters of more consequence afterwards.

Soldiers, like sailors, cannot afford much time to lose in making up their minds when their intentions are honourable, knowing delays are dangerous ; and the two letters the postman brought Colonel Milton

were nothing less than two proposals for his daughters Clara and Joanna. Cecil was the soul of gaiety, while Clara was gentle and pensive. De Burgh was serious and reflective, Joanna blythe as the lark; and so were the *allegro* and *penseroso* happily blended in the two couple. The gentlemen were accomplished, of high honour and just principles. They knew the glitter of their dress had power over the light hearts and vain eyes of those who admired them for exterior adornments only, and that the fascination of their manners could "while the birdies off the bushes," had they chosen to be unprincipled enough to exert this blandishment in a dishonourable cause; but, as they hoped to become husbands and fathers, they acted upon the grand law of doing as they would be done by, and had no ambition to become so renowned as to shine in the law reports, "for the finger of scorn to point at," in the printed columns of a newspaper: consequently, they had never taken a wife from her husband, or robbed a father of the services and duty of his child. They had never endured court-martial for any breach of discipline, or committed duelling from a false principle of honour,—were looked up to by their brother officers as models of excellence worthy of imitation,—were religious men at heart, without making any profession of it. Being unexceptionable in conduct, Colonel Milton gave his consent cheerfully, for they had never sought, either by clandestine interviews or secret correspondence, to interfere with the duty

of a parent in regulating the wishes of his children, who were amiable and unsophisticated, and requited well his care.

It was now that brief portion of a lady's happiness when relatives are all agreeable, friends given consent, loves mutual, and the wedding day fixed,—when the bridal preparations are alternately shadowed by the regret “in leaving the home of their childish mirth,” in bidding “farewell to their father's hearth,”—the sisters' first and deep-felt sorrow.

It is the custom of this country, in either burials or weddings, to collect all friends; therefore the meetings and greetings were numerous. I am a dear lover of quietness on these occasions, and advocate the most simple garb in all religious ceremonies, thinking it more consistent with the solemn compact; and, though all interest is past with me in these affairs, I must not forget that I have fair friends who would like to hear some particulars of costume on such occasions.

The brides were attired in white tabinet, the manufacture of the country. A string of pearls adorned the head of Clara, over which she had thrown a long blonde lace veil, the better to hide her blushes and tears. A wreath of orange flowers encircled the luxuriant curls of the happy Joanna, whose buds and blossoms vied with her dimples.

On returning from church, the carriages waited to take them on an excursion to Wicklow, making the Vale of Avoca head quarters. I will not enlarge

upon the company, bridesmaids, &c. or upon the *cake*, which was about the circumference of a *coach-wheel*, and subject to much demolition before the company departed.

Happy girls ! may every blessing be theirs ! These are scenes of woe to me, for I cannot command a thought apart from what may be the good or bad result, nor help participating in the grief of an anxious mother. I will still follow their fortunes, and mark their destinies, for they are, and always will be, interesting to me.

I had nearly forgot to mention, they afterwards were equipped in white hats, lancer feathers, and ermine-lined crimson silk operacloaks for the journey. The hour of parting came,—the moment of trial. The Sisters could not speak ;—tears told the anguish of separation, which has been well expressed in the following verse by a modern poet :—

“ Farewell, mother ! tears are streaming  
Down thy tender pallid cheek !  
I in gems and roses gleaming,  
On eternal sunshine dreaming,  
Scarce this sad farewell may speak.  
Farewell, mother ! now I leave thee  
And thy love unspeakable,  
One to cherish who may grieve me,  
One to trust who may deceive me,  
Farewell, mother ! fare thee well ! ”



## Stanzas.

“—————It may be a sound,  
 A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,  
 A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound,  
 Striking th' electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound.”

CHILDRE HAROLD.

GIVE me again my favourite air  
 You used to sing and play,  
 In other days, unknown to care,  
 When others heard the lay.

To us reviving thoughts of one  
 Lov'd in those halcyon days,  
 Whose voice, according in its tone,  
 Then echoed in its praise.

Oh, no ! that song, it must not be—  
 It wakes a mournful theme,  
 A sweet and early melody  
 Of life's young morning dream.

To me it brings a world of pain,  
 Though on thine ear it dwell  
 For every note of that lov'd strain  
 Sinks in my heart's deep cell.

Oh, worse than profanation now,  
Amid this glittering throng,  
To waste the pearls which brightly glow  
In that delightful song.

They know not of the sacred charm  
Its melody imparts :  
It would not of their mirth disarm,  
And fail to touch their hearts.

It would reveal the voice of those  
Time never can restore ;  
Oh, then, let memory calm repose  
On those we meet no more !

But in the silent hour of eve,  
When all around is still,  
When on some absent friends we grieve,  
I'll then obey thy will.

Alone, alone, I'll sing it thee,  
And if, perchance, a tear  
That song awakens, dear to me,  
Thy sympathy is near.

*The Tide.*

THE tide—the flowing tide—what treasures doth it  
 bring  
 For those who wait its coming on expectation's  
 wing?  
 A mine of wealth, the laden bark her swelling sail  
 unfurls,  
 In luxuries from eastern climes, rich gems and orient  
 pearls;  
 The perfum'd spice of Araby, with Afric's molten  
 gold;  
 The produce of the tropic isles, her well-stored hull  
 enfold;  
 The cotton's useful berry, from Columbia's forest  
 wide—  
 How many are thy treasures, thou fair and flowing  
 tide!

The tide—the rushing tide—what woes it can foretel  
 In parting from the ocean with a loud and angry  
 swell!  
 Brief tidings of the stranded, or some unpeopled deck,  
 It beareth on a broken mast—the remnant of a wreck!  
 Sails, shattered spars, and cordage are floating on its  
 wave,  
 Confirming sad surmises that lowly sleep the brave;  
 Though anxious hearts are beating their comforts to  
 provide,  
 How fearful thy premises, thou ever rushing tide.

The tide—the gentle tide, like a silvered placid lake,  
Beneath its shining surface the sea nymphs graves  
shall make  
Of shells and coral boughs, in caves with sea-weed  
lined,  
And chaunt a requiem o'er the dead in pearly tombs  
enshrined.  
Breathe softly o'er their sleeping—let not a ripple  
move ;  
Bear down the prayer, five fathom deep, of fond  
devoted love ;  
In whisp'rings of affection—in tears around them  
glide,  
And smoothly spread thy winding-sheet o'er them,  
thou silent tide !

The dark, mysterious tide—its ever restless course—  
Its bounded limits would o'erleap with a resistless  
force.  
Who stills the swelling tumult ? The All-directing  
hand  
Hath marked its destined sojourn upon the beaten  
strand.  
He leads the current to and fro, while bright the  
sun-beams play ;  
He sweeps the tempest in the night—the hurricane  
by day :  
The majesty of might is his ; unseen—unknown to  
guide—  
O God have mercy in thy power for those upon thy  
tide !

**To a Fair Cousin, A. K.**

I saw thee first a tiny thing,  
 Around my neck thy arms would cling ;  
 I nursed thee, then, upon my knee,  
 In helpless beauteous infancy ;  
 Whither thy first footsteps would stray,  
 Thither I shared thy infant play,  
 Gath'ring the fair spring-daisy flower  
 Which then amused thy thoughtless hour.

Around the dear domestic hearth  
 Again I shared thy childish mirth,  
 And heard thy early lisping tongue  
 Repeat the verse, or tune the song ;  
 Thy bounding step and heartless glee  
 Had then a world of charms for me,—  
 Fain would I stay the course of time  
 To gaze upon thy girlhood's prime !

A woman ! now I look upon  
 A creature to be loved and won ;  
 Doomed, in the busy world, to share  
 Its joys, affections, pain, and care ;  
 To be the light of home, to bless  
 With smiles and words of tenderness.  
 May he who claims thee for his own  
 Protect and love the woman grown !

To —.

MARKS of the stormy seas I trace,  
 And billows thou hast brav'd,  
 The proofs of toil upon thy face  
 Old Ocean has engraved ;  
 Yet, do I see a cloud of care  
 Shading thy open brow,  
 And furrowed lines have gathered there,  
 Which ne'er appeared till now.  
 This answer thou dost seem to give,  
 In every frequent sigh—  
 “ Oh, who would wish on earth to live,  
 Or who would fear to die ?”

Time was, thy ever placid smile  
 With cheerfulness was fraught ;  
 Now, thou hast changed the treasured wile  
 For silent, pensive thought,  
 And meditative seems the glance,  
 The look love doth revere ;  
 Thine eyes from all are turned askance,  
 From me—to hide a tear.  
 And thus, intensely fixed on earth,  
 They give a cold reply—  
 “ Oh, but for thee, my only worth,  
 I would not fear to die !”

Courage! my heart's own life and love!  
This world's probation bear;  
Cherish the hope of Heaven above,  
A respite for all care.  
Cheer up!—the buffets thou hast borne  
From fate, on sea, or shore,  
Must not depress thee now to mourn.  
Spurn thought, and grieve no more;  
There is a hope here from our birth,  
Where sorrow's fount is dry;  
Then, if we meet beyond this earth,  
Say—who would fear to die?

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### **The Highland Mother's Farewell.**

DINNA fash yersels aboot me,  
'Though life is wearin' to its fa';  
Ye maun learn to live wi'oot me,  
My bonny bairns, when I'm awa.  
  
I maun lea' the lintwhite singin',  
The redbrest chirpin' mang the sna';  
Where the lark its flight is wingin',  
Far, far aboon I lea' ye a'.  
  
Han' in han' then cling thegither,  
Though ye'r hearts are greeting sair,  
Be the staff to ane anither,  
Lest ye fa' to rise nae mair.

Hear ye'r parent's last petition,—  
Boys, may ye in honour grow ;  
Heed ye'r sister's admonition,  
She maun be ye'r mither noo.

Guard her wi' a father's duty,  
Watch her wi' a brither's care ;  
Shield the tender flow'ret's beauty,—  
Storms may blight my lily fair.

Daughter, let nae idle lover  
Whisper nonsense in thine ear ;  
Shun the wily hearts which cover  
Bosoms false and insincere.

Fare ye weel, my earth-born treasures,  
Tak' my last look wi' my love ;  
Noo I seek mair lastin' pleasures  
In the hope o' peace above.

Lay my head beneath the heather,  
At my feet strew bonny broom ;  
My wee bit flowers grow althegither,  
Storms may blow, they still will bloom.

Weep no thus in fond caressing,  
Vain resisting Death's cauld spell ;  
Tak' my prayers, my last best blessing,  
Children o' my heart, farewell !



*A Christmas Greeting.*

OLD CHRISTMAS, you are come again ;  
I wonder where you've been ;  
The trees are budding on the plain,  
The leaves still fresh and green.  
I wish that you had stay'd away,  
Your presence makes me sigh  
To think how many hearts are gay—  
How lonely here am I.

If you could bring famed Lethe's stream  
O'er all the past to flow,  
Nor thus refresh life's weary dream  
With all its scenes of woe ;  
Then every wave might now erase  
Remembrances you bring  
Of every dear and well-known face  
That still to memory cling.

Or could you, stealing gently on,  
Pass by, to me unknown,  
Nor waken thoughts of lov'd ones gone,  
Of happier spirits flown ;  
Although my father's by my side,  
My love is on the sea,  
And drearily your days will glide,  
Nor merry can they be.

No more are richest viands stored  
To give your feast its due ;  
Where *twenty* once had graced our board,  
Now there are only *two* !  
And thus have vanished, one by one,  
The links that formed the chain  
These eyes may never look upon,  
Or ever meet again.

If you could only leave behind  
The clouds of grief and care,  
Of happier hours alone remind,  
Then in your mirth I'd share ;  
But here you bring a line of age,  
Another warning true ;  
Bereavements ! in a yearly page,  
And changes ! sad and new.

Then go your way, old Christmas, go,  
And do not linger here,  
Though once I hailed with youthful glow  
The advent you were near.  
But absence now dispels the charm,  
And angry billows foam ;  
My exiled heart, devoted dwells,  
On Christmas Days, at home.

*That* home, alas ! is changed for me,  
(Borne by the will of fate,)   
Where Christmas oft was held with glee ;  
*That* hearth is desolate.

A mother's voice I still deplore ;  
Health, youth, no more endow.  
Can you the long lost here restore ?  
Go on, old Christmas, go.

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### *The Lieutenant's First Love,*

A SAILOR's first love is invariably his ship ; all other loves that follow are but secondary in consideration of this. There is a devotional feeling almost all naval officers possess in regard to the first ship in which they embark for their sea-servitude, which nearly approaches to idolatry : their attachment remains, like first love, to their latest days unshaken ; through all changes, toils, and troubles it reigns pre-eminent : and in that most honourable and glorious of all professions, the British navy, their first ship is their stock theme of conversation, veneration, and adoration ; for they look back with pleasure to the discipline of the navy, the punctilio of the mess, the midnight watch, and the delights of the gun-room. The lord of the forest, the eagle in the air, are not more proud than a sailor of his *first ship* ; it is his velocipede of the waves, his ark on the waters, his home on the deep, his oasis on the desert ocean, and, unfortunately, too frequently his sudden and untimely grave.

It was in the happy year of 1823—for happy must that year be which gives a sailor's wife the privilege of her husband's company three months out of the twelve—that one of the freaks of fortune consigned me to become shipmate as well as helpmate to my honoured messmate, who was put in silent command, of that most beautiful of all steamers, the *St. George*, now remembered by her successor which reigns in her stead as the *old St. George*. May I be forgiven, as it was *my first vessel* to be domiciled in, if, with the enthusiasm of the profession, as being part and parcel of it, I here assert, that, for model, beauty of appearance, and elegance in equipments, it still remains unrivalled. To the exertions of the commander who preceded mine, the owners are indebted for the first establishment of the speed, fame, and success of that vessel. He was a lieutenant in the navy ; fearless, dauntless, brave, and enterprising.

In order to undergo a thorough repair and refitment, previous to the commencement of the summer campaign, the *St. George* was moored in that part of the river Mersey called the Sloine, and there we took up our winter quarters, with a good library, a piano, and three months provisions on board.

What commiseration I suffered from what my friends chose to term my *transportation*, my banishment from their society ; no poor convict going to the hulks ever endured more pity. How little they knew how happy I was ; for I had the society of one that not all the world could compensate for the

loss of. His commands to me were, that I might not lead a sinecure life, to make the signal every morning, at nine a.m. to those on shore, that "All's well!" This, although it required rather an early "turn out" for a winter's morning, was no very important duty, and did not interfere with my other more ladylike amusements; for I played, sang, netted, knitted, read and wrote, and played chess as happily as if I had been on shore. There was another office I had to perform, and that was, when left ship-keeper, which was sometimes the case, when committee or office business called the superior officer on shore-duty,—to "Let go the painter," "Aye, aye, sir," for the seamen when they took the boat to go on shore for water.

Our long, happy winter evenings were usually enlivened by tales of the sea from the captain, previous to his leaving us for his Christmas campaign amongst his friends. From his uncommon height, being more than six feet, he was called, and not inappropriately, by his brother luffs, the "long lieutenant."

He was a gentleman who had seen service, read much, and knew the world; had a poetic mind, a retentive memory, and possessed admirable and humorous powers of description; yet, above all, boundless as are the billows, so did his affection abound for his *first ship*; for truly, as Dibdin says, he was "all as one as a piece of the ship." It was his *first love*. Such was his ecstasy on this subject, that,

upon his first introduction to a stranger, he would ask, "If ever you had been on board the *Sea Horse*, commanded by the Honourable Captain Gordon?" to which question, in nine cases out of ten, he got the answer, "No." "Never see her?" "No." "Surprising! nor hear of her?" "No." "Astonishing! Where have you been? Where can you have lived, that you have never boarded, seen, or heard of his Majesty's ship the *Sea Horse*? Dive immediately into the Durham coal-pits, hide yourself in the copper mines of Cornwall, banish yourself to Spitzbergen, or bury yourself among the bush-rangers of Australia, if you are ignorant of the actions, positions, and dimensions of that magnificent ship-of-war the *Sea Horse*, Captain Gordon! for with the "long lieutenant," who was one of the juniors, she was the acme of all perfection; in his idea she never can or will be surpassed (proud as he was of the *St. George*) while ships are ships, and war is war. "You have seen her, I think," said he, turning to me. "I have," I answered, "every section of her;" but, knowing his hobby, and wishing to banter him a little, that the *Sea Horse* and himself might not engross all the conversation of the evening, I did not think proper to explain that it was only the model in sections I had seen of her, in the Royal Repository at Woolwich. "And, as you have seen her, and being a sailor's wife, know something about vessels, what do you think of her? Splendid vessel, is she not?" said he, appealing

to me, comforting himself in the hope of an assent. But, not choosing to humour him with *superbe, magnifique!* I coolly answered, "Pretty well." "Pretty well!" echoed he. "Yes," I added, "she is bluff enough; too full in the bows, and too crank abaft;" for I was resolved to say she was *too* something. He was positive, rather passionate, yet very eloquent; and so great were the powerful auxiliaries to his arguments in length, lungs, and language, that many feared to encounter, and very few dared to contradict him; so it was rather a risk of temper to make these assertions. "Pretty well! why you must be dreaming, or have mistaken the vessel," said he, rising from his chair. "O no, I was positive as to that." "Why then it is, it must be—I beg your pardon—your want of taste and judgment," said he, in rather a petulant tone. "That may be," said I, smiling at the mischief I was brewing; "but, nevertheless," I replied, raising my voice a little, "it appeared to me a great, heavy, sluggish snail of an old, lumbering tub of a thing, fit only to carry coals, whales, or the cubs of the navy." Neptune, Amphitrite, and all ye little fishes, had ye but seen him! his enormous whiskers started, his large eyes glared, and his loud voice shook even the very bulwark we were in. But you may, gentle reader, have probably seen Frankenstein starting into life, Zamiel in *Der Freischutz*, or St. George and the Dragon; but none of these, no, not even the greenest of green dragons, in all its fire and fury,

could equal the rage of the enraged luff. I had wounded his heart's core in detracting from the merits of his ship, though only in jest. He stormed, stamped, and said *I* must be *mad* to make such assertions. " 'Bluf! full in the bows! crank!' Why! it was the most splendid specimen of naval architecture in the British navy. 'Sluggish!' why it was the very Bucephalus of speed; it would outstrip wind and tide, and even put *steam* to shame and defiance. Then, for beauty, it was the pride of the sea, the triton of the minnows, the leviathan of the deep, the monarch of the waves!" He then enlarged upon her achievements, her glory, renown in actions, and anecdote; to all which I replied "Surprising! astonishing! amazing!" until the vocabulary of epithets in admiration was exhausted.

The two guests who had passed the evening with us now departed; the boat returned, and was hauled up; and, although it was "past twelve o'clock, and a fair morning," the infatuated lieutenant could not find in his heart to give up the subject of the Sea Horse. Finding me inexorable, and not to be converted to his opinion,—though I knew nothing about the vessel, never saw her, and even did not know the meaning of the terms I had made use of, but disputed merely for argument sake, and, what is said to be inherent in woman, the dear spirit of contradiction, in the trio we made, he gave me up as a forlorn hope, and addressed the remainder of his long "yarn" to his and my old messmate, who



was a capital listener. Finding this, and now beginning to grow weary, I quietly composed myself in my elbow chair, and, leaning my head on my hand, I have just a latent idea or remembrance of his voice in relating, "Just then a sail hove in sight;" and, as I knew what prowess would follow,—the whole history of the capture, bringing to, boarding, and taking in tow, on the American station, by the inimitable and wonderful Sea Horse,—I gently declined, by the monotony of his voice, into a sound sleep; for he was so interested in his own adventures, that my breach of etiquette in napping was not perceptible; and, to tell the truth, I could neither keep my ears nor eyes open any longer.

I was awakened by the closing of the cabin-door, and my commander's commands to rouse up and "turn in." Yawning, and my eyes glaring on the two candles, which had remained unsnuffed, curled at the top like two Corinthian columns, "Where's the Sea Horse?" said I, half asleep. "Gone."—"Surprising! and where is the long lieutenant?" "Gone, too." "Astonishing! did he conquer or surrender?" "O, conquer, of course," replied my worthy half. "And where am I?" "On board the St. George." "Am I awake? amazing!" Good night. All's well

### **The Sailor's Adieu !**

THE bark is now leaving  
 Which bears me from thee,  
 Thus doomed to lone grieving  
 Far o'er the dark sea !  
 In sighs for my country  
 Remembrance will dwell,  
 But my heart throbs with anguish  
 To say, love—farewell !  
 Tho' lost in dejection  
 Fond memory shall tell  
 How dear thine affection,  
 Mine own love—farewell !

On ocean, when sleeping,  
 Sweet dreams will prevail ;  
 Though torrents are weeping,  
 Love sighs through the gale ;  
 Though tempests assail me,  
 Proud billows may swell ;  
 Thy prayers will avail me,  
 Mine own love—farewell !  
 With Hope—ne'er depressing,  
 My safety foretell,  
 My shield in thy blessing,  
 Mine own love—farewell !

**The Unknown Happy Land.**

O, TELL us of the happy land, the world of future  
 bliss,  
 And teach our hearts to understand the nothingness  
 of this,  
 Mere atoms of mortality,—like to a grain of sand,—  
 Say, shall we be immortal in the unknown happy  
 land ?

And shall we hold communion with those now gone  
 before,  
 Or break the bonds of union with beings we  
 adore ;  
 Their voices shall we hear again, or clasp them by  
 the hand,  
 Tell us, Almighty being! in the unknown better  
 land ?

The loved parents of our duty, say, shall we meet  
 them there ?  
 The lost mother who has reared us with fond  
 maternal care,  
 Their blessings shall we hear again, their smiling  
 ever bland,  
 May we again embrace them in the unknown happy  
 land ?

As the children whom they cherished, will *they* know  
us again?

Or the dear ones that have perished on the wild and  
stormy main;

Although their bones may whiten on some dark and  
distant strand,

Shall we recognise each other in the unknown happy  
land?

Will the souls which earth hath plighted in affections  
warm and young,

By death be disunited? doth he wield his power so  
strong?

Or can he tear asunder the indissoluble band!

Severed thus! shall we exist in the unknown happy  
land?

If souls are all immortal, petitioning we pause,  
Give us the hope of meeting, thou Good and Great  
First Cause?

The hope of re-uniting, by thy mysterious wand,  
That we may hail, with joy and peace, the unknown  
happy land!

"Thy soul it is immortal," God answered me, and said  
"I gave thee life, the air to breathe, for food thy  
daily bread;

Obedient, whatsoe'er my will, be thou to my  
command,

Prepare thyself to meet me in the unknown happy  
land!

For the mourner in affliction there is a balm  
elsewhere ;  
A blessing for the destitute now drooping in  
despair ;  
For the wailing cry of anguish, when sorrow hath  
unmann'd,  
There's a refuge for the spirit, in the unknown happy  
land !"

---

*Farewell to Villa Marino.*

ON the banks of the Lagan's broad water I found  
A retreat well selected with true taste and care,  
Where young rising woods, in plantations around,  
Re-echo with music, enchanting the air.

Sweet spot of contentment ! from thee who could  
roam ?

In nature's rich treasures what blessings are thine ?  
Domestic felicity gilds thy dear home,  
While peace, love, and harmony fondly entwine .

The trefoil it blooms on its own fragile stem,  
Green Erin, an emblem of nature and thee,  
No ray shines more bright in the emerald gem  
Than Ireland's own Eden—Marino for me.

In these bowers of roses, which garnish thy shore,  
    'Neath the roof of refinement and elegant ease,  
Where genius and art have replenished their store,  
    And no joy is wanting the heart to appease.

Books, music, and flowers, the sunshine of love,  
    Health, beauty, and innocence, scions of youth,  
Parental affection—the gift from above—  
    The world's best inheritance—friendship and truth.

And here let me ask, in this scene of repose,  
    This shade of retirement from sorrow and care,  
While there's verdure on earth, or the bloom on the  
    rose,  
    If peace be not here, can we seek it elsewhere?

For splendour and comfort, oh! tell me what more  
    Can mortals require than enjoyment like this,  
With health ere the day dream of life it is o'er,  
    But this Eden on earth and this mansion of bliss!

Farewell! in the distance I'll gaze on thy strand,  
    On memory's tablets each tree I'll revere,  
For the hand that hath planted respect shall command  
    From the friend who now leaves so much to revere.

Ere I leave ye, fair grottos, and forests of flowers,  
    Remembrance shall wake when afar on the sea,  
The heart's best affections for these happy hours,  
    And the friends I regret, dear Marino, with thee.

## Lines to Miss A.

ON RECEIVING THE FLOWER FORGET ME NOT.

“FORGET ME NOT!” why give to me  
 A flower thus to remember thee?  
 A transient, fragile, fairy flower,  
 A sweet ephemeral of the hour;  
 Which, like the cistus of the day,  
 A morning’s bloom, an eve’s decay;  
 This emblem seeks in vain to give  
 To memory power to bid thee live.

Ah, no! the flower must never fade,  
 To gild the charm thy worth portrayed.  
 Thou hast a fairer gem enshrined  
 Within thy young and artless mind,  
 Which freshly glows, and still lives on,  
 When this remembrancer is gone:  
 And thus thy innocence outvies  
 The bloom and flowers of summer skies.

Yet I will keep the gem of earth,  
 Culled in a careless hour of mirth;  
 And, like the stars that gem the night,  
 It may awaken with delight  
 The few white days, and one bright hour,  
 I passed within thy fairy bower:  
 But, trust me, thou hast nought to fear—  
 Forgetfulness—afar or near.

Reared by a strange or unknown hand,  
Upon a wild or foreign strand ;  
In some revolving future year,  
If this fair flow'ret should appear,  
In rude or unfrequented spot,  
For thy sake, I'll forget thee not ;  
For, by this flower, o'er land and sea,  
In friendship, I'll remember thee !

---

*The Wise Decree.*

“ OH give me back the buds of spring,  
Return again the summer flower,  
Thus to the past my heart will cling,  
And still alloy the future hour !  
Give me the world in honour, truth,  
Bright as the vista seemed to be !  
Give me again my joyous youth,  
And hopes that once were heaven to me !”

Vain babbler, cease !—the spring's first bloom,  
The fragrant flower, the spreading tree,  
Were but the heralds of the tomb,  
Which timely will encircle thee.  
Behold them emblems of thy fate,  
To warn thee of the sacred sway,  
Which makes the bright world desolate,  
When high-born hopes at once decay.



Then look upon the world's broad page,  
And ask thyself, would'st thou incline  
To recal youth and barter age,  
With all the cares and sorrows thine ?  
Wouldst thou return again to life,  
And bear those trials o'er and o'er,  
Embittered by the toil and strife ?  
" Oh wise decree,—no more, no more !"

END.





